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(Continued in back advertising section, p. x)

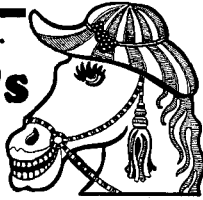
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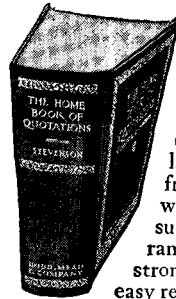
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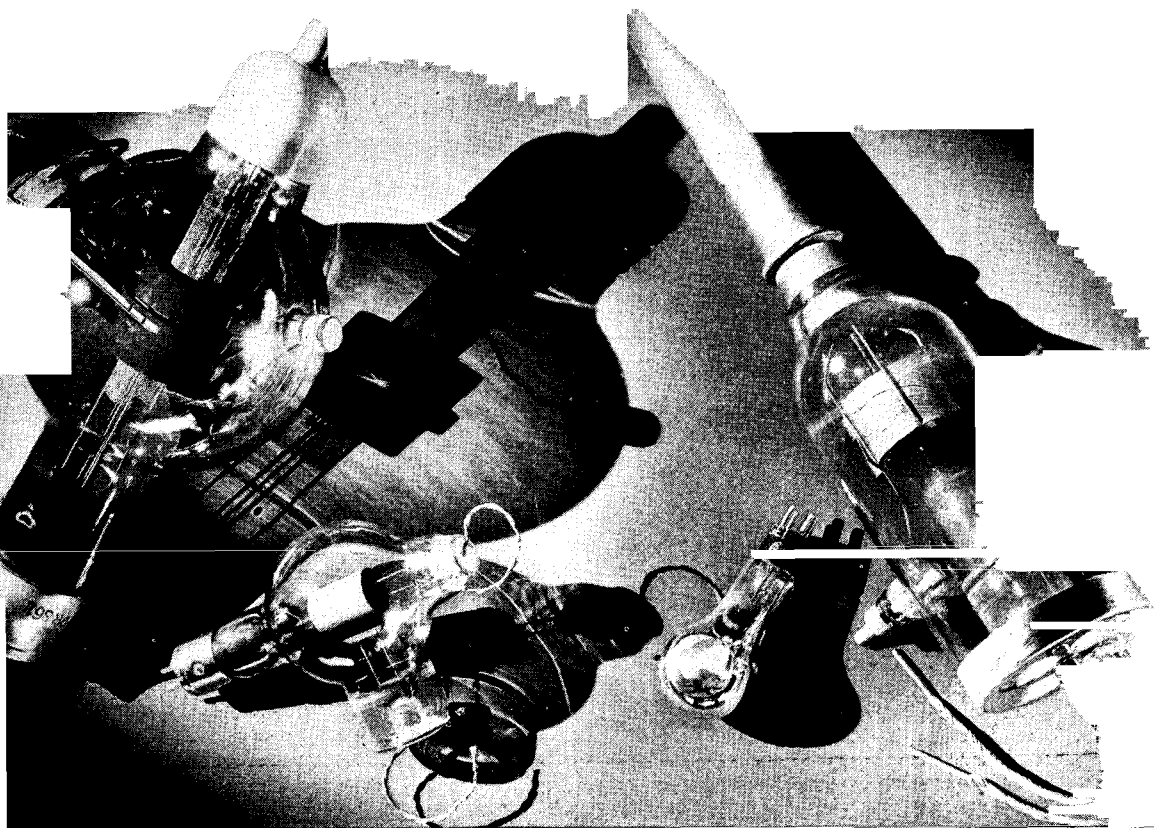
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BACK TO *WHAT* CONSTITUTION?

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

WITHIN the last few months the American public has, so to speak, become Constitution conscious. Some of the reasons for the appearance of this phenomenon are not unconnected with considerations of partisan expediency, but the repercussions are wider than this narrow circle. Probably more citizens have of late had the Constitution in mind — have even read it — than has been the case during the last fifty years. On the one hand arises the vociferous cry, “Back to the Constitution!”; on the other, in substance, “Down with the Constitution!” The line of demarcation lies between those who support the New Deal both in its intent and in its operation, and those who, for one reason or another, oppose it in both respects. “Back to the Constitution!” is a mouth-filling and plausible phrase. It is an excellent campaign slogan. But what, exactly, does it mean? To what Constitution do those who use it refer: to the Fundamental Law promulgated in 1787, or to the same document as it stands today? This is a question that should be settled; for between the two documents there is very little relationship.

We hear the most reverent testimonials to the wisdom, sagacity, and philosophical acumen of the framers of the original Constitution, with a consequent appeal to the electorate to forsake current leadership and return to that of the Fathers. If this appeal were heeded, however, those who advocate it would be considerably surprised by the result. There is, of course, a good deal to be said for a return to the Constitution of 1787, but a careful scrutiny of the document, together with a comprehension of the social and political theories of those who were most instrumental in framing it, gives ground for belief that a return to the Constitution of Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Gerry, Randolph, Morris, and the rest of the immortal galaxy, is the last thing desired by those who now are shouting the loudest. Evidently the bourne of their desires is the present Constitution, with all the Amendments, judicial interpretations, and accepted precedents on its head. Yet these ardent advocates have little justification in appealing to the Framers, individually and collectively, for support. What may be called The Constitution of 1935 would un-

doubtedly have filled those colonial statesmen with dismay. In several vital respects it runs counter to their measured convictions and does violence to what they held to be fundamental truths.

The Framers had no illusions as to the nature of what they had produced. They realized that it was in many ways a compromise; but it was the best they could hope to have ratified by some of the recalcitrant small states. They expected the Constitution to be revised from time to time, and they provided easy methods of amendment. It is hardly probable, however, that any of them anticipated that this inevitable process of amendment would in so many cases run counter to their ideas as to the just basis of civil government. This, however, is exactly what has happened. Every Amendment subsequent to the Bill of Rights, except the Thirteenth, has done violence in varying degrees not only to the plain intent of the Constitution of 1787, but to what we know of the convictions of the Framers. This is not to say that the members of the Constitutional Convention were of one mind; on the contrary there was a wide diversity of opinion on many matters. But on certain points they were substantially agreed, and there was a majority so clearly of one mind that they were able to fix the character of the great document in substantial accordance with their convictions.

It is a mark of the great wisdom of the Framers that, after a century and a half, we show some signs of returning to these basic principles; it is even more an evidence of their wisdom that the Constitution of 1787, together with the twelve first Amendments and minus those that have followed after the Thirteenth, would, with a few changes and additions, now fit our case to admiration. Primarily, it is these last eight Amendments which play so

large a part in making the Constitution unworkable. Nearly all of them are the offspring of political or partisan expediency, or of an inflamed and uninformed mob psychology. They issued from a time when such statements as "The cure for democracy is more democracy" were considered good gospel, when books were written with such titles as *Triumphant Democracy*, and when it was considered sound business to indulge in Noble Experiments.

That the Framers could not have envisaged the world which was to come into being a century and a half after the end of their labors, is not surprising. At that time gunpowder and the printing press were about the only things added to the social stock since the time of Julius Caesar. Three million people, predominantly of British stock, strung along the Eastern seaboard of a vast and unexplored continent, the great majority of whom lived on the land and with practically no landless class whatever, is one thing; the present estate of a country covering two-thirds of the continent, with a population of 130,000,000, sixty per cent of which belongs to the landless class, is quite another. Nevertheless the basic principles of the Fathers are still sound today. These principles they held to be self-evident. That there would inevitably be changes in the methods putting them in operation the Framers foreknew, and welcomed. But they could hardly envisage a time when the whole cultural and social condition would have become so changed that a new system of values and circumstances would negate and reverse their own system of political philosophy.

In their individual opinions the members of the Convention covered the entire field from limited monarchy to limited democracy; but the discussions always

concerned the means to an end, never the end itself. This is not surprising, for that conclave of fifty-five men was probably the most patriotic, high-minded, and statesman-like group ever gathered together on this continent either before or since. It is questionable if today there could be assembled, from a population of more than one hundred and thirty millions, a group of such distinction and ability as was drawn from a population of three millions. Twenty-six of their number were college-bred; all were broadly educated, well-versed in history, the classics, and jurisprudence. Some had traveled or lived in England; some even had been educated there or had been students in the Temple. All were men of substance and standing in their communities. They were statesmen and patriots. Yet it is doubtful if more than two or three could qualify today as politicians. The general temper of the assemblage was well expressed by Washington who, at the opening of the Convention, said with great solemnity:

It is probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God.

The Convention was as predominantly and continuously conservative as its members. The favorite model was the English government, which the delegates tried their best to reproduce in a republican form. They were afraid neither of a king nor of a House of Lords, but they were mightily afraid of democracy—even of that mild form in which it had, at that time, shown itself. Even Sherman of Connecticut, one of the selfmade men, opposed the trend in this direction, holding that

the People should have as little to do as may be about the government; they want information and are constantly liable to be misled.

Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts endorsed this and said:

The People do not want virtue; but they are the dupes of pretended patriots.

Hamilton was of course frankly outspoken:

Gentlemen say we need to be rescued from the democracy, but what are the means proposed? A democratic assembly is to be checked by a democratic Senate and both these by a democratic chief magistrate. . . . I despair that a republican form of government can remove the difficulties. I would hold it, however, unwise to change it. The best form of government, not attainable by us, but the model to which we should approach as near as possible, is the British Constitution. . . . Its House of Lords is a most noble institution. It forms a permanent barrier against every pernicious innovation, whether attempted on the part of the Crown or of the Commons.

Said Dickinson:

I wish the Senate to bear as strong a likeness as possible to the British House of Lords, and to consist of men distinguished for their rank in life and their weight of property.

Concerning the method of election and the President's tenure of office, the Convention was divided as between election by Congress or by the state legislatures. The term of office was to be either for life or for a period of years, with re-eligibility. This matter involved complicated discussions, with no less than seven plans before the Convention at the same time. The only scheme never seriously considered was the one which is today in force, *i.e.*, election by popular vote. Gouverneur Morris, supported by Dickinson, did in-

deed propose this, but only on the basis of indirect voting; that is, by a system of electors substantially as provided for in the original form of the Constitution. It is to be remembered also that the electoral franchise was closely restricted. Universal suffrage was not only unheard of, but undreamed of.

The Constitution of 1787 was what may be called an aristocratic-republican form of organic law with no salient democratic features. The Senate was an elective House of Lords, the members of which were chosen by the legislatures of the several states. The House of Representatives was the House of Commons chosen, as in the England of that day, by a privileged electorate. The President was a replica of the British sovereign, except that he did not occupy office by hereditary right, but was chosen by special electors: he was to hold office for four years, but it was assumed that he would be re-elected indefinitely if he gave good service. (The debates show that, had it been foreseen that custom would limit his tenure to two terms at most, he would undoubtedly have been given a life tenure.) He could not dissolve the national legislature and order a new election, and he had only a suspensory veto over legislation, in place of the absolute veto (a stiff fight was made to give him this); but by then the royal prerogative had become virtually a dead letter in England. The grotesque Continental system whereby a Ministry is responsible to Parliament and must resign on an adverse vote, had then never been thought of; had it been, so impractical a scheme would not have commended itself to the Convention. Incidentally, the American system has been the one factor in our plan of government which has saved the country from chaos and possible destruction, in spite of the shortsighted democratization in unim-

peded progress for the past seventy years.

Is this the Constitution, then, to which such widespread and admiring reference is now made? It seems highly improbable. For the original Constitution was essentially anti-democratic and markedly aristocratic—monarchial, even. It could hardly appeal to the politicians of today; there is nothing in it for them.

Or is the present Constitution the document to which we are urged to return? If so, the proponents thereof can hardly call on the memory and the just fame of the Framers for support, since the Constitution of 1935 bears scant resemblance to the fruit of their labors and, as already said, runs counter to their most solemnly cherished convictions. To substantiate this statement, it is only necessary to consider separately the several Amendments, from the Thirteenth to the Twentieth, inclusive.

II

We may ignore the first of these. The passage of time and a changing world have wiped out chattel slavery (the form that has taken its place in the industrial world may be no very great improvement, but that is another question), and probably the makers of the Constitution would, in principle, have been only too glad to have incorporated this clause in their draft.

The Fourteenth Amendment occupies a different category. In the Convention, the "right" of suffrage was frequently referred to, but this was a case of mere carelessness in phraseology. What the members said and did shows very clearly that none of them looked on the electoral franchise as one of the rights of man. Nothing of the sort was in existence then or ever had been. The idea would have seemed irrational, had it been proposed. The giving or withholding of the vote was one of the

points the Framers held to be an attribute of state sovereignty, and they carefully kept their hands off it. As the further provisions of this Amendment, which would have seemed equally if not more obnoxious, have never been enforced and never can be, it is unnecessary to consider it further at this point. It is referred to merely as another example of the violence done the Constitution itself and the convictions of the Framers during the seventy years following the close of the Civil War. For the Fourteenth was the first of the Amendments to issue from a combination of sinister political expediency and inflamed mob psychology. In order to perpetuate the domination of the Republican party and to keep the conquered Southern states in continued subjection, it was conceived that the simplest plan would be to give the emancipated slaves the vote, so binding them forever to the party which had enfranchised them. There had to be in decency (the word is hardly opportune in this connection) some new political theory to give color of reason to such a revolutionary move, so Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, Benjamin Wade, and others of the dominant oligarchy proposed the idea of the electoral franchise as a natural and inalienable right of man by virtue of his humanity. The peculiar and unwholesome time was ripe for so anomalous a procedure and the revolution was speedily accomplished. The graves of the founders of the Republic and the Framers of the Constitution must have been much disturbed for a considerable time thereafter.

The Fifteenth Amendment is supplementary to the Fourteenth and falls under the same condemnation.

The Sixteenth Amendment proceeded to negate Article I, Section 9, Paragraph 4, of the Constitution, whereby direct taxation was denied the federal government.

The old adage, "That state is best governed that is governed least", was pretty generally held to be correct by members of the Convention. Sherman of Connecticut put the idea clearly when he said:

The objects of the Union are few: defense against foreign danger, internal disputes and a resort to force; treaties with foreign nations; the regeneration of foreign commerce and drawing revenue from it. These and perhaps a few lesser objects, rendered a confederation of the States necessary. All other matters, civil and criminal, will be much better in the hands of the States.

I do not raise here the question as to whether this Sixteenth Amendment was wise. The only point is that it reverses the considered judgment of the Framers. Hamilton would probably have endorsed it for he advocated the strongest and most centralized government. Could the others, in vision, have had some preview of the America of 1900, they might also have provided for the levying of such direct taxes. But on the other hand, could they have foreseen the infinite ramifications of executive, legislative, and judicial powers, the federal government's penetration into almost every sphere of personal interest and privilege with a consequent expenditure of public funds raised by the most exigent schemes of taxation, which bests the Moguls of India at their most opulent estate, they might well have been more zealous in their efforts to prevent forever such an issue. In any case, the Amendment is in radical opposition to the beliefs and interests of the Framers, and is the Magna Charta of the new system of government that has now been in effect (and is going forward with ever-increasing momentum) for the past twenty years.

If there may be some doubt as to what, under certain mystical and occult (but quite impossible) circumstances, might

have been the attitude of the members of the Constitutional Convention as to the principle and intent of the Sixteenth Amendment, there can be none in the case of the Seventeenth, which gave the election of senators into the hands of the electorate as a whole. The Convention was firmly opposed to a single legislative chamber, and it knew perfectly well that the essence of a bicameral system is that each house must owe its mandate to a different electorate. This principle was as fundamental as the idea that the choice of a President could not be left to popular vote. Neither, in their opinion, could the choice of members of the Senate. The best plan seemed to be to place the power of election in the state legislatures. The Framers' estimate of the future estate of these local governments was rather of the nature of what is known as wishful-thinking than of any intimation of what was to be. They were persuaded that the state legislatures would prayerfully choose the most learned, upright, and distinguished men as senators—representatives of property, of social status, and of the cumulative wisdom of generations, as opposed to the fluctuant and intemperate opinions of a lower house chosen by popular vote. This dignified conclave of hand-picked elder statesmen was to serve as a check both on the President and on the House of Representatives, curbing anticipated human ambitions and strengthening the Chief Executive by individual and corporate wisdom, counteracting the anticipated flightiness of the popular chamber.

James Bryce, in speaking of the Senate prior to the enactment of the Seventeenth Amendment, said in *The American Commonwealth*:

The Senate has succeeded in making itself eminent and respected. It has drawn the best talent of the nation, so far as that

talent flows to politics, into its body, has established an intellectual supremacy, has furnished a vantage ground from which men of ability may speak with authority to their fellow citizens.

What Lord Bryce might say today would hardly bear resemblance to this high and well-deserved estimate of the Senate as it once was.

The inordinate growth of the party system and the complete transformation of the electorate brought about a condition in the state governments which largely nullified the intent of the Framers in that particular. This, together with the progressive democratization of society, argued for some new mode of choosing the upper house and, under circumstances such as they then were, no one could think of any panacea except election by the people. By this process the fundamental idea and value of a bicameral system of legislation has been completely destroyed; and furthermore, the existence and operation of two legislative bodies chosen by process of universal suffrage means, and has meant, incessant bickering, irritating delays, log-rolling, compromises, and, too often, bribery and corruption. The standard of character and intelligence in the Senate has steadily degenerated, keeping pace with, and even outdistancing, the same process in the lower house. There has always been a small minority of able men in the Senate, such as were envisaged by the Framers of the Constitution, but their eminence only throws into deeper shadow the quality of the general run. Had the Convention foreseen, for example, the coming of a time when a free electorate would choose the late Huey Long as governor of one of the states, and then send him to Washington as senator, it is highly probable it would have given up its task in despair, thinking the game hardly worth the candle. The

Framers had a lofty ideal of the American people and of the American nation they were trying to make. There was no place in their minds for the possibility of what has actually come to pass.

The Seventeenth Amendment thus not only violates the most cherished convictions of the Framers in negating the idea of a bicameral legislative system, but it has also been, in its effects, the most calamitous of all those inflicted on the Fundamental Law since the completion of the original Constitution by the Bill of Rights. The Eighteenth promised to be as bad, and largely fulfilled this promise during its short life. As it has since been abrogated it needs no further consideration here except to note it as a horrible example of what has happened and might perfectly well happen again.

The Nineteenth Amendment is without political significance. It is wholly a social matter; it might simply be called one of taste. Giving the vote to women has had no effect on government; it has simply increased the number of voters.

So, step by step and with increasing momentum, the original Constitution has been transformed and distorted. Each one of the Amendments has been enacted as the result of political expediency, emotional excess, or the clamor of an electorate uninformed, ill-advised, and acting under exactly those influences that in the Convention were predicted if it were in any considerable degree permitted direct action. From the election of General Jackson to the Presidency, the descent was facile to the Avernus of Democracy. The Republic of Washington, Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris, Elbridge Gerry, was one thing: the Democracy of 1935 is something of a very different order. And to these revolutionary Amendments the Supreme Court, from Marshall onward, has added equally

revolutionary interpretations of Constitutional provisions. As a result we are now laboring under what is to all intents and purposes an entirely new Fundamental Law, bearing only the remotest relationship to that of 1787.

III

It is therefore quite logical to demand of those who are clamoring for a return to the Constitution just what document they refer to. "Back to the Constitution" is a sound principle if it refers to the original one as it stood prior to the nineteenth-century amendments. Of course, it could not serve in all respects to meet a revolutionized society and state: the process of amendment would have to be begun over again, but with the later amendments out of the way, it might be possible to effect the desired purpose more sanely and successfully than has actually been the case.

But would it? If the attempt were made to call a Constitutional Convention, or new amendments were initiated by Congress, is there anything in the nature of present legislators, politicians, or public opinion which would offer any reasonable hope of judicious results? For in either case the matter would be in the hands of politicians and the conclusions would be determined by partisan considerations. There was, as has already been said, hardly a member of the original Convention who would now rank as a politician. If such a personnel could be gathered together to-day, man for man, then there would be little fear of the result; but this, of course, is impossible.

Yet drastic amendment is admittedly necessary. At present the Supreme Court possesses and exercises a more than absolute veto of legislation, which somehow seems inconsistent with the Framers' idea

of the division of governmental powers. The Sixteenth Amendment has given Congress such exorbitant, even extortionate powers over the personal property of individual citizens and corporations that there is no impediment to its becoming confiscatory. Recent experience would indicate that some curb should be effected at this point. The same experience would lead to a belief that nullification of the Twelfth Amendment (at least in intent) should also be rectified, with the election of the President removed from popular (*i.e.*, partisan) control, while in the interests of

democracy and sound principle the Seventeenth Amendment should be abrogated and the choice of senators either restored to the state legislatures or in some other way completely differentiated from the manner in which elections are carried out in the case of the House of Representatives. Finally, in one way or another, the electoral franchise must be measurably restricted and the fundamental principle re-established that suffrage is a privilege and not a right inherent in man by virtue of his inclusion in that debatable genus, *Homo sapiens*.



RETURN TO AN OAK TREE

BY FRANCES FROST

I RECALLED a massive oak on the southern hill
 Into whose heavy shade I came as a child
 Panting after the climb and stricken still
 Hearing the crow-calls husky-hoarse and wild,
 Under whose great beneficent boughs I sprawled
 Breathless at seeing the cloud-streaked mountains hold
 That valley fiercely loved and fenced and walled
 Into its squares of green and mustard-gold.

The moon-hot summer evenings I remembered,
 When, escaped on stubby legs, I sat
 On dewy grass, and like a black leaf a bat
 Jerked downhill; and mornings in September
 Rimed with the incomparable glitter of early frost
 When bluejays flashed in the brown enormous boughs.

That childhood country being too long lost,
 I returned in the russet time of autumn plows,
 Strode up the slope and found the monstrous oak
 Dead and bare of leather-leaves, its vast
 Body strangely small — and something broke
 Between that hour and the faithful past.
 Not even the cries of unseen whippoorwills
 Could make those darkening mountains more than hills.

I AM A NEW ENGLAND PURITAN

ANONYMOUS

I AM a New England Puritan. Everybody on earth has written about me but myself. I have been denounced and reviled. I have been eulogized and made into a quaint, picturesque figure — rural Messiah, musical comedy sea captain, or the hired man. I have been psycho-analyzed and branded with the strange desires of nymphomaniac spinsters under my shady elms. I am so full of the consciousness of sin, say my severest critics, that I have put a blight upon American thought. And of course all the world remembers that I am haunted by the famous New England conscience.

Well, I admit that I am a strange person and hard to understand. For instance, just the other day a colleague at the university in which I teach told me that one of his young instructors had what was formerly called a "mistress". I refused to be shocked. But I did say that the young fool should be kicked out of school for not getting to his classes on time. My friend was bewildered by my definition of guilt. He ended his remarks with:

"You damn New Englanders! There's no telling what you'll think. One minute you raise hell over a detail; the next you let a man ruin himself and never lift a finger. How do your minds work, anyway?"

I intend to answer this question. Perhaps the New England Puritan, as he exists in my flesh, can be fully explained — once and for all.

It will not be necessary to go into detail about my ancestors — your true New Englander knows he can join the Sons of the American Revolution, yet never does. My people came to America in 1630 and to the New England town of Ridgeford in 1712: the men have been farmers, Congregation-alists, town officials, and soldiers ever since; the women have lived on the farms and worked. I have been farm boy, student, soldier, and college instructor. I have not talked with the Cabots or Lowells, and my heritage is not one of urbane and *Atlantic Monthly* culture. Only one ancestor ever became famous. No family traditions of wealth, high thinking, or excessive religiosity drove me to be anything I did not wish to be. I developed out of rural New England and the Town life I am going to describe.

(To know the Puritan you first must realize that Puritanism took a tract of land a few miles square, called it the Town, and made a religion and a conscience out of it.)

My father, the Deacon, was a sort of perennial moderator at Town Meetings. He was the kind of Republican who asserted that he would not vote for his own father if the latter were a Democrat. But the Deacon did a pretty good job of judging issues and candidates; in preparation for state or national elections he thought long and seriously. And of course local questions were of prime importance to him and others who were less of the statesman type.

Martin Fielding, our hired man, could just manage to qualify as literate, but he and the Deacon would gravely discuss such civic problems as whether the old Curtis road should be closed, since the one man living on it could get out at the other end; if the Fuller bridge really needed repairing; and whether Dwight Winston would make a good representative at Concord. Even John Cooper, our other hired man, who couldn't read, entered into the discussions. I remember his comments on one candidate for first selectman: "I'll be God-damned if Clif Steele ain't got a nerve running. Why, he can't hardly cipher. Ain't there no decent men in town?"

John was no angel himself, and he may have confused morality with erudition, but he wanted good men in Town offices. A New England Town Meeting is not quaint and full of local color; it is community life at its best. The Town pulls us together; as a body we are wiser than as individuals. Old Stanley Beckett, woodchopper and a "drinking man", Lucius Harper, wealthy and respectable farmer, and the Reverend A. A. Warren — three men with different private lives and codes — work together for the common good. We are all interested in every detail of Town affairs.

Religious zeal and strict theology are supposed to be inevitable features of Puritanism. But no more mistaken idea has ever been circulated. The seventeenth century did have its Calvinism, but since then Puritans have been creating a religious pragmatism that has little need for doctrines in its philosophy of the Church as part of the Town. Expect your Puritan to attend services if he is a "respectable" citizen, and to give to the Church's support even if he is a "real mean man", but do not try to stir him up to spiritual fervor or denominational partisanship. In all my years in Ridgeford I have never heard a

theological argument. New England does not display Southern Fundamentalist or Michigan Methodist phenomena because it seldom confuses The Church, as a social necessity, with the individual's right to go to heaven or hell under his own power. The Church must be supported — not as a place where souls are saved or morals supervised, but as a part of the social unit.

I am not sure that the rural Puritan is more honest by nature than anyone else, but I do know he has created a working code which keeps him from being a social menace. He is a member of the Community and, as a result, even the low class Puritan — the totally dishonest type in other places — will distinguish between civic probity and his privilege to educate a rich and gullible newcomer. The gentry are as honest in all ways as it is possible for man to be, but even they fail to work up a righteous sweat over theoretical definitions of equity. Thus, though little stealing is ever done in Ridgeford, it is a ticklish place for an innocent city man. In the old days the visitor was cheated on horses and cattle, was sold elder swamps as woodlots, and bought brush pastures as blueberry plantations. Today city folks buy rotten-silled houses with wells that run dry if the toilets are used too much. Bill Trenton told Mrs. Rand that the house he was trying to sell was built in 1680 (Ridgeford was settled in 1712), and he made her believe his story. Some of us thought he went a bit too far; but Mrs. Rand was wealthy and her fixed-up place could be taxed. The better citizens are never dishonest, but they are surprisingly liable to laugh at a weaker brother's nefarious dealings with private individuals.

The Town, the Church, and the Grange cannot survive save through men of principle. People who cannot defend themselves must be dealt with scrupulously;

for example, a man who works for you cannot sue for his wages except at considerable cost—therefore you pay him. Dishonest town officials are rare. Our town elected Patrick Kelly as tax collector one year over the protests of horrified summer folks who had employed Pat previously. Fred Warren, who was starting a model farm, went around asking how we could think of trusting a man who would sell a mean ten-year-old scrub bull as a virile and registered sire. Pat heard of the accusations. He said: "I never told him nothing wrong about that bull. I just said his mother was a thoroughbred. And what in hell has a trade got to do with my turning in all the taxes? The man's a damn fool!" Just last year Pat sold the old Starkweather place and never mentioned its rotten underpinning and poor chimneys. But for a decade he has been an honest tax collector. A Puritan may be honest because he accepts a theory of integrity; but he achieves social security by his effective definition of incorruptibility.

New England thrift is proverbial. We are supposed to be so stingy that we scratch between rocks with an old hoe and live on potatoes and salt pork: we may have a little money hidden in the attic, yet our life is said to be sordid and miserly. In reality we have the only completely-shared beauty of house and land that exists in America; we have taxed ourselves for a democratic school system, built noble churches, and all the time have lived better than any other rural people. The Puritans have done this because they have created still another pragmatic principle; this time of a thrift that is seldom so stingy as to be disastrous to the individual's efficiency.

My father's generation taught me certain lessons in ordered economy. To them any debt was a disgrace. They might run

a bill at the store for a month, but they felt better if they paid cash. Charge accounts in the cities were unknown, taxes were met, and hired men paid promptly. This distrust of credit may seem medieval today, but it enabled many a farmer to leave about twice as much money as anyone thought he would. Of course we had some shiftless people who were poor pay, but I was influenced by the better class of farmers; even today an unpaid debt of two dollars worries me. I believe that the individual should remain solvent and free from dangerous obligations, and that the community should be protected.

There is another aspect of Puritan economy that is seldom understood. Bernard De Voto once said something like this: "In New England you buy a Chevrolet on a Buick income and drive it for five years." He was partially correct, but his remark needs amending. The instinct of the New Englander is to get a cheap article; but if greater efficiency as a worker can be gained by buying something more costly, he will do so. The prosperous farmer of thirty years ago knew when to spend money. Many deprived their families of what we today would call necessities in order to buy better farm implements or blooded stock. The Deacon and others like him knew when it was poor economy to be miserly. If you are investigating a Puritan's stinginess, look at his barns, his tool shed, and his livestock, and forget about his children's clothes. This may be a hard economy, but it works.

I have learned to sit tight and save until I really need something; then I buy what is best. I know what a dollar will purchase, when it should be kept, and when I should add another dollar and loosen up. I do not want to go back to the stern materialism of the old days, but I am glad I knew such men as Frank Malbone, who had the

acumen to spend five hundred dollars, a colossal sum in those days, for a fine Holstein bull which was to build up his now valuable herd. That thoroughbred sire once chased me for a quarter of a mile, and I lived in daily terror of him; but he remains for me to this day the symbol of that paradoxically consistent thing called New England thrift.

This philosophy of money is responsible in part for our hatred of ostentatious spending. One of the greatest mistakes a newcomer can make is to show off. We heartily disapprove of the wealthy summer people who try to impress everyone while they leave their bills unpaid. We instinctively rebel against any attempt to break up the social structure by the power of mere money. We don't like a flaunting of wealth. Our hatred of conspicuous waste is a vital part of Puritanism. It explains why you never see a New England town with a dominating Big House. It also explains why we have persisted in being a democracy.

II

When I start to discuss Puritan misdemeanors and vices and the punishment of them, I must prepare to refute the pronouncements of all our critics. We are supposed to hate sin so much that we are morbidly attracted to it; we are pictured as scourging ourselves and stoning other sinners. But the Puritans I know are either exemplary in conduct or else uninhibited sinners in a small way. There are of course quite a few who are immoral sexually, but they display no perverted desires and are simple, natural chasers after women who generally welcome capture. I have shown that Puritan honesty can at times be little more than political probity. The same philosophy governs many of our moral judg-

ments for, in spite of legends about grim persecutions or malicious hectorings, the Puritan really judges astutely and leniently, and exacts few penalties not on the statutes; his verdicts almost always take into consideration the effect on the Town of the sinner's conduct. As a result of this reluctance to punish private errors and even to talk about them, some critics have said that the Puritan is degenerate and lax in his code. They demand that he think of a wrong as a wrong, no matter what it be, and that he condemn individuals as he does the few transgressors against the community. They do not realize that the Puritan is seldom an absolutist; circumstances determine the punishment he will demand.

Minor lapses from respectability are judged in different ways in Ridgeford. A "drinking man" is not approved of, but then he is generally shiftless and liable to come on the Town. But a prosperous drunkard, and I have never seen one on a New England farm, might theoretically be pardoned. We have no vicious inebriates, so I do not know how they would be dealt with. Church-going people arrive at their severe blame of drinking by a process quite different from that of the usual Dry. The latter sees an evil *per se*; the former a potentially antisocial act that will hurt the Town. Gambling is practically unknown in Ridgeford, but swearing is common; in fact, to gain the reputation of a "hard swearer" requires unlimited application and great natural talent. My father, the Deacon, never swore, and neither did many other farmer-statesmen, but they did not regard their profane neighbors as depraved. There seems to have been even a guilty delight taken in the lurid outbreaks of such men as Frank Malbone, who became famous for buying his boy a "little-damned-by-God-sled."

There has always been plenty of forni-

cation in Ridgeford. Old-timers point out certain unhallowed nooks and tell me that the present generation still visits them with willing farm girls. About once a year a couple is suddenly married "just in time", but I fear that most of the sinners have a sound modern knowledge of contraceptives. Ridgeford blames the discreet fornicator less than the shiftless drunkard, and far, far less than the very rare grafting official. Adultery is of course more serious, especially if a husband or wife runs off with someone else and so endangers the economic security of the family left behind. But even flagrant cases of adultery are not matters for organized indignation. The one case of tar-and-feathering in the last fifty years was regarded with sardonic humor by the Deacon, who observed: "Why pick on him? There's lots of others that deserve it just as much."

On the whole, Ridgeford is no colony of vestal virgins and St. Anthonys, and it has never tried to be. Although there is no degenerate looseness in our moral judgments, and respectable people frown on the weaker sister and her lover, there seems to be a silent agreement that the flesh is weak and that too much should not be expected of children of the soil. Perhaps this cynicism is the result of the old idea of original sin, but I prefer to regard it as clear thinking. The moral majority keeps to its code and is lenient toward others, believing that the individual should develop his own standards of morality. My parents never warned me against the four or five girls who welcomed all comers, nor did they give me any little talks on the mysteries of life and the sins of the flesh. The Deacon may have thought that a stock-breeder's son would reject the stork legend. He was right.

The insistence of the Puritan that sexual immorality is generally a private affair and

not to be noticed, and his equal reluctance to preach, may become dangerous aspects of his philosophy. Some of my young friends learned too late to take care of themselves. But most of us benefited by the freedom we enjoyed from hypocritical preaching and moralizing, and the tolerance we observed. This idea of liberality is a gift of the Puritans — those makers of Blue Laws, the men who cast erring daughters out into blizzards. For New England is the only place where community degeneration is avoided while the individual sinner is not stoned. It is the one really tolerant section of our country.

The Puritan is also reluctant to blame a man or woman for faults traceable to heredity or environment if he or she has really tried to live a decent and hard-working life. Let me tell of two men; then let the reader judge for himself how his part of the United States would treat them.

Horace Burns, the illegitimate son of a mulatto housemaid and a well-to-do farmer, married a girl from the shiftless Boyle family. Oddly enough, the girl developed into quite a woman, and Horace worked hard on his farm. Eventually he became a selectman, a deacon in the church, and was sent to the state legislature. His daughters married young farmers of good stock. My father would probably have stopped my courting one of them, but he seemed proud to be Horace's friend. Not once did I ever hear Horace called a "nigger" by any of the townspeople. Even old Emily Blair, our most malicious gossip, didn't talk about him, and once silenced a visitor, who was scolding about the disgrace of having a half-breed as a deacon, by saying: "I ain't saying he has black blood, but what if he has? He's a good straight man. I don't hold with this bringing-up of bygones. I could tell a lot about some people I know, but I ain't goin' to — till they rile me too much."

Ike Gull was the most respectable of our local Jukes. His brothers were idiotic or criminal; his sisters prostitutes. But Isaac paid his bills, farmed as well as his rather limited intelligence permitted, and went to church every Sunday. He never married, saying, "There's too tarnal many o' us Gulls already", and his house, which he shared with an idiot brother, was filthy. But Ridgeford respected his honesty and his struggle, and when he died, leaving a thousand dollars to his church, half the Town went to the funeral. The Gulls were an awful family as a whole, but we let the individual prove his worth. The old-timers still talk of Ike as the most honest man they ever knew, and tell of the Town Meeting in which he spoke up when George Snelling was running for selectman. Ike said George was no tarnal good because he had let his brother go on the Town. The rest agreed, but George was a mean man to rile, and Ike was the only one that had dared say it. George moved away next year, and people gave Ike credit for being a good citizen, even if he was a Gull and not any too bright himself. New England demands much of its people, but it gives justice in its own taciturn and ungracious way. The Puritan has lived a hard life too long not to know that any man deserves credit if he turns out to be even a halfway good citizen, and if he is handicapped by heredity or environment he should be respected for what he does. My mother would never have Ike Gull in for a meal — he smelled too bad — but she and the Deacon went to his funeral and bought flowers for the casket.

A Puritan is capable of being one of Cromwell's cavalrymen or a remorseless Indian killer, but he respects law and order in a way that seems almost spineless and effeminate to people from states where official justice has to be supplemented by per-

sonal revenge. Violence, extremely rare in Ridgeford, is considered disgraceful. My neighbors revere the written statutes and obey them. When old Ike Gull found Andrew Pomeroy's cattle in his cornfield for the tenth time he didn't take a shotgun; he invoked the law that says stray animals can be impounded. Heaven knows where Ike got the idea — the pound walls had fallen down fifty years before, and the selectmen had forgotten the law — but he was an honest citizen and expected that an honest town would help him. He insisted until, theoretically at least, Andrew's cattle were impounded and he paid a fine. Both Ike and Andrew were of our lower class citizenry; in any other section of the United States their dispute would have ended in physical violence. But a Puritan had invoked the law and the other Puritan, although he was mad and wrote some libelous poetry on the subject, admitted that his enemy had slipped one over.

We detest violence because it is not a part of orderly living and because it is a waste of energy. Puritanism has taught me to mind my own business and know and respect the law. For I am part of a community which must be protected.

Ridgeford did not believe in the sanctity of the 18th Amendment, however, thus proving again that the Puritan is never an idealist. We were convinced that alien fanatics had pushed the dry law through because they couldn't run their own towns without utterly unneeded interference from the government. Of course bootlegging and still-running were anti-social, but a man's drinking, even if reprehensible, was his own affair. The individual had some rights, no matter how sacred the law.

If one knows what is meant by "keeping your place up" and feels the urge to do so, he is fit to live in New England. It is not an accident that our villages are

aesthetic delights: the Puritans of today inherited an artistic sense which may seem too neat and subdued to the casual observer, but which is nevertheless as authentic as the more colorful modern urge. When I was a boy the good farmers detested piles of rotten lumber, patches of weeds, brush around the stone walls, broken-down fences, hens in the yard — all the evidences of untidiness. Part of their cleaning-up was done for the sake of efficient farming, but they often did things that brought no economic returns. Many a man cut the brush around a four-acre lot simply because he hated to see it there. His house was painted a spotless white, though yellow ochre would have preserved the boards as well. Henry Moulton mowed a huge bog-meadow two miles from his barns every year, stacked the hay, and generally had to burn three-quarters of it every spring: he said he didn't like to see a nice, green meadow grow up to brush. Rural New England is full of splendid old farm-houses. The village street of Ridgeford has smooth lawns, good gardens, and neat dwellings. I use an edger on my raspberry patch, mow so much lawn that it tires me, and pile neatly all the stones I take out of the vegetable garden. Since I am quite devoid of any other artistic ability I must satisfy my Puritan inheritance by keeping up my place. I have always been homesick in Middle Western and Southern towns; people there don't know how to respect their homes.

III

So far I have hymned only the virtues of the Puritan. If I am to tell the whole truth I must show how a Puritan acts when he is not bound by the Town *mores*. More than any other section of the country, New England encourages individualism, as long as

it is not defiant of the legitimate claims of the community. But our duality of consciousness works two ways — it creates both admirable and disagreeable qualities. One of the latter, perhaps, is our lack of gregariousness.

Thus, Lew Waterman asserts that he can't be bothered with fools, so he hangs out a sign NO VISITORS WANTED and admits only a chosen few to drink coffee with him. Miss Eliza Freeman lives in one kitchen-bedroom and won't let her relatives come for even a meal. She is not stingy; she just doesn't like people. My father and mother seldom went out much; to the Church or Grange, the county fair, and for Thanksgiving or Christmas at a relative's home perhaps, but the rest of the time they were glad to be by themselves. They talked pleasantly with friends, but seldom invited them in for a meal.

Accordingly, if you want to live in New England without too much pain you must instinctively agree with Stella Ladd when she said the last word on Mrs. Beach of Beach Acres, who wanted to start a series of "home suppers" where the people could be sociable and merry and get to know each other better. "She has the gall of a sick rooster," said Miss Stella. "Don't she know we all have houses of our own and want to stay in 'em? If I want to know anybody any better'n I do now — and I don't — I can call on 'em." So don't pity "a poor little old New England lady" who is living "all by herself"; she is probably supremely happy.

And we are certainly an inhospitable lot. The Deacon charged a quarter for every meal eaten by anyone who was not invited to our house and not a relative. Puritans seldom drop in on each other for a meal or to spend the night. (They have homes of their own.) New England prefers an ordered life of tranquil self-enjoyment.

So do not expect to be greeted any too cordially if you buy a place in New England. If you are the cousin or the friend of a long-established summer colonist, other Puritans will accept you at once, even if they do not entertain freely. But if you are a total stranger you will stay up on the old Sweet place for years and years before you become a part of the social life. You will be politely spoken to; we will help you put out a chimney fire, or aid in any real emergency; but you had better not try to force yourself on us. We are too busy with a few tried friends and with our own lives. Whenever I reluctantly decide to call on some new people, I find that my garden needs attention, and of course my garden comes before the demands of sociability.

These minor deviations from the path of sweetness and gracious words are the result of my Puritan background, for I was brought up to respect both the Town and the individual: and the Puritan asks that the individual be free to develop his own personality. We have many lovable and extremely kind people in the Six States, but we regard them as having been given this grace of spirit by a wise Providence. It is not our fault that we are less agreeable.

The Puritan is not much more kindly in his own family life. He refuses to praise accomplishments and insists that his children be just as coldly sensible. Thus many a boy has suffered terribly because some minor triumph has been disregarded. The Deacon, a kindly man at heart, seemed to think that my high marks in school deserved no compliments; they were merely what was expected of me. Our adolescent tragedies of mind and soul were never explained away; as a result the more tough-minded built their own defenses, and the weaker were embittered. I realize now that what I did was noticed and respected, but my Puritan elders feared demonstrative emo-

tional responses too much to be appreciative. They made us create our own moral codes; they forced us to choose our own careers; and we had to succeed or fail by our own wills. This Spartan disregard for emotional reactions helped create a stable and sensible life, but I am a grimmer and more forbidding person than I would be if I were not a Puritan. I am caustic and sardonic because I was taught that the individual should take care of himself.

It is true that I was influenced in some degree by principles and theories, but in larger measure I was influenced by the various men I knew and with whom I worked. Four such men stand out in my memory: the Deacon, my father; Samuel Hunt, our near neighbor; and Martin Fielding and John Cooper, our hired men. All were of as pure English or Lowland Scotch blood as you could find; their ancestors had been in New England since the early seventeenth century. Puritans, so far as I can define them, they were all different and yet all worked together. Each had his own private morality and his allegiance to the Town. Coming from different homes, with varying intelligences and worldly goods, they acted like the startlingly unique men the Puritans can be. I know of no better way to conclude this description of the New England background than to sketch these four men who influenced me so greatly.

IV

The Deacon had attended a local academy, and for years was a rural schoolteacher. He read a good deal and was always on the School Board. Although his own farm work kept him from taking other town offices, his advice was sought and followed. Never a spendthrift, he gave his children a good education, contributed

to local charities, and was, of course, a liberal supporter of the Church. He did not smoke, drink, or swear, but he refused to preach against these vices. I never heard him discuss theology, the state of his own soul, or the morals of his friends. His stories were famous for broad humor, but he himself was a strictly moral husband. Undemonstrative at all times, I know now he meant to be kind. He died serenely at the age of seventy-eight. The minister came in a month before the end and made a short prayer. Then the Deacon said there was to be no more fuss about the death he knew was coming. He was buried "from the Church", the highest honor Puritanism can pay a good man. All his life he had worked for himself and his family and the Town. He lived as the Fates decreed and as the Town and his conscience commanded.

Samuel Hunt was a good farmer because he was thrifty and intelligent and worked his children almost to death. He didn't smoke or drink, but he swore with every breath and was one of the few farmers who worked on Sunday. But he gave the Church more than most farmers did, and even entertained the minister once a year. On these state occasions Sam, who set a good table, sent the parson away full of food and having heard more profanity than ever before in his life. On one occasion little Freddie Hunt was so frightened at seeing his father eat with a coat on that he cried when the minister was saying grace. Sam leaned over and cuffed Freddie: "Stop your squalling and let the dominie say his God-damned piece." Why Sam ever went through this annual ritual was more than I could fathom, so I asked him one day. He looked at me and pondered. "I'll be damned if I know why myself," he finally answered. "My father always did; besides the minister's a skinny cuss and needs something that'll stick to his ribs."

This one meal was Sam's sole offering to the social gods; otherwise he was our meanest respectable citizen. But he and the Deacon worked together for good Town government, and Sam was fully capable of telling a recalcitrant voter, "Now go and vote as I tell you or I'll foreclose on your mortgage so God-damn fast you'll never know what hit you!" He kept his fences up, his place neat, paid his bills, never lied in a trade, and was surprisingly loath to gossip, although he would curse a man up and down for poor farming. A good citizen and farmer, he was a hell of a father. When Freddie Hunt, who suffered more than the other boys, heard of the old man's death, he said, "So the old buzzard's dead! Thought he was too mean and tough. I suppose I'll go to the funeral — mother's alone. Wonder how much he was worth." But Mart Fielding made a more impersonal estimate: "So Sam kicked the bucket? Ugly old cuss, but still I hate to see them old farmers go; they knew how to clear a field o' rocks, raise a lot o' kids and be pretty good citizens." Somehow I think of Sam Hunt when I fuss around my garden and damn the neighbor's children for picking my flowers. I feel mean, and yet I am doing something for the land.

Mart Fielding himself was no Cap'n Eri or Seth Parker. His father was a famous seducer of rural maidens, and one brother ended in prison. Mart married Liz Ives, a fat, lazy girl who turned into about the worst housekeeper in town. But he worked hard for anyone but himself, and was always in demand as a hired man. He swore continuously, drank all the hard cider he could get, and sometimes went to the city to "see if they were all like Liz"; yet the Deacon could trust Mart with anything. If we went off for the day, we knew nothing would be touched, even if Liz did come over with Mart, for he would have

slapped her if she had taken as much as a spool of thread. His bills were paid slowly, and his horse trading was notorious, but he never cheated the Town or the man he worked for. In spite of the fact that he never went to church he gave the Deacon five dollars to go for preaching every year. When the latter suggested that Mart get the credit for giving, the answer was characteristically Puritan: "Hell, I'm not asking for no thanks. Just felt I should help a little." Still going at eighty-five, Mart will die unrepentant of many misdemeanors and in the firm faith that he's been a fairly good citizen. Well, he has.

John Cooper couldn't read or write and came from a near-degenerate family, cousins of the Gulls. Too stupid to take charge of any important farm work, he worked hard under supervision. Although he was utterly immoral and spent all his wages on Big Emma Gull, he knew quality when he saw it and adored the Deacon. "He's a hard driver, but by God he's honest and does what he says he'll do" was his verdict. He tried not to swear too much when my mother was around, and he never brought Emma over to the barn chamber where he slept. Mother in turn never reproached John for any of his shortcomings. He demanded his wages every week, paid cash for tobacco at the village store, got some cider from Mart, and retired to the barn and sang *Beulah Land* in preparation for a godless Sabbath spent with Emma.

I like to remember John for one particular day when he lived up to his creed. Emma had gone visiting twelve miles away, and John followed on Sunday night after milking. The threshers were coming early Monday morning, and the Deacon tried to keep John home, but love called. Six a.m. Monday and no John. The Deacon almost swore, knowing that John was probably full of cider. At 6:05 we heard

Beulah Land up the road and John staggered in, apparently too drunk to work. He had walked twelve miles over for Emma and twelve back for the Deacon. He hailed us with: "Thought I'd let you down, did ye, Deacon? Not me — not by a damn sight! I'm drunker'n a fiddler's bitch, but I kin take away straw better'n two sober men." And John stuck in the chaff and dirt all day. The Deacon, who was no theorist, dispensed cider as it was needed. At the end of the day John was incredibly dirty and still drunk, but waving a pitchfork and telling the world that the Deacon and John Cooper could raise more God-damn oats to the acre than anyone in town.

When the Deacon quit farming and bought a house in the village, John wanted to come with him, but there wasn't enough for him to do and no barn chamber to sleep in. His hard life was beginning to tell on him, and after trying to hold down a couple of jobs he left town. The next I heard of him he was in the poorhouse in another county. When the Deacon died, John must have been around eighty-five, but he got over to Ridgeford somehow and sat in the back of the church. He wasn't going to stop and speak to Mother and me after the service, but she saw him and insisted that he get into one of the cars and go to the cemetery. John probably didn't know why he revered the Deacon, or that he had a religion of the land and a good day's work; but I say he was a Puritan with a conscience.

The Deacon, Samuel Hunt, Mart, and John all wanted to contribute something. Two had money to give to the Church; one gave what he could, and even John would have given a dollar if he had been asked. The Deacon was the only "religious man", but all accepted the Church as an admirable social institution. All four were honest in payment of debts and taxes, and

in trades where someone wasn't trying to do them. Being good citizens didn't mean that they should be moral, kindly, or even agreeable. Only the Deacon resembled the Puritan of fiction, and he was no Calvinist or intolerant fusser about his own or anyone's sinfulness. Sam was a mean and ugly tyrant; Mart on the edge of shiftless disreputability; John a dirty, drinking wench. But all were alike in their acceptance of certain duties, although for Mart and John they consisted in little more than civic honesty and doing a good day's work for pay; then they were released to do as they pleased.

Puritans can be the most objectionable and mean people I have ever met; that is in part the curse of our individualism, and in part the result of our defense of the

social unit we cherish. But we manage to live together decently and create a tolerant and free civilization by observing a few sensible rules of orderly community life. They tell me I am a hard person to get along with, and I suppose I'll end as a town character, but I never feel guilty unless I forget my duty to the Town and myself. No strange soul-struggles have tormented me; no creed ever appealed to me; I have never wished to reform anyone. I am appallingly negative in many ways, and yet there lies one of the secrets of the Puritans' strength. We know what not to be. Our refusal to become identified with many common aspects of society is only our way of asserting that the individual is sacred — after he has done his duty as a citizen.



DESERTED FARM

BY WINONA MONTGOMERY GILLILAND

WHAT can be stranger than a lonely farm,
 Deserted? It is haunted by the ghosts
 Of all its earlier tenants; in new form,
 Where once they lived secure, they now are guests.
 One slender poplar, swaying by the pond,
 Was that gay stripling who so often stood
 Angling for silvery perch. Here, where they penned
 The woolly sheep, the yarrow blooms instead.
 This pine, spreading gaunt branches by the door,
 Could well have been the brawny husbandman
 Who tilled these fields; who held these acres dear.
 Wan in the day-sky, peers a phantom moon.

PORTRAIT OF AMERICAN FASCISM

BY LAWRENCE DENNIS

FASCISM is a term and a concept which now must be recognized as having assumed an important place in the American vocabulary of 1935. It naturally has a wide and accurate use in the designation of the regimes under which most of the inhabitants of Europe are living, regimes whose dynamic developments are daily on the front page. There is no point in quibbling over what is the correct definition of the term: it will settle no arguments to turn to the official exponents of a dozen different fascist governments now in power or to any of the numerous tracts which have been written for and against the idea. But it may well be asked whether the use of the term fascism in connection with present or future developments in the United States is logical and fitting. I think it is.

If we wait for an authoritative definition of American fascism, we may suddenly get the real article thrust upon us, called by another name, and never procure the definition except by way of an official statement which may not truthfully describe the new and triumphant governmental system. In this connection it is well to recall that, as Dr. Arthur Rosenberg points out in his admirable *History of Bolshevism*, the motto of the Bolshevik Revolution was not "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat. Down with Democracy", but its exact opposite: "Long Live Democracy. Down with Dictatorship". When a veritable army of influential leaders of

opinion, on the extreme right and the extreme left, are constantly using a term to characterize what they see to be the implications of present trends and the menace of the hour, it is time to seek a meaning for the new term and a content for the new concept. It is most important, if we are to have fascism, under whatever the official name may be, to have had calm thinking about the subject by the least embittered leaders of thought and action.

For the present purpose, then, let us define fascism as a revolutionary formula for the frustrated elite in an extended crisis of the prevailing social system of liberal capitalism. If fascism comes, it will be, first, the product of prolonged conditions of a thoroughly objective character, conditions which liberal leadership will have failed to improve; and, second, the product of the subjective reactions to these conditions by those of the menaced and injured members of the elite who have a will to power and a will, through the capture and use of power, to change conditions they find intolerable. Such elements of the frustrated and economically vanquished members of the elite, or say the upper third of the total population, will be captured by a leader who will exploit the weaknesses and opportunities for action presented by the situation. If he is successful, the leader will be able to impose his own ideals and values on his followers, except insofar as a well-clarified body of theories and principles, already held by a

substantial number of the less embittered elite, can be imposed on him.

If and when American fascism appears to be at hand, it will be up to the in-elite to recognize first what it is and that it is imminent, and, second, to share as widely as possible in the leadership of the movement. To whatever extent the less frustrated members of the elite fail to share in this leadership, the movement will fail to express some of our best values, and instead will manifest the extremes of discontent, fear, and hate animating the most dynamic elements. Let there be no uncertainty as to hatred and fear finding expression, and thereby supplying most of the dynamic force behind the initiation of any important new social movement. No revolution, not even the American Revolution, essentially expressive of the self-interest of the colonial trading classes, was ever fought and won without the driving urge of popular dissatisfaction. Yet, as the American and several of the fascist revolutions demonstrate, it is possible to combine with the leadership of the frustrated the leadership of those still living comfortably in the house of have. These latter join forces with the out-elite because they lack confidence in a favorable outcome of a fight to the finish between the ins and the outs, though they themselves may still be in, and also, often, because for humane as well as selfish reasons they do not desire to wage such an extreme class war.

It will, of course, be said by many that fascism in the United States is unthinkable because the people will never permit the scrapping of the Constitution, the federal system of forty-nine separate sovereignties (one federal and forty-eight state governments), the functional and regional separation of powers in government, the judicial review and veto of laws, and the present scheme of liberties bul-

warked by the American system. "The American people are conservative and traditional." Yet what of our record for innovation, acts of violence, and political fluidity? "We are attached to the Supreme Court and the Constitution." But so were the Russian peasants attached to the Czar, and the German Ph.D.'s, to their Kaiser. "We are exceptional individualists." One cannot travel a hundred miles in Italy or Germany without being struck by vital regional differences: in the United States one can progress from coast to coast without observing any important contrasts except in climate, scenery, natural resources, and economic levels. "Americans will never submit to a strong executive." No country in the world has a larger army of little Napoleons of business and lesser yes-men than the United States. Big business has been making fascism inevitable; it has been efficiently preparing the people with suitable behavior patterns and developing appropriate mechanisms of centralized national control to hand over to a triumphant fascism. We have perfected techniques in propaganda and press and radio control which should make the United States the easiest country in the world to indoctrinate with any set of ideas, and to control for any physically possible ends. "We are too large for a highly centralized administration." But we are not as large in territory or population as Soviet Russia; nor do we have the extreme differences of race and language encountered by the Soviet rulers. And, as already indicated, we possess efficient agencies of centralized control, except in political government; in fact, the trend of over a century towards more centralization was never as strong as at present. Thus we have on every hand the makings of an American fascism both in potential causes and in operating social mechanisms.

II

When and how might this fascization of America come about? Well, ironically enough, it might occur naturally and imperceptibly, if our British friends get us into another war to save civilization from the fascist devil of Italy, just as they duped us into a war eighteen years ago to save civilization from the Hohenzollern devil of Germany. In the event of another crusade for international justice, the sanctity of contracts, and other synonyms for what the British need in the defense of their empire, the President would be allowed by the courts, Congress, and public opinion to exercise virtually unlimited powers within the Constitution. A war economic planning board, or really an economic dictatorship, would be set up at Washington. A propaganda agency would assume cultural dictation. The fascist views as to the instrumental and relative character of truth and justice would be practiced if not preached. Conditioning the people to believe in the war aims, always an extremely easy matter for any government using modern technique, would prepare them for fascism and improve the means for mass control. Putting several million men in uniform would furnish the legions and the temper. In short, a totalitarian state under a highly-centralized government at Washington would be an imperative of public safety. This wartime fascization would come the more easily for not being imposed by a revolutionary political party after a discussion of issues, just as the concentration of economic power and control through the corporate device has come so easily during the past forty years because they have never been understood except by the financial leaders and their technicians who were bringing these changes about. In war, the fascization of

America would be effected by the General Staff in secret conferences at Washington, just as the fascization of business through the large trust and combine has been already effected in closed conferences in the lower canyons of Manhattan.

There are many reasons why our participation in the next war will not be as brief or simple as our last, and why a subsequent return to constitutionalism will not be swift or even probable. For one thing, in 1914, we had a federal debt of around a billion dollars, and a total public debt of under six billions, while we now have a federal debt of over thirty billions and a total public debt of over fifty. It should be evident to any student of post-war history that a government which cannot count on being able to finance war largely with public credit, including payment of an indemnity if it is the loser, without subsequent extreme currency devaluation, is doomed to fascism as a sequel to the war. This is true because inability to finance war mainly on sound credit enforces the necessity of a totalitarian state and an economic dictatorship to secure adequate production. The only formulas for such a dictatorship must follow fascist lines.

Improbable as it now seems in view of the success which the British are having with American public opinion, it is still possible that we may keep out of another war for several years and that we may get a kind of fascism in peacetime. How? Well, we should certainly not get it as a result of a committee of millionaires deciding to have fascism, and hiring, financing, and directing a fascist leader of their choosing. The leader, after he became a serious factor, might well secure financial aid and effective co-operation from men of economic power: but he could not be a fascist leader unless he gave an authentic, dynamic, and dramatic personal expres-

sion to the feelings of a large and influential number of frustrated and angry people. He could not be the hired robot of any clique of manipulators, good or bad.

The late Senator Huey Long furnishes the best example of our nearest approach to a national fascist leader. What would ultimately have made him a fascist, had he lived and continued his political successes, would have been the fact that he was interested more in power than protest. He not only understood the familiar methods of political combat, but he grasped a truism which few present-day students of social revolution or aspirants to political control seem to understand, namely, that the road to national control is through acquiring the control of state governments, one by one. People who speculate about social revolution in the United States are apt to think in terms of a *coup d'État*, appropriate to a European country in which seizure of the capital city is an obvious, and, in times of acute crisis, a relatively easy step to complete national control. Why they should fail to see the strategic importance of the state governments in this country is difficult to understand, since we have had the illuminating precedent of our Civil War. I daresay it is because good Americans have been conditioned by the cult of the Constitution to exclude from their minds any notion inconsistent with the false idea that that document has brought us through a hundred and fifty years without disorder.

The reasons why control of state governments is the obvious path to political power in this country are: First, they can be won and controlled, state by state. Second, in the struggle for power, control of a state government at once gives command of public funds, the taxing power to get more, an armed militia and a judiciary, whereas procuring a few seats in

legislative assemblies, as the European Socialists have contented themselves with doing, provides the party and its leaders with nothing more than a platform for voicing protests and supplicating reforms. Third, through control of state governments in this country, the full force of powerful regional and sectional feelings can be exploited in the struggle for power, although as soon as a movement sought national control, it would have to repudiate regionalism in the interests of the inevitable nationalism, without which no modern government, even that of Russia, can successfully operate.

It may be remarked, in passing, that certain zealous young reformers who would build a political movement around economic class groups with a view to capturing national rule, are naïve and unrealistic. The complete control of one state government is easier to obtain, and it is worth more than control of the American Federation of Labor and two or three farm associations put together, so far as a realistic struggle for power is concerned. This is true because domination of an undisciplined association of men who have little money or economic power, and who cannot be relied on even to vote a straight ticket, is largely nominal. Direction of a state government or even a big city government, however, is not nominal so far as the sinews of war are concerned. The Republicans are beginning to appreciate the value of control of state and local governments in a national campaign, factors which, of course, the old Republican leaders always understood.

An American fascist party, in its struggle for power, will doubtless quickly come to operate as a national organization. And it will have to carry on organizational activities in fields where it will have no chance of early success. But it

will be conducted for the capture and exercise of political power and not merely to lead a few zealots ever so often to some wailing place like Union Square to stage a demonstration. To this end it will quickly develop a militarized type of organization which can be used in innumerable ways. Mention of the military at once suggests all sorts of violent and abusive action; but the party can also be used for purposes of order and constructive achievement. The logic of a militarized organization is mainly twofold: associations of people who have not much money are potent social forces chiefly to the extent that they are subject to a hierarchical command and group discipline; and no organization can act with responsibility to the entire community unless it can control its members. Where important economic interests and a small number of parties are involved, purely economic pressures and balances of power, given clear leadership, can enforce orderly conduct. But where large numbers of parties to the association and small individual economic forces are at stake, only aggressive discipline can enable the organization to manage its members. In this connection it is to be remarked that all our fraternal groups have some martial order, otherwise they could not stage public parades at their national meetings. No country boasts more militarized organizations, which wear distinctive uniforms and have discipline, than the United States. Our labor unions have been ineffective mainly to the extent that they have lacked control over their members. And one of the chief reasons why the communists have so little chance throughout Europe and the United States is that they have insulted the soldiers from whom they could have learned so much and whom they need so much in order to win. Communism in Russia triumphed chiefly

because Lenin captured the loyalty of the troops and had the assistance of an able minister of war, Leon Trotsky. Organization has its imperatives for orderly performance, and no political party which aims to change fundamental conditions by a seizure of power can fail to meet these.

The Ku Klux Klan, which was revived after the World War and flourished for some five years, numbering at one time at least four million insignia-buying members, showed the possibilities of vigilante groups in this country. But this organization, which was promoted and steered by masters in the art, had no leaders with vision or a social program. Obviously, four million men would not forever get dressed up in nightshirts if, politically speaking, they had no place to go and nothing to do. Making faces at Catholics, Jews, and Negroes cannot long seem virile, or even amusing.

But the fact that the Klan, being hardly more than the racket of skilled organizers, petered out and that Senator Long met the fate of three American Presidents, must not be construed as proof that no fascist organization is likely in this country. The requisite reactions of a frustrated and angry elite, and the industrial crisis are persisting factors. The dynamic leader and the dramatic moment for his appearance are the two elements which have not yet combined with the objective conditions and reactions. But neither Napoleon nor Lenin would have been selected for their historic roles by an informed observer six months before their emergence from obscurity.

III

The objective conditions which may constitute a part of the causation of an Amer-

ican fascism (in all probability called by another name), may be conveniently grouped under three heads: First, the dynamic conflicts of interest; second, the relative breakdown of the political and economic mechanisms which comprise the liberal capitalist system; and third, the logic of sociological rationalization, indicating different social institutions as better means to generally desired ends.

The clash of group interests furnishes a new factor for serious consideration in American life. The Marxists did not discover or invent this factor; it has always been operative in every nation, but the success of capitalism in expansion has both required and assured such a degree of abundance of economic opportunities for all, that collisions of group interests have never proved dangerous to the system. If liberal constitutional government, however, fails to provide a satisfactory formula for the representation of all legitimate interests, and for the harmonious adjustment of their conflicts, that fact alone invalidates the present system, and no appeal to reason or authority can diminish the force of this truth. The question, of course, is whether this is a fact at the present time. Events will have to furnish the conclusive answer.

Today the clash of factions in America is not being reflected in a pitched battle between the attacking proletarian workers and the defending owners and managers, as the communist analysis would have it. No, the strife is being waged by the minority forces — by the lobbyists and raiders of the public treasury. The liberal constitutional system favors the disorderly play of these groups. They can be more inimical to public order than a fight to the finish between capital and labor, for, presumably, the latter would soon have to end either in a compromise, as has occurred in the past, or in the triumphant

emergence of a workers' dictatorship, as happened in Russia, or in a completely successful subjugation of the workers by the victorious owners and managers, as may be said to have occurred in ancient Egypt. If any one of these three conditions comes to pass, an orderly and workable formula is likely to eventuate — whether you like it or not. But in the conflicts of minority groups acting under the prevailing degree of national or social discipline, kept at a minimum by our constitutional and juridical system, there is likely to result eventually an intolerable degree of chaos, from which a formula like fascism may seem to offer the only remedy. The relevancy of fascism to such a clash would consist chiefly in its bid to make explicit and effective a unique concept of national interest and, of course, to provide the necessary personnel and machinery for realization. It is conceivable that many of our conservatives who are now worried over the dangers of losing liberty under a possible fascism, might some day welcome a fascist dictator and a disciplined political party to curb the abuses of constitutional liberties and legal powers now commonly committed by irresponsible minorities. Nor is it unthinkable that many recent Wall Street and Park Avenue converts to state's rights, if given a stiff dose of economic sabotage and anti-nationalism by some plausible demagogue under the label of state's rights, might make a hasty return to their first love — a strong central government.

The breakdown of the social mechanics of liberal capitalism is too obvious a reason for the triumph of fascism to need much explanation. In this connection it must be remembered that those who have been driven by defeat and frustration to challenge the present system and to follow a leader offering a substitute, are not

likely to assist in improving a system which they now are attacking.

It cannot be said at present that normal capitalistic recovery will not take place in the United States. There are many who contend that it is now under way in spite of government intervention in business. There is no space here to thrash out this question exhaustively, and there would be little point in attempting to do so. Future events alone can furnish a satisfactory answer. But it would seem that any true recovery will be marked by increased financing of new private enterprise and by an expansion of bank loans to business. Although security prices have risen during the past two years, new financing during the first eight months of 1935 has been almost entirely refunding. Whereas an average of four billion dollars of new money was put into new private corporate capital in each of the first six months of 1928, 1929, and 1930, only ninety-nine million went into such investment in the first half of 1934, and one hundred million during the same period of 1935. Bank loans are one-half of the 1929 or 1930 totals, and they have declined since 1934. At the time this article is written, surplus cash reserves of the member banks of the Federal Reserve System have reached a new high of 2900 million, or enough to support the creation of twenty-nine billion dollars' of new bank loans. The lack of new investment and credit expansion for private initiative—government credit expansion, of course, goes merrily on—plus the following four facts, seem to invalidate any diagnosis of present trends as recovery: one, no decrease in unemployment; two, the necessity of continued government deficits for relief; three, permanent restriction of foreign trade and investment by reason of increasingly closed economies and defaults on war debts and

privately-made foreign loans; four, the imminence of war growing out of one, two, and three.

A third order of conditions which may facilitate the emergence of an American fascism and determine substantially its character may be associated with the idea of instrumental fitness. Every schoolboy knows that the United States has long led the world in technological rationalization, or in scrapping the obsolete and adopting the newest machine or process. When we begin the same sort of rationalization in government and in economic relationships, a social revolution of first magnitude will be under way. Our Constitution and system of government as well as our law of property correspond to eighteenth-century needs, circumstances, and theories. Our federal system with its separation of authority between three branches of government and the delegation of powers to forty-nine separate sovereignties, corresponds to the requirements of a compromise among thirteen British colonies which wanted more *laissez faire* than George the Third had sense enough to grant them, but which wanted neither to be separate nations nor welded into one America. Since then, we have had again and again to choose between falling prey to European colonization and exploitation, or becoming a nation. The Civil War, which the Constitution and the Supreme Court precipitated rather than averted, settled the issue of our becoming a nation or becoming Balkanized. The work of political rationalization may be said to have been begun by John Marshall and carried on by Abraham Lincoln. Now it awaits final completion by another American Revolution. A fascist upheaval in this country would probably be, among other things, a program of drastic sociological rationalization.

On the purely economic side, the best exposition of the logic of an American fascism has been stated by Berle and Means in their book, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*. Forty-nine per cent of all corporate wealth was controlled by two hundred corporations in 1929; by the beginning of 1932, the concentration had increased to fifty-five per cent. The significant fact brought out by Messrs. Berle and Means is that under these modern American corporate set-ups, management and ownership are divorced; thus ownership is left without control or effective representation of its interests, and management is given control without practical responsibility either to owners or to the state. These great organizations have all the weaknesses of a state bureaucracy and none of the merits of private capitalism or owner-management. Prices are formed, important decisions are made, economic empires are ruled, not by the play of a free market or in response to freely-registered movements of supply and demand, but by administrative decisions of dominant bankers and executives of a few hundred large corporations or trusts.

We are not likely to embrace Justice Brandeis' philosophy about the "curse of bigness" for we are too fond of good automobiles at \$600 and innumerable other goods and services which only large-scale industry can furnish. As it is, the Supreme Court will not authorize government to control business; the monopolies will not allow supply and demand to control prices, production, and competition; and the whole set-up will not permit the owner of corporate property to safeguard his interests, the consumer to protect himself in the market, labor to guard itself against lockouts, unemployment, and unfair bargaining acts of capital, or management to shelter itself against blackmailing

tactics of certain labor organizations. The fascist logic of this situation is a corporate state with a set of mechanisms of group representation and control. Under these, ownership, management, and labor would represent their interests and exercise their powers subject to effective governmental supervision, thus realizing some scheme of national interest.

At present, liberal critics are constantly exposing the improper acts of big business management and of minority group pressures in coercing political agencies, and in exercising economic powers of government. But well-substantiated as such criticisms usually are, they prove futile. Big business units are inevitable if we are to enjoy cheap automobiles, as well as other important commodities and services. If there is big business, it must exercise governmental functions. And no one can be expected to exercise these powers for private gain under our constitutional and judicial system without committing grave social abuses. As for minority group pressures, they represent real communities of interest and useful administrative organizations, such as our state subdivisions cannot represent. What possible community of interest is shared by an up-state New York farmer, a Wall Street broker, a Park Avenue bondholder, or an East Side factory worker — except that each has to meet certain obligations to an artificial political subdivision which does not even correspond to the requirements of efficient political and police administration? Minority groups, especially those of economic management, correspond to real needs and exercise real power: if they are not enabled by an appropriate scheme of political and economic organization to represent their interests legally and exercise their powers beneficially, they will do so illegally and anti-socially. In short, we have a real

government by invisible, improper, irresponsible, and often illegal group pressures, and a visible, proper, legal, and supposedly responsible government which cannot govern but can only allow itself to be manipulated.

IV

Enough, then, about the objective conditions which might furnish some of the causes of an American fascism. Let us now consider the reasons why the indications of self-interest of the frustrated elite are most likely to supply the directives for any social revolution and so make it fascist in character. They are: one, the elite are more sensitive to grievances than the masses; two, the elite are more likely to sense and understand the indications of self-interest than the masses; and, three, the elite have more will to act and more means of action than the rest of the community. This is true even of those who have been economically ruined. They are more revolutionary in temper than the unemployed proletarian, and more skilled in the techniques of effective group action. For our purposes, the elite may be considered to mean that one-fourth to one-third of the population which, for whatever reasons, is actually or potentially more powerful and influential than the balance of the population. This would include all the professional classes, all businessmen, all farmers, all persons having incomes well above the average, and all who by reason of personal qualities or advantages of any sort have considerably more to say about the running of things than the average man.

The communists expect that the elite will be declassed in mass by a prolonged capitalist decline and that, in their adversity, they will go over to the proletarian revolution. But things are not likely to

happen that way. People don't ordinarily prove turncoats in a class war, certainly not the elite. They have a class consciousness, pride, and solidarity which the proletarians lack. In a drawn battle between ownership and labor, which is not likely to progress very far in this country, any large number of the upper class who have become reduced in material circumstances are almost certain to take over, more or less automatically, the defense of property and the interests of ownership and management. They would capture the citadel of an imperiled capitalism from the inside as an army of volunteer defenders, and would thus reinstate themselves as an army of bureaucrats. The elite may be expected to change the game when too many of them begin to lose at it. The Park Avenue and Wall Street crusaders for liberty and the present system should remember that the upper classes are more interested in the pay-off than the masses. They may be expected to profess loyalty to traditional values and to observe it when not inconsistent with present self-interest. They will uphold private property rights, subject to the degree and kinds of regulation which their other objectives may require. They will stand with ownership and management, oppose communism, and be intensely patriotic and nationalistic.

The self-interest of this class as individuals will dictate many conflicting demands, but, finally, the imperatives of order and survival will impose certain basic objectives, such as the following: One, the elimination of unemployment by adequate government expenditure on social welfare, and investment in public works and non-reproductive capital goods. (The frustrated elite include far more jobless college graduates, white-collar workers, and ruined small businessmen than

bondholders interested in a balanced budget or taxpayers worried over surtax rates on high incomes, facts which many conservative crusaders of 1935 seem unable to grasp.) Two, any changes necessary to achieve number one—these would probably include (a) the nationalization of all banks so as to give government unlimited financial resources, and (b) some redistribution of wealth and income through progressive taxation to finance essential outlays for re-employment. Three, the nationalization of all important monopolies and public regulation of private small-scale enterprise, such as only a fascist revolution and a corporate state could effectuate. Four, special favor for the small businessman and farmer, combined with new jobs for the out-elite in government work and nationalized monopolies.

The foregoing points are not intended

as a probable program, but merely as suggestions of some likely objectives of any successful revolution. The revolt, of course, would have many more important objectives. It might embody some of the most advanced and desirable social measures now under consideration everywhere, and it might also be tainted with some of the unfortunate race and religious prejudices now cherished by large numbers of our people. It is easier to predict the choice of means than the choice of ends, for means are largely indicated by predictable necessities of public order. The triumphant leaders will come to power mainly because they will have recognized and undertaken to meet the new imperatives of order and efficiency in a changed world. But the choice of values and ends leaves room for almost anything, and gives ground for serious apprehensions.



THE OLD MEN

BY CHARLES NORMAN

BEING too old to fight,
The old men talk and write;
They cheer the laggard on
The way they have not gone.

This love of country comes
To life with flutes and drums,
And sleeps with all the slain
Upon the foreign plain.

ROSE BOWL TEAM

A Story of an All-American Halfback

BY CLIFFORD DOWDEY

WHEN I come into the room I hate it. You hate everything when you are punchdrunk. I am tired as hell. My body aches from the beating I have taken. I am one big bruise.

I lift the Economics book off the desk, and sit down on the bed. I notice that the pillow is rumped. I look under it. The white envelope is there. It says, "Al Rhordnick". And the ten-dollar bill is inside. Kirk is smart all right. He knows to the day when you need bucking up.

Kirk is the athletic director. He hires the football team, and he is the boss. The coach just coaches.

It was Kirk who brought me here — to Montford University. He made the best offer of all the colleges I applied to. He gives you a break all right. He fixes it so you don't worry about your classes. He gets all the questions the night before examinations. All you have to do is copy the answers in a blankbook. It is easy to take the blankbook to class under your sweater, scribble in an empty one a while, and then switch.

But the hell of it is that I came here to get an education.

I open the Economics book. I look at the pages, and I feel lousy. But it is nothing like as bad as the first year. Then I used to come to my room from an afternoon of practice and bawl like a baby. I used to swear I'd never go out on that

football field again. I'd go home. I didn't care if they called me yellow.

That was before I learned what the famous Coach Jordan system really is. I had got my ideas about it from the drool I read in the newspapers. The system is to have the older men hit you with everything except the goal posts. They let you have it with knees and fists and elbows where it hurts the worst. The idea is to make you tough. If you can take it, you can hand it out to other teams. You learn all sorts of tricks. And plenty of ways to cut bigger guys down to your own size. Now I'm pretty tough myself, I guess. Anyway, I handle the blocking assignment on this team. If I wasn't tough I don't suppose I would last.

Take this afternoon, for instance. I had to fight it out with that gorilla end on the third team. That guy could easily have made the team at some college where all they offer is a cinch job. But he was sold on the cash pay and the soft classes at Montford. Now, as a junior, he is getting sore because he isn't pulling down any of the real dough. The whole squad gets room and board, and all you have to do is wear your "M" sweater to get into the movies and things like that for nothing. But, like the rest of the third team, he wants the same break as the varsity. (We get fifty dollars a month cash besides, and all our clothes.)

To make me look like a mug is his quickest way to a varsity berth. So today, while we were scrimmaging against the third team, this bird and I had it out between ourselves. The third team was using the Hammerson College plays against us for the first time. In Coach Jordan's system the varsity isn't taught defense until we have actually scrimmaged against the new plays. The coach says it makes us think some for ourselves. But we couldn't think much when we were laying into the third team. Those birds are hard. They are big too. They've got a line around 200 pounds and no pony backfield. Playing them is practically like a tough game.

The scrimmage had been going on about thirty minutes when the third team uncorked a fancy double-spinner. There was a big hole outside the longside guard. Their fullback came through behind a blocking back. But their guard didn't complete his block on Habisch, the varsity tackle. Habisch closed in behind the blocking back. He nailed the runner.

"Hold the play!"

Kirk came out from the sideline. He is a medium-sized man, about thirty-five. He always wears a gray suit and cleated football shoes. He was a great end on the Montford team that won in the Rose Bowl. It isn't until he gets close that you notice how tough his face is. His mouth is so thin you can't see his lips. When we saw the look in his eyes today we all got very still. He stood over the guard. This guy came to Montford with a fancy prep school record as fullback. But now they have converted him to guard.

"Don't you like playing guard?" Kirk said without moving his mouth.

The big kid looked down at the grass. "I like it alright," he mumbled.

"Then let's see you take out Habisch like you like it."

The converted guard squatted down in front of Habisch. I felt sorry for him. This Habisch is twenty-six-years-old. He played two years at prep school, five at high school, and freshman football in the West before coming to Montford. He stands six feet three. He weighs 230. He is quick, strong as a bull, and twice as mean. So he waited there in his crouch, his chin jutting out further than his broken nose.

The kid charged down on him. It was like hitting a stone wall.

"Again," Kirk said.

This time the kid only bounced off. Then he squatted back and looked up for directions. Kirk's fist came down. We heard the smash of cartilage as the boy's lips were battered against his teeth. He rocked back, but caught himself on his hands. His face went white as dough. He wiped away the blood oozing from his mouth. He kept staring up at Kirk.

Kirk bellowed: "Now listen, you lousy four-flushing bastard! You came here to play football. If you don't want to play you can get the hell out of this college. If you do want to play you'll play where you're told to play, and you'll God-damned well like it. Now get off the field and run around the track fifty times. It'll give you a chance to think it over. If you want to stay here come out tomorrow to play guard. If you don't, turn in your uniform and pack your baggage."

The big kid just kept on staring. Kirk kicked out. His cleated shoe caught the boy in the chest, knocking him flat.

"Move, damn you!" Kirk screamed, "or I'll kick your teeth down your throat."

The guard got up slowly. He backed away, his eyes still fixed on Kirk. We were all standing around. Nobody looked at anybody else. The boy turned and walked slowly off to the track. When he got there he started trotting.

Kirk swung around to us.

"All right, the rest of you, get going! What do you think this is—your day off?"

That sock on the kid's mouth got us all going. It was as if Kirk had hit everyone of us. We put on the kind of scrimmage that Coach Jordan liked, and we kept at it until the floodlights came on. We were stopping the Hammerson plays, too, before the session was over. But believe me, an afternoon like that doesn't make you feel much like studying. . . .

But I want to get the hang of this Economics course. So I go back at the book again. It is hard to shift my mind from the Hammerson plays to the theory of depression cycles. All I see on the pages is the movement of the halfbacks on that fake lateral that turns into a forward with the longside end cutting sharp into the alley to take it. The third team fooled me three times with that. I got a bawling out from Kirk. That's why the ten-dollar bill was under the pillow—to take the sting out.

I get up and go over to the water cooler for a drink. I come back and readjust the light. I start from the first page again. The end comes fast across as though to block the fullback. I see myself moving over to cover the back receiving the lateral. Then comes that pass. As I turn fast, the gorilla end cuts straight down the field and takes it over his shoulder.

I shake my head. I start to read again. Suppose that play works in the Hammerson game and goes for a touchdown? If Hammerson wins that game we won't get the Rose Bowl bid. Kirk has been harping on how important that bid is. It means from fifty to ninety G. The athletic association needs the money if they are going to keep up the pay level. If we miss the Rose Bowl bid because of that pass being

completed through me, somebody else will have my job next season.

I put the book aside. I stand up. I start walking around the room. I know there must be some way to stop that play. It is ten o'clock before I have it doped out. Then I get into bed. God, I am tired. . . .

Rhordnick, for God's sake watch that end cutting back. Rhordnick, you don't block or tackle with your head. You must use it for something. Rhordnick, maybe we forgot to tell you—this is football we play here. Rhordnick . . . end . . . block . . . pass . . . tackle . . . Rhordnick . . . Rose Bowl . . . Rhordnick. . .

II

The next day I stopped the tricky pass play. During the rest of the week we stopped all the Hammerson plays cold.

We got on the train Thursday night. On Friday we polished off our offense in signal practice at the Hammerson stadium.

Saturday morning we were all herded into an upstairs private dining room of the hotel where we were stopping. We were pretty jittery. Coach Jordan was grouching about the noise in the corridors the night before. Some of the squad hadn't slept well. But we had to stop at this hotel—the owner was paying Bojchoski, the Hammerson ace, a hundred dollars a month on an understanding that all visiting teams would use his place. This pulled in the crowds. Kirk had the same hookup with a hotel at Montford.

We weren't worried about lack of sleep. It was Morella who was bothering us. Our press agent had filled every newspaper in the country with tripe about Morella's being All-American. Now sixty thousand suckers were paying two hundred G to see the ballyhooed duel between Morella and Bojchoski—and the big Wop

had a bad dose of gonorrhea. We had to play him, with all these people on hand to see this "crucial game that would decide the national rankings."

Everybody stopped talking when Kirk came in. He had one of those looks on his face. He stood there in front of us, hands in his pockets. He looked over each man singly. Then he reached in his inside pocket. He drew out a piece of paper and slowly unfolded it. He held it up for all of us to see. It was an enlarged photostat of a picture of Bojchoski from the local paper. He was twisted into one of those silly pivots which football players pose for newspaper cameras. There was a caption under the picture.

"For those present who can't read English," Kirk said, "I'll tell you what it says. 'The triple threat back on whom Hammerson is pinning its hopes for an unbeaten season and the Rose Bowl bid. His gains have averaged seven yards a try. The coaches believe he is one of those rare backs who can't be stopped.'"

Kirk paused.

"When I played end on the Montford Rose Bowl team," he went on, "we played against a two-hundred-pound back named Iceman Smith who was likewise said to be unstoppable. In the third period he was removed from the game. Permanent. If you want a trip to the Rose Bowl, you better take care of Bojchoski today the way we took care of Smith."

Kirk stepped closer to us. He pushed the enlarged picture in front of our faces.

"Get a good look," he said, "because I don't want you to have to take time during the game to recognize him."

When he reached me he stopped longer. I stared at the photograph. I didn't want to look at Kirk. I knew what was coming.

"Think you can take care of him, Rhordnick?" he snapped.

"I'll work on him," I said.

"Damn it, look at me! I said will you take care of him?"

I had to look up. "I'll work on him."

"I'm not asking you to work on him," Kirk shouted. "I want you to get him out of the game. Do you understand?"

It was no use arguing with Kirk.

"Okay," I said.

"See that you do." Then he looked at the rest of the fellows. "See that you all work on him—and plenty. . . . The manager's coming in now to take you over to the field. Don't speak to anybody on the way out. If anybody speaks to you don't look up."

We got in the two busses and were driven over to the Hammerson stadium. We began changing our clothes in the locker room. Nobody was talking. As I got into my tin-cup the trainer came over and felt my side. I tried to act like it didn't hurt.

"Still hurts? I'll pad it for you right now."

"I'll take the chance," I said.

"You will like hell. Don't you think I can tape the thing so it won't bulge? I'm not going to give you a target for those Hammerson mugs to kick at. For Christ's sake."

Doc did a pretty good job. When I had my jersey on you'd never notice the bulge unless you came up and examined it. The rest of the fellows were dressed. We could hear the faint music of the band on the field.

Then Coach Jordan came in. When the team went on the field it was *his* team. He looked pretty worried. He was a big man gone to fat. His jowls ran into his neck and made him look like his head was melting into his soft body. The fat on his lids made his eyes look like pig eyes. He talked in a low toneless voice.

"Listen, you lugs. We've let a lotta bal-lyhoo go out about this squad. It's called the greatest Montford team since the Rose Bowl team. You've knocked over half a dozen set-ups and run up a coupla big scores. Today you're going against a bunch as tough as you are. They want the Rose Bowl just as much. They need their cut of that gate to pull them out of the red this season. They've sunk a lot of dough in that team. They're going to hit you with everything they've got. If you let them push you around, you might make a mug outa me, but God help every last one of you. Now get the hell out there."

We ran down through the tunnel behind Captain Schluderberg. He waddled like a fat man. It was funny to us the way they used to take him for a roly-poly. He was close to six feet. He only looked dumpy because he weighed two hundred and forty. Not an ounce of it was fat. Of course the program listed him twenty pounds lighter, just as it nicked off five and ten pounds all along the line. They had me listed at one hundred and eighty-nine. That sounds a lot less than one hundred and ninety-six — especially at five feet eleven.

We ran out on the field and a big cheer went up. We broke up into four teams and started running off signals. The band played the solemn notes of *Alma Mater*. All the dopes in the stands stood up. They took off their hats in the November wind and sang like they were in church

Stand uncovered
Sons of Montford
Hail our heroes, loyal and true.
They will vanquish
Our old rival
In the name of the Gold and Blue. . . .

Then the dopes sat down again and returned to their bottles. After we limbered

up we started kicking and passing. I noticed that the stands were packed and I thought of all of them waiting to see Morella play. Then Jordan waved us off the field and I got a look at the Hammer-son team as they came running out. They were big and tough.

The next few minutes was the time I hated. You always wait around and listen to all the last minute guff. I could never do anything about that gone feeling in the pit of my stomach. I am always glad I'm a blocking back on the opening kickoff. I'd hate to try to hold the ball in my sweating hands. The red-shirted Hammer-son team went off and Jordan called us around him on the sideline.

"Remember, if any of you don't hit hard enough we'll show you how hard you should of hit. Go ahead!"

III

The first thing I found out was that this was the toughest game I'd ever played in. Both sides were set for murder and no holds barred. The next thing I found out was that Bojchoski was the best back I'd ever played against. He had everything. You know what I mean — that spark you recognize in a freshman sometimes. He was one of those men who handles himself right from the first game he's in. And he was hard — Christ, he was hard.

We hadn't played over five minutes before he got loose off tackle. Some vicious blocking had opened the way for him and he was coming like a bull elephant when I closed in. I had a flash of his high knees, but no choice but a head-on tackle. One of those knees caught me along the jaw line. I felt like my head was being torn off my shoulders. I'd gotten one shoulder in fairly high, but Bojchoski's other leg ripped loose from my grip and

the cleats scraped my throat raw. I had a chance for one desperate grab. It toppled him off balance; he went down on one knee. The whistle blew. I got up groggily.

"Try it again, you lousy Pole bastard," I said. I kept my lips closed so he wouldn't see the blood, hot and thick inside my mouth.

Bojchoski grinned. "Okay. Wait there," he said.

The next play started the same way. Then it cut back sharply inside guard. Bojchoski blasted through. I saw Joe, our fullback, get one hand on him. Bojchoski spun free as I came up fast. I saw somebody's fist fly. The Pole was slowed up a second in picking his stride. In that second I piled in and my shoulder had an open shot at his groin. We went down together. That damn Pole got up grinning again.

"Stopped with a left hook, huh? Okay. I'm coming the same way this time. Try it once more, louse."

He was hard all right. Like pig iron. We hit him with everything we had. But midway of the second period he took it over. They kicked the extra point. Bojchoski ran off the field to a big hand.

Before we received the kickoff we went into a huddle. We were pretty badly battered. The linesmen were bellyaching about the pugs facing us. There were cleat marks and knuckle bruises all over the tackles and guards. I didn't listen. I had them too. And my side was giving me hell.

I wish some of the newspaper guys who wrote about Schluderberg's smooth German face could have seen it then. He had no skin on his nose or chin, and he was sweating like a stuck hog. "We had no chance with them hammering at us," he said. "Now we open up. This son of a bitch across from me has pebbles in the

tape of his hands. He thinks he's gonna make All-American that way. But watch me!"

Morella took the kickoff and we gave him some good blocking, but he ran out on the twenty-five-yard line. He couldn't take a tackle. Hammerson got wise. They piled on him so hard in the next two plays that he couldn't even kick. Hibbert, the dumbbell quarterback, tried to kick but it hardly covered thirty yards. Morella went out, and Flanders came in. He was a sophomore who had come along fast. He believed everything he read about himself in the newspapers, and was trying to live up to it.

But it was too late. We couldn't get together. On the first play after we got the ball again, Hibbert was roughed and smeared for no gain. He tried to take it out on me when he came back:

"God-damn you, Al, can't you take out an end — just for once?"

"Go to hell, you fiddle-footed —"

"Shut up," Schluderberg said. "Run the play over me."

It went for two yards. After that Hibbert didn't know what to do. He was punchdrunk. He had no brains anyway. He was drilled to use certain plays in certain zones. If they didn't work he was stuck. The half fizzled out without us having crossed midfield.

IV

No one looked around as we filed into the lockers. We dropped on the benches and tried to rest with our heads in our hands. Assistant managers and assistant trainers came around and sponged us off. I knew Jordan and Kirk were standing at the end of the room watching us. I didn't look up. All I heard was the men breathing. Then an assistant manager came in

and told us it was almost time to go out. We started pulling on shoulder pads and jerseys.

I heard steps coming toward me. They stopped. The gray trousers of Kirk were standing there. I didn't look up. His hand grabbed a hunk of my hair and jerked me to my feet. I never hated Kirk so much as when I looked at him then.

"So you're the bum who was going to take out Bojchoski?"

I just looked at him. I was sore. I saw his fist coming, and only had a split second to roll a little. That broke the full force of the blow. I grinned. I didn't care.

"Wipe that grin off your face," Kirk shouted, "or I'll break every bone in your body."

"That won't take you to the Rose Bowl," I said.

"So help me, if you don't get away from me I'll —"

"I've got an idea for winning this ball game," I heard myself saying. I realized I'd been thinking about it all the time I'd been sitting there.

Kirk shook his hands over his head. He jumped up and down, yelling like a madman.

"You've got an idea. You—you —"

"On that shortside spinner the end jumps inside to avoid me. Give me the ball and I'll get around him. If Joe'll take out their fullback it'll be a touchdown."

"Oh, Jesus, what's stopping me?" Kirk howled.

"They'd never expect a blocking back to lug the ball." The idea was getting clearer as I talked. "I haven't carried it all season."

Kirk frothed so you couldn't understand anything he said. Coach Jordan eased between us.

"That's a good idea," he said. "You ain't paid to think, but I believe it'll work."

"*You* believe it'll work!" Kirk yelled. "I get these players here, Jordan. *I* travel over five states after them. They're going to do what *I* say!"

"We want to win this game, Kirk." The coach was talking up to him. "I want to win this game."

"Who the hell do you think *you* are?"

"I'm the coach of this — team," Jordan said. "I'm paid to make it good. I'll see that Rhordnick runs that play if I have to spill my guts to every paper in the country — even if I never get another job."

Kirk quieted down. His eyes were bad to look at.

"What you say goes, coach," he said, and walked out of the locker room.

"We'll number that play '17'," Jordan said. He acted like nothing had happened, but we all knew things were tight. "Hibbert, you watch the men warming up from the beginning of the half. When you see 17 on a jersey, run that play. And, Rhordnick, you better get across, or you know what. Now get going!"

V

We trotted out on the field. We were ready to go. I saw that Bojchoski was back in. So was Morella. The Wop didn't look very well, though. He took the kickoff. He got it back thirty yards before he ran out. On the first play I hit the Hammerson longside end in a block that wiped him out of the play. Morella got into the clear for the first time. He picked up six yards. Hibbert called it again. He took a lateral from Morella and got five and a first down. Hibbert called a shortside spinner. The Hammerson end tried to duck in on me. I caught him in a body-block and held hard. The guy was helpless while Morella got past. The big Wop gathered himself for one burst and weaved for nine

yards past midfield before he was hauled down. Bojchoski piled on with his knees. He seemed to know what ailed Morella.

The Wop got up slowly. He looked green. He didn't have breath enough to speak during the huddle. A man started warming up on the sidelines, but he had on a sweater over his jersey. Hibbert looked bewildered at that.

"Run Joe over me," Schluderberg said.

The stocky two-hundred-pound fullback rode two yards on the German's shoulders for a first down. Hibbert got a brain stroke and called on Morella to pass. The ball wobbled out of his hand. Maitland, our lanky end, went high to pull it down for another ten yards. In the huddle, Schluderberg said:

"The man's sweater's off. It's 17. Now for Al's play."

The play worked like I said it would. The Hammerson shortside end, having been caught in my block before, charged in close to avoid me. I had the ball against the side of my body away from the line of scrimmage. I ran into the clear before Hammerson got wise, Joe nailed the fullback long enough for me to circle him. The safety chased me to the corner of the field, but I beat him and went over standing up.

The sophomore Flanders came in for Morella and kicked goal. We all felt better. Schluderberg shook my hand.

Before the kickoff to Hammerson, Guigon came in at end for Maitland. I knew what that meant. Guigon wasn't in the same league with Maitland as an end. He was so dumb he couldn't understand why he had to make the pretense of attending classes. But he was a killer — by build and instinct. He packed about 220 pounds on six feet one. He picked up money in the summers as a pro wrestler under a phony name. He was coming in because Jordan

and Kirk had compromised. Bojchoski was to be gotten. And plenty.

Bojchoski took the ball on the kickoff. He came back, sidestepping, pivoting, changing pace and direction, limp-legging, and hip-tossing. He was a sweet runner. But at the forty-yard line we cornered him.

Guigon piled in.

The Pole wasn't tough enough. We heard his groans when they carried him off. We didn't look at each other.

It was our ball. Bojchoski had dropped it when Guigon got him. We went into the huddle. Hibbert was trying to think.

"There's that 17 jersey again," Schluderberg said.

Hammerson was rattled. I got away that time easier than before. The goal was kicked again.

Hammerson came swarming back. They were tough now. It was more than seeing the game slipping and their Rose Bowl trip fade. It was a free-for-all. They came in with fists swinging. So did we. But we were rolling. When you're rolling you're hard to stop. Schluderberg ruined the best guards Hammerson had to throw against him. Habisch, with a black eye and another tooth gone and his nose flattened again, softened up the tackles so that the going was open for the backs. This kid Flanders went, too. He was as good as Morella had been last year. He saw the chance of making himself the publicized back for the Rose Bowl game. He was hot.

I got mine early in the fourth period. I was damned near limping from the pain in my side. The Hammerson ends knew it. They were hitting me where it hurt most. We pushed over our third touchdown about that time so Jordan let me go to the showers. I saw Morella on a table getting worked on. I couldn't look at him.

I got on a table myself. I was getting taped up and doused with arnica when the squad came in. There wasn't much life in anybody. I heard we'd got another touchdown. Flanders, playing over his head, had heaved a forty-yard pass in the final minutes. The size of the score assured us of the Rose Bowl bid. Even Kirk said that. He came over to me and grinned.

"Forget the sock," he said. "When we get this bid you'll find the biggest bill you ever found under your pillow."

VI

I am too tired to think of that. I go alone to the hotel dining room. Tonight I can eat what I want. But I am too tired. I have some soup and a sandwich.

I stop at the newsstand for the late sports editions. Then I go on upstairs. The hall is crowded with the men going out. Schluderberg is off to get drunk. Habisch is looking for the local whorehouse. Hib-

bert is going to a fraternity dance to be a hero for his brilliant quarterbacking. They are all going somewhere. I go to my room.

I like the hotel room. It is a lot different from my stall in the training house. The easy chair is soft and the light is better. It makes you think of something besides running off plays and stopping passes. Anyway, I don't have to worry about that for a while.

I open the Economics book. I decide to start all over again from the beginning. This Economics is a good course. I could learn something from that prof if I could just get caught up. But I keep seeing the face of that Hammerson end. I can see their whole line and the backs behind. Toward the end of the game I hadn't seen their faces any more. When you get tired like that you just see a blur of men across from you. . . . I am still tired. The page begins to blur like the Hammerson line.

I feel lousy. I say: to hell with studying tonight. I am too punchdrunk.

MURDER BY REQUEST

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

WHEN milady's poodle, through old age or distemper, is about to leave its pampered world, and the crossing of the border is unduly painful, both law and religion direct that it be charitably killed. Mercy toward animals is enjoined in every state statute: a citizen may be fined and imprisoned if he refuses on demand to destroy any hopelessly diseased dumb beast in his charge. Certain enterprising veterinarians have even established lethal chambers, where a death-bound Maltese or an ailing chow may be dispatched without suffering. But whenever the same sentimentalities are extended to such soul-bearing organisms as human beings, for the purpose of releasing them from the agonies of incurable sickness or deformity, the act is treated as sin, sacrilege, and downright murder.

I know a congenitally diseased boy who has never left his bed since his birth. Throughout his sixteen years of existence, his mother has been meeting the expense of constant nursing by working in a department store. His arms and legs are fleshless spindles of deformed bone and anemic skin, his vision and hearing are defective, and his intelligence is that of a newborn infant. Indeed, his chief claim to classification among the living is the constancy of his acute and chronic pain. Friends and relatives regret that he survived his natal day. But the preservation of this pain-racked child is strictly enjoined by our benign law and merciful justice: "The life of those to whom life has become a burden, of

those who are hopelessly diseased or fatally wounded; nay, even the lives of criminals condemned to death, are equally under the protection of the law." The "protected" mortal may be too far advanced toward extinction to care for the legal perpetuation of his misery: if his rational faculties have not been destroyed, he may even implore someone to hasten his end as a mark of benevolence. But this will not change the felonious character of the act.

The leading judicial decision on the subject is *The People vs. Frank C. Roberts* (Michigan, 1920), which involved a devoted husband who released his wife from the prolonged death agonies of multiple sclerosis. Knowing that her condition was incurable, Mrs. Roberts had repeatedly informed her relatives of her wish to die. She had also made an unsuccessful attempt to kill herself by drinking carbolic acid. Finally, her wasted body writhing in pain, she asked her husband to terminate her suffering as a *coup de grâce*. According to his own confession, he dissolved a quantity of Paris green in a glass of water, and placed it at her bedside.

Under ordinary rules of logic, the man should have received official commendation for his courage and humanity. But instead, he was convicted of willful murder, and condemned to life imprisonment "at hard labor and in solitary confinement". The learned trial judge informed him: "It doesn't make any difference whether she had that intention or not to commit suicide.

You are a principal to committing the crime of murder. It was, indeed, an inhuman and dastardly act." It is difficult to agree that a more kindly man would have forced his wife to squirm in agony until the last moment. Yet such is law and human kindness. The Supreme Court of Michigan solemnly approved the conviction on appeal.

The results of this barbarous social policy may be seen in every community: infant monstrosities and hopelessly injured children for whom permanent suffering is the sole joy of living; pitiful human wrecks hoping that their fatal infections may soon reach the vital organs; old men and women awaiting slow extinction from the accumulated ailments of senility. Regardless of their own wishes, and whatever the promptings of love and mercy, there can be no medical curtailment of the pangs of death.

II

Paradoxically enough, such gruesome ethics of ailing and dying are the ecclesiastical accretions to what was originally the Religion of Mercy. Among the unregenerate pagans of ancient society, each mortal was considered the exclusive custodian of his own life. Death was a biological fact that could be voluntarily invited according to the dictates of prudence and common sense. The final journeys of Lucrece, Cato, Petronius, Seneca, and others are examples of calm dignity and serene courage. Pitiful mooncalves were benignantly carried to Lethe; incurable valetudinarians enlisted the help of their friends, if they were too feeble to board Charon's Ferry unassisted. When a certain acquaintance of Pliny was stricken with a serious affliction, he summoned a council of physicians to determine the outcome of his condition. He was willing to endure his pain patiently if a restora-

tion to tolerable health could be reasonably expected; but he instructed the doctors, if the diagnosis presaged a lingering death, to accelerate the inevitable.

That the Stoical attitude was not altogether repugnant to the Gospels, appears from the fact that there is no scriptural condemnation of suicide. For several centuries, martyrdom was considered a commendable sort of hara-kiri; the invitation of Azrael through rigorous penance was rewarded with canonization. Then came the subtle word-juggling of medieval scholasticism; the early Christian concepts of love, mercy, and peace were rolled up into a terrifying dogma to insure pain on earth and ill will beyond the grave. Death became a mysterious process whereby the goblins who had tormented a mortal in life, turned over their job to a more efficient set of dragons across the Styx. Post-obit comfort depended not only on the terrestrial record of enormous sins repented, but also on the area of scar tissue that the applicant was able to show as evidence of tortures endured. To grin and bear until the last mortal gasp was the highest form of piety.

Whatever the physical suffering that prompted the act, the soul of the person who died by his own hand was promised the most exquisite agonies in Eternity; while his body was elaborately outraged for the further humiliation of the innocent relatives. In some countries, according to Lecky, the corpse of a suicide could not be removed from the house, except through a special opening made in the masonry for the purpose. Among the other godly rites were the dragging of the naked body through the streets, hanging it by the feet, and throwing it into the public sewer. If it was found that any survivor had abetted the most meritorious case of self-extinction, law and religion reasserted the sanctity of life by officially releasing another soul, with

the usual ante-mortem trimmings of the torture chamber.

The Reformation brought about some abatement in the horrors of the Hereafter, but the soul-toughening value of misery on earth continued to be asserted. Indeed, as late as the nineteenth century, the use of anesthetics was considered the lowest depravity. It was piously maintained that the journey of life was a *via crucis* through a vale of tears, and that any scientific bypath to escape pain must be regarded as a Satan-prompted scheme to defeat the plan of salvation. The God-fearing sinner was admonished to have his amputations done according to the earlier system, which involved the searing of the wound with hot irons and steaming tar while the subject witnessed the performance in Christian fortitude.

Physicians answered, with some exegetic license, that Jehovah had anticipated modern surgery in the manufacture of Eve. In depriving Adam of a supernumerary rib, He first caused him to "fall into a deep sleep". Nevertheless the use of chloroform continued to be a bootlegged and vicarious business until Queen Victoria's example, on the birth of a royal heir, made it respectable. Painless surgery has since become a matter of hospital routine; and the holiest of tonsils are customarily removed under ether, while the penitent's cross is parked somewhere outside the hospital.

The fact has finally taken root in the theological mind that the "crown of thorns" is a rhetorical figure; and that as a piece of actual headgear it should be given as little space as possible in the practical wardrobe of everyday life. It is no longer contended that mortal sin may dwell in a grain of aspirin, or that in the struggle against discomfort a poultice may not be better than a paternoster. Indeed, the avoidance of pain is so universally recognized as the logical

preoccupation of saints and sinners that a specially trained profession has been assigned to the task. But such is the inconsistency of the prevailing legal policy that the use of scientific knowledge is proper only for minor and transitory suffering. The same common sense cannot be applied to any terminal disease in which anodynes are only partially efficacious and death alone provides a merciful nepenthe.

III

That death frequently assumes the character of deliberate medieval sadism, will appear from one or two typical cases:

Joseph Quinn of Brooklyn had submitted to a succession of futile operations to rid himself of a deadly intestinal disease. His devoted wife, Mary, who had nursed him for years, resumed her care of him when he was brought home to die. Some time later, both the patient and his wife were found dead in their gas-filled apartment. On the backs of unpaid bills, Mary had scribbled some notes for the information of the authorities. She knew that her act was "an unforgivable sin"; but she loved her husband too much "to see him suffer like this"; her friends were to judge her kindly and pray for the repose of her soul.

A more unnecessary tragedy than this is difficult to imagine. The disease was beyond cure. The patient had been several times under the temporary death of anesthesia. A merciful overdose of narcotics, while he slept, would have saved him months of needless pain, and his wife could have escaped an ordeal that she was not strong enough to survive. But we have seen that such humanities are legally impossible.

Llewelyn Powys mentions a woman who submitted to an exploratory operation to determine the cause of her abdominal pains. It was discovered that she had a can-

cer of the liver, which was certain to kill her after a few months of intense agony. But in obedience to the tenets of Christian morality, as interpreted by modern lawgivers, the surgical wound was carefully dressed, and the patient was allowed to regain consciousness so that her deadly disease could work its ghastly purpose at leisure. As I have already suggested, veterinarians are subject to prosecution for applying the same cruelties to inarticulate beasts.

Yet it is difficult to censure individual doctors for such absurdities, if one remembers the probable consequences of medical clemency. A case in point: Dr. H. J. Haiselden of Chicago refused, with the consent of the parents, to operate on a baby whose breath could have been preserved by surgical attention. But the child would have gone through life partially paralyzed, without a neck, blind in one eye, lacking a right ear, and probably subnormal mentally. Although the doctor's humanity evoked a certain amount of intelligent commendation, there were those who referred to it as "a crime and a sin", and he was compelled to justify himself to a coroner's jury of physicians and college deans. The inquisitorial body decided that since the parents were at liberty to summon other surgeons, Dr. Haiselden was not obliged to operate against the dictates of his conscience. As a general warning, however, the jury concluded its report with a reaffirmation of the Hippocratic oath: "The physician's duty is to relieve suffering and to save or prolong life." It should have been obvious that the preservation of breath is not always the same as saving life, and that there may be some notable differences between prolonging life and barbarously lengthening the agonies of death. Nevertheless, largely as an effect of the case, and his unorthodox views as to the duty of physicians in like circum-

stances, Dr. Haiselden was finally expelled from the Chicago medical society.

But that the general populace has small respect for such legal and medical laws appears from the fact that the conversation of mourners is largely taken up with regrets about the unnecessary suffering of the departed one. Obviously, when all hope of health is gone there is ground for resignation and even rejoicing if a relative or friend takes his leave without a prolonged period of useless agony. The same rational attitude also appears from the growing number of acquittals at coroner's inquests and jury trials.

An illustrative example is the case of Dr. Harold E. Blazer, who was accused of the merciful poisoning of his thirty-two-year-old daughter, an incurable invalid whose daily life had been a burden to her. At the murder trial, eleven jurors stood for acquittal and the twelfth intended to change his vote when the case was dismissed. Again, in Los Angeles, Ruth B. Weimer was restored to freedom by another jury upon a showing that she had been motivated by pity in fatally shooting her sister. The deceased had been twice confined in hospitals for the insane; in fear of a relapse, she had wept hysterically for days, urging her sister to save her from further distress. In Atlanta, Allie Stephens pleaded with her nephew to hasten her lingering death from cancer of the bone. Driven to distraction by his own mental anguish, he struck the moaning woman violently: but since the blow did not fracture her skull, the coroner's jury held that she died from natural causes.

The same reluctance to punish benevolent homicide as willful murder is increasingly evident in European countries; although the general policy of the law does not materially differ from the American codes. At Prague, as recently as 1934, Dr. Paula Kluft-Salus, a woman physician, ad-

ministered painless death to a fourteen-year-old boy whose body had been horribly mutilated in an explosion. Since the patient's mother had consented, both women were placed under arrest; but they were later released. In Denmark, Baroness von Duehen had been long afflicted with an incurable disease: her daughter administered a lethal dose of narcotics at her request. A jury decided that imprisonment for three months was a sufficient penalty. Jean Zysnowsky, a Polish writer living in France, was suffering intense pain from phthisis and internal cancer. His fiancée was constantly at his side, giving him every care, even submitting to a blood transfusion as a last resort. The patient had previously purchased a revolver, but, being too weak to pull the trigger, asked the girl for final proof of her love and charity. At length, she aimed the weapon, closed her eyes, and fired into his mouth, producing instantaneous death. A jury exonerated her after less than five minutes of deliberation.

The French *cause célèbre*, however, involved Richard Corbett, the son of an English banker. His aged mother was in the last stages of cancer, and her pain had become so acute that opiates had no effect. Having tried to persuade the doctors, day after day, to prescribe a deadly potion for the groaning patient, he finally induced permanent sleep by firing a single shot. In pleading his own case at the trial, Corbett refused to ask for clemency but argued that until physicians are permitted to follow the promptings of simple humanity, the next of kin have a legal right to administer euthanasia to hopelessly sick relatives. The jury brought in a verdict of acquittal.

In a recent English case, it appeared that May Brownhill had devoted herself to her invalid son, Denis, for thirty years, before mastering the courage to grant him surcease of pain. The trial judge regretted that

it was not legally possible "that an imbecile or an idiot be sent to merciful death". Finding it technically necessary to return a verdict of guilty, the jury added "the strongest possible recommendation of mercy". The sixty-two-year-old mother was finally saved from the gallows by King George's pardon.

Many more cases could be cited to indicate that, both in America and abroad, public opinion is gradually establishing an unwritten law in condonation of humanitarian homicide. Unfortunately, however, such admirable wisdom of trial juries and other prosecuting authorities is small mitigation of the prevailing legal barbarities.

IV

We have seen that physicians cannot be reasonably expected to risk the serious consequences of their merciful impulses. Hence the duty of carrying out the pleas of a wretched sufferer falls almost invariably on members of the family, whose nervous stability has been shattered already by a scene of prolonged torture. Moreover, the act itself, despite its justification under the elementary rules of altruism, is naturally so revolting to anyone bound to the patient by ties of blood or affection that the mere threat of a legal ordeal, added to the emotional stress of remorse and bereavement, is frequently sufficient to produce serious mental derangement. A case in point occurred at Newton, Massachusetts: Robert Jonah, aged nineteen years, had quit school to nurse his mother whose life was slowly and painfully ebbing without possible medical rescue. The boy's highly rational act of releasing her from further suffering was followed by the unquestionably demented performances of killing also his father, "to save him from the resulting loneliness", and slashing his own body with a razor.

For the same reasons, a humanitarian

death is often followed by the suicide of the person who administers it. I have already mentioned the case of Mary Quinn, whose sense of guilt compelled her to die with her husband. Another typical example is that of Frederick Raabe, who killed himself by asphyxiation after mercifully shooting his twenty-two-year-old daughter, a bed-ridden paralytic. In his letter to the coroner, he described his own "mental agony" as a witness to the needless tortures of his child. A similar tragedy took place at Cresco, Iowa, when Captain William Dunn, a West Point graduate and a veteran of the World War, killed his eighty-year-old parents who had suffered for years from cancer and asthma. His suicide note referred to the tender duty of an affectionate son who had "gladly given up his life for their good".

The obvious remedy for such needless cruelties to the dying and the bereaved is the enactment of permissive statutes in the various states, enabling fatally diseased patients, assisted by their attending physicians, to elect between useless, prolonged agony, and immediate, painless oblivion. When the sufferer is not mentally competent, the decision could be left to near relatives, in consultation with board of health.

It has been contended that such a legalization of euthanasia would forever destroy the "sacredness of human life". But it is well known that the Sixth Commandment has always been subject to exceptions much less meritorious: whole armies of healthy and youthful citizens are customarily sacrificed by all countries for the sake of national honor and world markets; life may everywhere be taken in self-defense; and painless death is systematically administered to murderers and kidnapers, the least deserving members of the social order. If these practices have not given rise to a general justification of

private homicide, it is difficult to understand how such a thing would result from the curtailment of needless misery under legally specified conditions. In Texas, where suicide is not prohibited, it is no crime to provide an incurably afflicted person with the means to end his life. Yet voluntary demise is no more frequent in Texas than in other states, where both the *felo-de-se* and his abettor are declared felons.

The theocratic state is presumed to have disappeared when heresy ceased to be a capital offense. Nevertheless, the courts continue to quote Blackstone to the effect that all human assistance in the process of dissolution is "an invasion of the prerogative of the Almighty in rushing into His presence uncalled". To be sure, such a breach of heavenly etiquette might have its consequences if one imagines a tribal God who delights in the torments of His children. It could be reverently argued, however, that in the case of innocent infants who arrive with an insufficient set of organs, the first disregard of manners was in the original consignment. When fatally afflicted adults are involved, one might fairly protest that the disease itself constitutes a notice to quit. Furthermore, the causes of disease are sufficiently well known to dispel the ecclesiastical superstition that death is due to an inscrutable ukase of Providence. To say, in the face of modern pathological knowledge, that misery must continue until respiration ceases is tantamount to insisting that the pathogenic bacillus is the only proper agent of divine will. If this were true, the medical profession would stand small chance of reaching Paradise. For if it be human impertinence to accelerate, for charitable reasons, the manifest purpose of a lethal affliction, it is likewise presumptuous to intervene between a batch of God-sent microbes and their natural consequences.

But whatever the merits of the various doctrines of immortality, the subject is hardly suited for legislative prohibitions. Whether the soul roasts in Tartarus or basks in Elysium, reincarnates into an Indian locust or perishes ignominiously, it is still difficult to believe that prolonged residence in a cancerous or tubercular body can deflect spiritual destination or imperil the salvation of grief-torn relatives.

Thus it appears that, aside from the surviving prejudices of a bigoted age, no plausible reason exists against enabling physicians to extend to human beings the ordinary kindness accorded to glandered mules and moribund cats. After all, until the state finds a means of officially assuming the deathbed agonies of hopelessly afflicted citizens, it cannot logically deny the private right to die.



OF THIS LANGUAGE

BY JOHN FINCH

OUR language is noble, full, and significant.
 The mouths of old men are not fit for it;
 And blubbering boys do not find it
 A good tongue to whine in.

Words that have done duty as curses,
 Or calls over a wide valley, such words
 As were used by builders and men traveling
 And tall fighting men.

Words that the ripe girls never could
 Withstand, also strong for a threat.
 A few words for the telling out of a heart,
 Or for keeping a heart in.

Our language is not good for lying, not good
 For the sick throat or the thin blood.
 But I think as a tongue it can hold answer
 To many a good question.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

FINAL and absolute dictum on Lord Roosevelt's great Reform, from the lips of Ralph M. Saliba, secretary of the Colbert County Chamber of Commerce, as reported in the esteemed *Florence Herald*:

Any American citizen who does not hasten to identify himself with the New Deal; any man or group of men who discourage or oppose the New Deal or any part of it; he is and they are profaning with an unholy tongue an instrument of Almighty God.

ARKANSAS

OBJECT lesson in the Curse of Capitalism, as chronicled in the Commonwealth College *Fortnightly*:

Last Sunday's trip to rob a bee tree, led by gardener Gharley Brown, woodsman par excellence, proved to be an affair for the society page and then some. It was educational, even. . . . When the store of honey was exposed and everyone's face was sticky with "wild honey!" someone remarked, "Just like the capitalistic system. The bees do all the work and—" "But they don't have to come and get it; we workers bring it to 'them'." "Besides, we haven't got any stingers." . . . "Oh yeah?" And a longer silence followed.

CALIFORNIA

CULTURE note from San Francisco, recorded by the distinguished *News Letter and Wasp*:

Modern San Francisco mothers fancy their little girls look like Shirley Temple, and in furthering the illusion, drag them to beauty salons to have their childish silky tresses set in a wood "permanent". . . . One operator declares she put an artificial

wave in the topknot of a fourteen-months-old baby.

HERBERT HOOVER's famous campaign prediction finally comes true, according to a WPA project statement:

Oakland: Removing grass from dedicated street areas in Hill District; Federal funds, \$7,750.

COLORADO

STARTLING clairvoyance in the poultry-yard, from the columns of the celebrated *Rocky Mountain Herald*:

G. Anderson, a farmer living near here, and his neighbors are wondering if his flock of 13 hens have some insight into the future and are trying to warn him of impending war. On an egg he gathered recently was an almost perfect etching, partly in raised creases and partly in a different shade of color of the shell, of a mounted war cannon. On another, a figure resembled a pile of cannon balls. Then came a third egg, plainly marked with the letter "W"!

MEDICAL note concerning the pilgrimage to the Mount of the Holy Cross, an annual affair of considerable importance to the faithful, according to the *Denver Post*:

Rev. S. H. Patterson of Denver will again conduct his faith-healing services. Sick persons who cannot get to the pilgrimage in person may have the visitors pray for their recovery by sending a handkerchief of their own (with a stamped, addressed envelope for its return).

This faith-healing by means of handkerchiefs sent by sick persons living at a distance has grown of late years into one of

the major features of the pilgrimage. Handkerchiefs come from all parts of the world.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

LIMITLESS resourcefulness of New Deal magicians in thinking up ways of spending the taxpayer's money, as exemplified by an Associated Press dispatch:

Chummy and chattery starlings needn't think they can settle down for a happy stay. Park Superintendent Clifford Lanham has a \$14,317 works progress balloon-barge project all mapped out.

Men on relief, marching by twos, under this project would stalk the buildings used as starling roosts, running balloons on strings up the buildings and pulling them back down again—and off fly the starlings. Lanham claims the system even beats climbing trees with tin-can rattles.

ILLINOIS

SUDDEN indication of secessionist feelings, openly noted in Col. Knox's own *Daily News*:

Mr. Sloan is giving a banquet for the purpose of surveying the possibilities of progress in the United States during the next 100 years. Notables will come from all parts of the United States as well as from Chicago.

INDIANA

THE Pride of Richmond Council No. 15 reports as follows in *The Daughters of America Magazine*:

Sister Schneider fell and broke her arm a second time; Sister Margaret Heniscy is in the Healthwin Sanitarium at South Bend; and we recently lost two Sisters by death. We always have something doing at our Council meetings and those who stay away do not know what they are missing.

How the younger bloods are taking advantage of Democracy's New Leisure in Huntington, according to the waggish *Evening News* of Jeffersonville:

"Dusty" Souers and Harold Redman of Columbia City will match gum chewing prowess at a contest in Warren.

"Dusty", who can place a pool ball in his mouth and click his teeth with ease, extended the challenge today to Redman, whose mother, Mrs. Amanda Redman, publicly expressed her doubts recently about the Warren youth's ability.

Souers recently masticated 141 sticks at one time "just to tie honors" with a Warsaw youth. Redman lays claim to the national championship by a mouthful of 130 sticks.

The chewing match, if Redman accepts the challenge, will open a day of festivities at Warren.

MASSACHUSETTS

AN anniversary report of the Harvard class of 1904 presents a strange confession from the pen of the man who has taken over most of the congressional legislative powers, Franklin Delano Roosevelt:

The first six years after graduation were devoted in part to law but I am afraid that I then formed the habit of trying my hand at the avocations of life which have always interested me more than specialization in a profession. Philanthropic work and a great interest in public questions led me to run for office, with the result that three years in the State Senate proved to my satisfaction that I am not intended for a legislator.

MISSISSIPPI

ALARMING note concerning the Culture of the Deep South, attested by the scholarly *Detroit Times*:

A recent sales analysis by Simon & Schuster, New York publishers, revealed the astonishing fact that during the past eight years they have sold exactly three books in the State of Mississippi, the total volume of business amounting to \$8.08.

NEW YORK

SURPRISING words of wistful envy from the pen of an enslaved worker (Malcolm

Cowley, Harvard '20) in the book review section of the sainted *New Republic*:

Robert Briffault was young then, and in looking back on his youth he cannot help mixing his hatred with wistfulness, or mixing his wistfulness with angry admiration for the dukes and grand dukes who wasted their own lives and their tenants' money in one long senseless but not unpicturesque orgy. Against his will he makes us feel that it must have been fun living in Pompeii and dancing on the sharp edge of a volcano.

THE same journal, ever alert as the watchdog of the American Soviet, nips a vile Capitalist plot in the bud:

James Clendenin, editor of The Huntington, West Virginia, *Herald Dispatch*, deserves credit for his successful protest against the propaganda contained in The Chicago *Tribune's* syndicated comic strip, "Little Orphan Annie." Readers will recall that in *The New Republic* of July 11, 1934, an article entitled "Hooverism in the Funnies" revealed the fact that Daddy Warbucks, guardian of Orphan Annie, was being made the mouthpiece of extreme reactionary doctrines.

THE dignified *Morning Telegraph* touchingly presents the obituary of a noted figure in *le monde des courses*:

I guess they have racing in heaven,
And the Master was sorely in need
Of a good handicapper. So GOD turned
kidnapers
And took you where His Gee-Gees feed.

THE gifted Robert Forsythe settles the question once and for all in the prosperous *New Masses*:

We say only one thing and we say it to sceptics, God-fearing men and women, lords and ladies, blacks and whites and yellows, rich and poor. There is one hope in the world: Communism. Everything else has been tried and has failed.

SORROWFUL admission by *The Guild Reporter*:

Looking back over recent months, we cannot recall the name of any newspaperman or woman who has done something really important in the higher levels of living.

New avenue of class education and the Message of Marx, as reported to the scholarly *Daily Worker* by a jubilant Comrade:

Comrade Editor:

Yesterday I assisted in distributing several hundred copies of the special war issue of the *Daily Worker*. Another comrade and I gave the papers out on 10th Avenue in the district around 51st and 52nd Streets. Many of the Irish youth wanted to know if the paper contained baseball news, and fortunately we were able to point out the baseball streamer on the bottom of the front page as well as the conspicuous account of the World's Series game on the inside. With this, one of the youth in the group of five or six remarked: "That's up our alley," and the papers were eagerly taken by all of the group.

—I. B.

INTELLIGENT use of the taxpayer's hard-earned money by the Brain Trust wizards, as noted by the perspicacious *New York Sun*:

Equestrians in the Borough of Queens are enjoying the finer things in life, thanks to the Works Progress Administration. Kissena, Forrest and Hillside parks are now criss-crossed with bridle paths through the benevolence of Uncle Sam. The livery stable and riding academy proprietors should rejoice. The ordinary taxpayer may be inclined to wonder. The expenditures on the bridle paths to date reach about \$500,000.

EULOGISTIC, though belated, recognition is accorded the martyred Kingfish in the pages of the illustrious *Nation*:

[Huey Long] was not a loud-speaker of bunk. . . . He was a man of character and mind who despised the charlatans with whom he often dealt.

Mass production methods enter the field of proletarian literature, also according to the *Nation*:

In *The Nation* for September 18 we printed an excellent review of George Seldes's *Freedom of the Press*, by Alexander Crosby. A little later we were a bit surprised to see in the *Saturday Review of Literature* another review by Mr. Crosby of the same book, and we were still more surprised a few days afterward to discover a third in the *New Masses*. It was, however, only when we opened the *Guild Reporter* (organ of the Newspaper Guild) and found the initials A. C. affixed to a fourth extended notice of the Seldes book that we began to feel some absence of discretion in Mr. Crosby's zeal. Nor is the situation improved by the touch of irony incident to the fact that Mr. Crosby warmly supports the Seldes thesis concerning the tendency of monopoly to nullify the technical freedom of expression guaranteed by the Constitution; and we cannot but admit that if four unfavorable reviews by the same man had appeared in four reactionary publications we should have been among the first to protest.

THE Arlington Hotel in Binghamton rushes to the defense of the Constitution:

In order that American traditions may be preserved and that the time-honored customs of our forefathers may endure, at the request of many of our patrons we have placed pie upon our breakfast menu.

REASSURING words for New Deal-shocked members of the Union League Club, from the lips of the Rev. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, as reported by the *Herald Tribune*:

By no stretch of the imagination would Jesus have been a socialist.

OHIO

THE New Deal reaches its most glorious peak in the thriving metropolis of Cadiz, as chronicled by the *Republican*:

The first WPA project in Harrison County is slated to start Monday with the construc-

tion of from 3000 to 5000 sanitary privies. W. E. Zehnder, of Jewett, has been named County Director. Robert Martin is to be in charge of the work. It is a state-wide project under the State Welfare Department.

Persons wishing to make application for one of the new "edifices" should get in touch with Mr. Zehnder or Mr. Martin. Labor will be furnished by the government, with from ten to twelve men working at the start. Material must be furnished by the property holder. . . .

Vaults will be from five to seven feet deep. . . . Floors and stools will be of concrete, with tops closing automatically.

Get your application in at once.

TEXAS

ENVY of the New Deal jobholders fattening on the public purse in Washington, as indicated in a want ad from the *Houston Post*:

DRUNKEN, unreliable, lazy, inexperienced, young man, desires position requiring little work with good pay; preference given office work.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

THE factual New York *Times* presents (by wireless from Ethiopia) the following valuable contribution to the science of zoology:

A non-commissioned officer who for the past fortnight has been drilling thirty recruits in a small wood on the outskirts of Addis Ababa noticed a number of baboons, perched in trees, that seemed to be taking the keenest interest.

Arriving today somewhat earlier than usual, he was amazed to see a "squad" of about a dozen baboons busily imitating the military exercises they had witnessed. Carrying branches of trees sloped over their shoulders like rifles, they were drawn up in line, while a baboon that was larger than the others impersonated the "non-com," gibbering orders.

OSCAR WILDE GETS SUNKIST

BY LLOYD LEWIS and HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

FOR more than three days Oscar Wilde had been riding across the Western American plains which reminded him of nothing so much as "a vast piece of blotting paper". He was sick of them; he was, as he said, sick of "racing along tied to an ugly tin-kettle of a steam engine". He was sick of bolting big meals from small dishes in wayside dinner-shacks while Negroes beat gongs to hurry the passengers in and engineers blew whistles to hurry them out. He was sick of the brakeman who kept rushing into the Silver Palace Car every little while—there were 230 stops between Omaha and San Francisco—to shout such things as "Cheyenne, Magic City of the Plains", or "Laramie, Gem City of the Mountains". He was good and sick of the conductor every time that bright ringmaster had sat up to a little eight-stop organ in one end of the car, and played it while he sang songs, cheerily urging the passengers to join in.

The young Britisher, now near the end of his third month of lecturing on beauty, was accustomed to hardship, but this trip was worse because it had kept him silent so long. He liked to talk, and an American "as a *companion de voyage* is not desirable, for he always looks *déplacé* and feels depressed". Moreover, Wilde was not as accustomed to the physical discomforts of American travel in 1882 as he was to the rigors of American criticism. That America should judge him by the carica-

tures of himself in the widely popular Gilbert and Sullivan *Patience* was natural, and he did not resent it; but that he should be uncomfortable for so many long days was displeasing.

All along the railroad line crowds had gathered to see him—the most talked-of and laughed-at man of the day, the fellow with the long hair, the knee breeches, the silly twaddle about art for art's sake, and beauty for the good of the soul. That the crowds had read about Eastern college boys disturbing his lectures with their mimicking of his short pants and effeminate manners, was apparent on this, the longest ride in his tour of America. Hooting and jeering pranksters wearing long wigs and waving paper sunflowers—that symbol of Oscar's art-cult, the Aesthetes of London—had made efforts to enter the Silver Palace Car. And several towns were reporting that they had seen him, costumed beyond their expectations, come smirking onto the rear platform to cuddle his cheek upon his palm and take a bow. Inside the train, however, there had been more mirth than outside, for the smirking figure had not been that of Oscar but of John Howson, the comedian who played the Wilde character, Bunthorne, in the Comley-Barton Opera Troupe which was taking *Patience* to the Coast.

At Ogden, Wilde was given the news of Longfellow's death. Remembering the recent winter afternoon when he had visited the dean of American poets in

Boston, he remarked: "Longfellow is himself a beautiful poem, more beautiful than anything he ever wrote."

The train rattled on. Up mountains dull with the same soiled snow that had lain upon the land from Albany to Omaha. Into a snowshed twenty-eight miles long, so the new conductor said. Out through mining villages, the train creaking along so slowly that the signs on claims could be read: Gospel Gulch, Petticoat Slide, Chucklehead Diggings, You Bet, Groundhog's Glory, Blue Belly Ravine. Then down into a long green valley — green like a benediction after Wilde's ten weeks of American winter.

"Sacramento!"

Wilde had come to the California which, of all American states, he would remember longest, and which, when all was said and done, he would regard as the most nearly civilized place in a nation that was very strange, and that, in its turn, regarded him as stranger still.

While the train waited in the Sacramento station there came to Wilde's seat a man bearing flowers. He presented them to the poet, saying they were from a lady of the city, and that he was a reporter from the *Record Union*. He wished to converse all the way to San Francisco, 135 miles, and would, he promised, give Mr. Wilde a fair show in the interview. The poet, always cordial to reporters even though he knew their editors would scandalize both his name and lecture in editorials, was unusually frank with the *Record Union* man; for here in the most beautiful part of the West he felt expansive. Also Wilde had come to believe that the farther away from the clanging industrial East he got, the better he would be understood when he unbosomed himself about the soul of man under democracy. So charming was he that the reporter sent

home high praise for the man whom the East had called "The Ass-thete". In two columns, next day, March 27, the *Record Union* hailed Oscar as "the poor man's friend", "the most misrepresented foreigner that ever visited our shores", "a genial companion and admirable conversationalist", and "a man of sincere earnestness".

Instead of the fop, the charlatan, the catchpenny peacock whom the Eastern newspapers had described, the California writer saw Oscar as "dressed plainly to severity", wearing a simple scarf without jewelry, and on his head not the queer Cossack fur cap which New York had derided, but "a broad-brimmed white sombrero, decidedly Spanish in style". If the Aesthete's features were "almost effeminate in apparent lack of vigor and force", they "belie the man whose conversation proves him to be shrewd, and entirely able to take care of himself in this world".

The reporter began his interview by asking Oscar if true love of art for its own sake made the best forms of civilization most easily attainable.

"Yes," Wilde replied. "Life without industry is barbarism; industry without art is barren."

Then how could the masses best attain a knowledge and love of art?

Wilde answered that he hoped "the masses would come to be the creators in art. . . . That art will soon cease to be simply the accomplishment and luxury of the rich, but the possession, as it is the rightful heritage of all, poor and rich alike. The difficulty I have felt with America is not that there is a lack of interest in art; not that they do not love it; not that they are not receptive — no, they have a great love of the beautiful — but the difficulty is that they do not hold the handicrafts in greater respect.

"I would speak to the hardworking people, whom I wish I could reach through the prejudice that shuts them and me away from each other. . . . It is to the mechanics and workers of your country that I look for the triumph that must come. Back in the East I met a railroad repairer. He talked with me, wanted to know what we were trying to do. Why, that man quoted Pope to me, analyzed his method, discussed my positions with me, understood me, and where he doubted gave his reasons in homely phrases, but unmistakably and clearly. He took an interest in the best of life; was keen, kindly, receptive, and pugnacious—altogether a charming fellow. Now in England, in men of his class, such a conversation would be simply impossible. Here I learn that such a man is fairly representative of a myriad."

The reporter asked if all the personal ridicule "has affected your judgment of the American people?"

"I rarely think of it," said Wilde, "and when I do, I think nothing of it. I've found in America truly appreciative audiences. Why, in Chicago, I had an audience of 3000 people and spoke for an hour and twenty minutes. Only one man left the room before the close, and he came back to apologize. I think the West is very fair to those who address it."

"But has the press given you a fair show?"

"Oh, the papers! They run in grooves a good deal. They might just as well take the other side. The praise of the man who can't understand me is quite as injurious as the abuse of an enemy. There is no limit to the nonsense some men will write if it raises the circulation of the paper from one to two."

The men talked of America and England, Wilde saying that he found "far

more independence of thought here" and that the American workman would never submit to be like English workmen—"made into machines quite as soulless and ignoble as the whirling wheels of machinery". The reporter quoted Emerson to the effect that the beautiful rests on the foundations of necessity, and Wilde took up the thread: "The moment art becomes a luxury it loses. . . . Luxury gives us the gaudy, the vulgar, the transient. It may help but it never creates art."

Local pride mounted in the Californian and he spoke of the broad field for the study of the lofty and the beautiful and the awe-inspiring in his State.

"It is not necessary to have great natural wonders at home to develop art," Wilde corrected him. "The landscapes of Italy are all-satisfying, and so the Italian artist does not reproduce them. You must go to the cloudy, the misty lands, for great landscape painters."

The train then stopped at a small station and other newspapermen clambered on. They plied the visitor with questions. Was Mr. Wilde disappointed with America and Americans?

"The further West one comes the more there is to like," said the poet. "The Western people are much more genial than those of the East, and I fancy that I shall be greatly pleased with California. I like your country and its people."

"Do your admirers believe that you have created a new school of poetry?"

"They certainly should not—that is, if I have any admirers," replied Wilde.

Asked when he planned to return to London, he answered: "If lecturing does not kill me, very soon."

When the train reached Oakland, Oscar, towering above his interviewers yet bending low to hear their questions, passed into the new depot where a crowd had

already gathered around the porter who carried Wilde's valise and shaggy fur overcoat. Everybody had read about that overcoat. As the celebrity passed by, they gazed at him quietly. There was no noise, no sound from the onlookers. Scores poured down to the wharf and walked behind him onto the ferry which would take him to the metropolis. He strode to the rail, turned his back on the crowd, and stared at the spectacle of the city's hills — "streetways, like huge bleached ribs of a gigantic skeleton with the head pointing oceanward" (the *Examiner* man, looking over Wilde's shoulder, tried to see it with the newcomer's eyes); "the sea-green bay, spangled with grassy yerba buena, and the gold of Alcatraz against backgrounds of black and indigo, the far-off woody mountain summits and curving shorelines, the Golden Gate lost in a sunlit mist beyond, and at San Francisco's feet, a mist from which rose the tall straight masts of merchant ships".

The crowds pushed quietly up to see the celebrity and then passed on. They saw, as the *Examiner* man noted, "a black velvet coat, strong square shoulders, manly waist and hips, pants brown, polished pointed shoes, velvet waistcoat, low wide collar, tie folded wide, yellow gloves, a withered bouquet of heliotrope, daisy, and tuberoses in his coat front, and long hair hanging below a sombrero".

Was this what had driven Easterners crazy? It didn't bother Californians — for almost a quarter of a century all Westerners had associated long hair with men of daring and adventure. On the plains, many cavalry officers, like General Custer, had preserved the shoulder-long locks which they had worn during the Civil War. Army scouts had favored the fashion as a defiance to the scalping knives of the Indians; the most noted of these pic-

turesque horsemen had been for nine years touring the country in melodramas, appearing under the name he had earned on the plains — Buffalo Bill.

II

Charles E. Locke, who was managing Wilde's California tour for the promoter, D'Oyly Carte, drove his charge from the San Francisco waterfront to the Palace Hotel — a sight in itself, almost as amazing to the Englishman as had been the immensity of the West. For the famous hostelry covered an entire block, having been built by an expansive Californian, W. C. Ralston, "to eclipse in size, luxuriousness, and splendor every other hotel in the world". It reared seven stories into the air; its every window was bay; it was braced by thick and lavishly bolted iron bands to withstand earthquakes; it had electric fire alarms; and every floor had an exclusive annunciator and a pneumatic letter tube. There were 2042 ventilating tubes to the roof running upward from every room, every bathroom, and every closet; an immense glass-roofed central court occupied the hotel's middle, furnished with palms, rocking chairs, and spittoons, and making room for a driveway, in its heart, for carriages and coaches. On afternoons a band in the music pavilion played *Pinafore* and *Nancy Lee*; in its regal barber shops the unheard-of sum of \$1 was charged for a haircut; stores were all over its first floor; elevators were many and swift; dining rooms numbered thirteen; the waiters numbered 156, reputedly more than in any other hotel in America except the Grand Union at Saratoga.

On the night of Oscar's lecture, what all the newspapers noted to be the cream of San Francisco society crowded Platt's Hall. The *Morning Call*, which espoused

Wilde with gusto, described the gathering as "one of the best dressed, most fashionable, learned, critical, distingué, and in point of fact, the most aesthetic audiences ever assembled within its roomy space . . . a wealth of beauty and a bewilderment of color". The headgear in the reserved seats made "a glowing field of efflorescence especially selected to honor the speaker" . . . and the hall was decorated with a "tantalizing array of lilies, sunflowers, dahlias, Fuchsias, and primroses". The men were dressed "in consonance with the well-known character of San Francisco masculines — sober and decorous", although here and there an enthusiastic lover of the dado and the beautiful might be seen "with an aggravated lily in his buttonhole". At a little after eight o'clock the *Call* critic saw Wilde in his famous knee breeches "strut on", looking "not like a man that lived upon sunbeams" and as if "many an ox must have yielded the broad sirloin" to put 200 pounds upon so large a frame.

It was his *Decorative Art* lecture, already read by scores of his admirers in newspapers from the midlands. Here and there were new sentences.

"There is no beauty in cast iron, no poetry in the steam engine. The value of the telephone is the value of what two people have to say. . . . Give children beauty, not the record of bloody slaughters and barbarous brawls as they call history, or of the latitude and longitudes of places nobody cares to visit, as they call geography."

When Wilde was done, the audience applauded—it had laughed spiritedly at several of his sallies. The attention had been all that he could have asked. He was pleased; so was San Francisco.

Next day all the local newspapers hastened to remind their readers that Oscar

Wilde would appear again on Wednesday evening, giving his second talk, *Home Decoration*; on Tuesday he would appear at Oakland and on Thursday at San Jose. This would cover the larger towns, San Francisco having some 235,000 people, Sacramento, 22,000, San Jose, 13,000. Los Angeles had too few inhabitants—less than 12,000—to make the long trip worthwhile.

On all scores, it was Wilde's happiest and most prosperous engagement so far. Social leaders called. Smart men of fashion showed him the sights, and took him through Chinatown's stores, restaurants, theaters, and opium dens. A few days later Wilde told a newspaper reporter: "I was delighted with the Chinese quarters . . . they fascinated me. . . . At the hotel I was obliged to drink my chocolate or coffee out of a cup an inch thick, and I enjoyed getting down into the Chinese quarters and in a pretty latticed balcony, drinking my tea out of a cup so dainty and delicate that a lady would handle it with care. Yet this was not an expensive place for wealthy people to go to. It was for the common people. The laborers on the railroad came here, with pick and shovel, and drank their refreshing beverage out of a pretty cup of the two beautiful colors, blue and white, while at the hotel I was thought unworthy of anything better than a cup so thick that it suggested the idea it was intended as a weapon."

Oscar's trip to Oakland accomplished, and the lecture well received, he came again to Platt's Hall on the evening of March 29. "The audience," said George Hearst's *Examiner*, "was hardly less in number than on the evening of the first lecture and was composed largely of women. . . . Although many felt that the lecture was longer than it need have been,

it was listened to patiently and with marked attention, applause and ripples of laughter constantly greeting the aesthete's expressions of disgust at the sad lack of taste evinced by Americans." The speaker deplored those "dreadful monstrosities called cast-iron stoves". Pictures hung in hallways were atrocious—"hang them where time can be had to look at them". He called hatracks "dreadful instruments of torture". A hall, he said, should have a large oak chest, painted, for hats and cloaks. There should be no stuffed birds on mantels unless the marble was ingrained and the wood carved.

The lecturer went on to remark that: "Good work cannot be done in modern plaster, it dries too quickly. . . . Modern windows are too small, they should be so arranged that the light is good for reading. . . . The Queen Anne style is best for all modern furniture . . . how sturdily and honestly furniture was made in Colonial times. . . . The fireplace should never be a grate, but open, with brass firedogs and tongs. If the mantel is unfortunately marble, cover it with embroidered velvet. . . . Chandeliers or gas from the center should never be used. . . . Pianos should be small in size, and painted, never covered with embroidered material, as it deadens the sound. . . . Wallpaper should be dark brown with geometrical figures to form a good background for pictures. Pictures should be hung from a ledge under the frieze. . . . China is meant to be used, and it is foolish to place delicate china on a mantelpiece and drink from delftware. . . . If a thing cannot be used without being broken, the owner does not deserve it. . . . Photographs should never be hung on walls, but etchings and woodcuts of masters like Doré may be. Pictures should have plain wood frames." He thought woman's dress in the prevailing

modes not good. . . . Men should try to dress like George Washington, whose attire was noble and beautiful.

Again Wilde was pleased with San Francisco and San Francisco with him. His manager announced that a third lecture would be given on Saturday afternoon, April 1, when Mr. Wilde would have returned from San Jose and Sacramento.

Sacramento prepared to do well by the man whom it had liked, as it had read about him in the *Record Union's* long and friendly description. That newspaper, on Tuesday, March 28, had announced that Manager Locke had arranged for Wilde to visit the city on the following Friday, and that a local individual, D. J. Simmons, had undertaken to manage the affair, guaranteeing Wilde \$500. Admission would be \$1 and citizens were to meet at Houghton's book store that morning. The price was high and hard work would be necessary to sell all the seats. Word went over town that the great man would arrive Friday on the noon train from San Francisco, and the *Sacramento Bee* saw quite a crowd gather at the station.

Included were three young ladies out to make a grand mash on Oscar. Said the *Bee*:

They were arrayed in tightly-fitting robes and wore belts in which were thrust bunches of artificial lilies and sunflowers. On their hats, trimmings of the same flowers. At the throat each wore a large sunflower. A bystander remarked that they looked just too stunning for anything. "Ossie" did not arrive, however, and the young ladies quietly beat a retreat to the waiting-room and there remained hidden until nearly all the people had left the depot. Then they slipped up the railroad track north of Lake Como, all looking much discomfited.

Sacramento was worried until someone remembered that Wilde had lectured at San Jose the preceding night. A crowd met the 2:10 from the south, but still no Oscar. More excitement. Then came word that he would arrive on the 7:10 from San Francisco. The evening papers kept the bulletins flying, and there were 400 people waiting in the Congregational Church at 7:30. Still no Wilde. Mrs. T. H. Berkey went to the grand piano and played solos against time. An usher carried flowers to the pulpit. They were from the Bric-a-Brac Club. The hands of the clock crept to 8:15 and Mrs. Berkey was running out of pieces. Then the side door flew open and in came Oscar. The applause was prompt and loud.

From 8:20 to 9:25 the 400 heard Wilde's voice flow without a break, speaking "as the perfected phonograph may be supposed to do when art shall have developed all its possibilities and a steady and untiring hand is at the crank". His thought was "exquisite", the critic of the *Record Union* decided, but his manner and method of delivery were "insufferable". The trouble, however, was only "a nasal enunciation which the elocutionist's art can cure", and if Mr. Wilde would wait over, they had some teachers in Sacramento who could fix him up.

His listeners heard the lecturer declare that "secondhand" was a fearful word in America. "Apparently as soon as you own a thing a minute, it begins to deteriorate. Beautiful and good things should grow better and more beautiful the longer you possess them. . . . The word 'second-hand' speaks loudly of the degradation into which the handicrafts have fallen. . . . It is well that cast-iron objects are easily broken, and it is right to knock them to pieces. . . . All great schools of arts have risen under republics."

The lecture over, Wilde was carried off to a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCreary, where the Bric-a-Brac Club had its proudest creations for him to see. (Mr. D. J. Simmons stayed at the church counting his losses—something like \$100.) Until after 11 o'clock, Wilde endured the paintings, the water colors of fruit, the decorated panels, the embroidered mantel covers, the hand-painted screens, the paintings on satin, the vocal duets, the piano solos, and the readings from his poems which the club members exhibited. Then back went the lecturer to San Francisco, which was awaiting him, and where Platt's Hall was for the third time well-filled with a fashionable and cultivated audience. Rumors were running through the crowd that a petition was being circulated, asking him to lecture still again some evening during the week on the Irish poets and the Irish question. The *Call* was declaring "the young poet has made a palpable hit in San Francisco", and "it is certainly a fact that he has done better, from a managerial point of view, here than in any other city of the United States". It announced that Mr. Wilde's impressions of the city were as favorable as the city's of him.

As Wilde stepped upon the stage to deliver his *House Beautiful* lecture, the *Call's* critic noted that "it was clearly apparent" how California's respect and hospitality had affected the visitor. Although it was his custom to wear short pants in the evening, he had put them on this afternoon to please his lady patrons. "Appreciating his audience's genuine friendliness, Mr. Wilde spoke with an entire absence of effort and coldness, which had somewhat marred the delivery of his first lecture. He now adopted a more colloquial manner, and at times, in suggesting de-

tails of household decoration, his manner was such as any gentleman would adopt in speaking to a room full of acquaintances upon a subject regarding which he was especially informed."

With a new ease, Wilde looked down at the women, who composed the large part of his audience, and said that there had been no good decorative art in any place or time where women had not occupied a high social position. As they rippled with pleasure, he assured them they had natural art instincts which men could only acquire by long special training and study, and "it may be the mission of the women of this country to revive decorative art into honest healthy life". He remarked that "much of the pottery decoration seems to have been done by people who, having had five minutes to wait for a train, concluded to dash off a few decorated plates". In repeating his strictures against grand pianos he added that they were "dreadful in either their naked or covered condition. It will be a great era in America when, some day, a grand piano will be decorated". And on the hanging of pictures he improved his directions—"They should be hung upon the eye-line. The habit in America of hanging them up near the cornice struck me as irrational at first. It was not until I saw how bad the pictures were that I realized the advantage of this custom."

III

From the matinee lecture Wilde was led to the Bohemian Club which, founded ten years before, was already famous even if its rooms on Pine Street were still scantier than its most energetic members planned. Writers, artists, musicians—the intellectuals of the town—gathered there, gave witty dinners to visiting celebrities, and

toasted actors. The club itself had made no effort to entertain Wilde, but a group of the younger and livelier wits had decided to take the Englishman into camp. It had all been carefully plotted. They would start drinking before dinner, wine their guest without stint through the meal, bombard him with anecdote, egg him on, get him drunk, and have fun with him.

The game began. Soon the Americans were rolling with laughter, and as the night wore on they slumped one by one into their cups beneath the table. And still Oscar took all drinks as fast as they came and still his voice, unhurried, unceasing, went on. Out-drunk and out-talked, San Francisco was sleeping among the table legs when Wilde looked up at the gray dawn in the windows, arose, put on his great cloak, and sauntered off alone to his rooms at the Palace Hotel.

Word of the feat passed over the city during the day. Westerners who had covertly despised anyone who would wear knee pants and talk "woman-talk", suddenly realized that here was a two-fisted drinker indeed. A committee from the Bohemian Club waited upon Wilde and asked if he would sit for a portrait. They would like to hang it in the club. One of their number, Theodore Wores, would appreciate being allowed to do it. It was a victory and Wilde knew it. He made his most gracious acceptance, and Wores fell to work. Soon after Wilde had left town the portrait was done and hung where the members could see for themselves the Aesthete who could most fabulously hold his liquor.

From this herculean feat in masculinity, Wilde moved to another—poker. Many who heard of this new exploit doubted if it had happened exactly as Western newspapers soon were describing it, but they agreed the legendary accounts had some

good basis in fact. The newspaper story was that Wilde drove on Monday, April 3, to the Cliff House, that famous road-house miles from the city, where one sat overlooking the sea. On rocks below, seals swarmed, coughed, and dove. For a time Wilde had stood on the hotel balcony "in a stained-glass attitude", lost in contemplation of the waves breaking on the cliffs.

"How grand the roar of the ocean," he said dreamily to a certain Captain Foster and Ned Fry, natives who sat nearby. Slowly the visitor and the old residents fell into conversation. They invited him to the bar and, eventually, to a game of dollar ante. A contemporary journal relates what followed:

"What is dollar ante?" asked Oscar drear-ily, in mezzo-soprano high.

They explained and gave him a seat and chuckled way down in their bronchial tubes. A great sadness fell upon him. Sometimes an unutterable melancholy would shadow his dreaming eyes with darkness, but he said little — only sighed. At first, nobody got anywhere very far. By and by it was Oscar's deal, and he caressed the cards gently and distributed them mournfully, like crumbs at communion. Everybody went in. The captain took two cards; Fry took one and Oscar one. The captain bet five dollars and Fry raised him five. Oscar murmured dubiously, but put up his portion.

"Ten harder," said the captain.

"Ten more than you," remarked Fry.

Oscar Wilde knit his brow and said: "The o'ershadowing sky is murky, but I must stay. I will — how do you phrase it — call? I will call on you."

The captain joined the merry throng. He laid down his cards with a smile of triumph.

"Three aces," said he.

"Full hand," said Fry proudly and reached for the money.

"Too-too," the poet murmured and laid down four deuces.

As he arose, he drawled: "Now that I remember it, gentlemen, we used to in-

dulge in this little recreation at Oxford. Come and take a snifter with me."

However exaggerated the story of this gaming feat may have been, it went speedily to join the other favorable tales about him.

When his Saturday matinee lecture was ended, Wilde gave himself over to the longest period of relaxation he had known since arriving in America. Not before Wednesday night would he need to do again what he did so badly — lecture in public — and until then he was free to do what of all things he did best, talk in private. He could talk without interruption while sitting for Wores, while attending the receptions which San Franciscans gave him, while visiting the city's School of Design, or while assorted hosts took him sightseeing. To seal officially his capture of the city came a dinner at the dignified Union Club.

But Wilde's time in California soon was up. And as he left, the city was chattering his phrases — or what the satirists, the funny men of the newspapers, had for months been describing as his phrases — "Do you yearn?" "too-too", "too utterly utter", and the like, some of them becoming, indeed, national bywords.

On April 8, Oscar began his two-day ride to Salt Lake City. The correspondent of the Salt Lake *Herald*, chief voice of the Mormons, had already mailed his editor a statement of what might be expected to happen in the city of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints — the same thing that had happened in San Francisco:

It is too utter to see the silliness exhibited. Milliner's windows are decked with sunflowers; sunflower buttonhole bouquets are worn; sunflower fans are fashionable in the theater. The rage is too-too. If one asks another early in the after-

noon what time it is, the reply is "two to two." Young ladies, when asked their age, say they are not quite two-two; employers when vexed by their employees tell them to go to. Even the locomotives have caught the fever and "too-toot". Oscar's twaddle has raked in enough to make him feel happy as a big sunflower, and as that's his regular business, I suppose it is O. K.

For months afterward Wilde angered

the midlands and the East by praising California as "the Italy of America". He told reporters that when he had enough money he would return to California not as a lecturer, but as a private gentleman to enjoy the place at his ease. He must go back there, he said, he really must.

But he never did.



AHEAD OF ALL

BY DAVID McCORD

AHEAD of the clouds, of their own kind:
 Ahead of the sun, and sunset signed,
 Ahead of window and lantern light,
 Of the waterstar and of my blind
 Mild northern summer night,
 In homeward flight
 With clear pursuit not far behind,
 Five crows range in my sight
 From the valley I could not find.

Ahead of color, of sound, of sea,
 Of mountain through the spire of tree;
 Ahead of man and the mind of man,
 Of cities that were and are to be;
 Of the pencil ciphering at the plan
 Since life began
 To stretch the sky from it to me,
 O rootless, wild New Brunswick clan!
 Ahead of death, but what ahead of thee?

Ahead of earth, of tongue and eye,
 Of dream and soul, of human cry:
 In homeward passage the last, the least,
 From some unlike or bleak society;
 Ahead of west, and dawns ahead of east,
 Of bird and beast,
 They fly, fly still! the first to fly
 Ahead of all: O when the sun has ceased
 They'll brighten in their black one summer sky.

CHRISTMAS STORY

BY SALLY BENSON

WELL, all right, if you think they are interesting, I'll tell you about them. Your asking if they were married was *terrible*, and when you saw the expression on Mrs. Worthington's face, you needn't have made things worse by asking, "Is she an old maid, then?" You should have seen the look Mrs. Worthington gave you when she said, "Not exactly". And you'll simply have to learn that you can't ask questions all over the place while you're visiting here. People don't *like* it. Besides, you'll hear about all you can stand without asking questions.

Miss Mary Buell is the one you saw, and if you'd listened, you'd have heard me say, "*Miss* Buell". I distinctly remember emphasizing the "Miss", because *he* was standing right there and I was afraid you might say something. Carl (that's his name) *looks* so possessive. But that's because he isn't anybody, really, just the son of some Polack farmer or something like that. I mean, Carl hasn't any idea how to carry off anything of that sort. Why, when Judge Stanley went to Florida that winter with Mrs. Mintie, no two people could have acted better than they did when they came home in the spring. *No* two! Nobody dared say a word to them. And she was only the wife of the janitor at the school. But she's a nice little thing with nice manners and she comes from a very good family. Americans, both of them. I think that makes such a difference, don't you? To see Judge Stanley with her *to*

this day, you'd never know there's been anything between them. Not even — well, not even *anything*. And yet we all knew they'd gone to Florida together. There it was. Of course, she had been a nurse before she was married. At least, she studied to be a nurse, so she must know something. And he *was* sick. He's old, you know, almost seventy. I think that was one reason why every one tried to put the best possible interpretation on their trip. For all we actually knew, it might have been perfectly all right, and what they said it was.

For that matter, there *may* not be a thing wrong between Miss Mary and that man Carl. I wouldn't think twice about it if it weren't for the way he looks at her — because he looks at her as if he *liked* her. And several other things have happened that are pretty hard to explain, too. . . .

Now, if I tell you all about this, I don't want you to get the idea into your head that I'm not fond of Miss Mary. I am fond of her. We all are. She's a perfectly sweet person and does a lot for the people around this town. The Buells aren't exactly poor, you know. They live in that big, square, white house with the green shutters and the screened-in porch across the front of it, just where you turn off the Post Road to go to that place where they have the hooked rugs. Lots of people don't like the house because it isn't old. That is, not really old. During the Tercentenary celebration, they didn't even put a date on

it. You've noticed how most of the houses have dates on them, haven't you? It must make the town quite interesting for visitors, especially the ones from Kansas and states like that, because I don't suppose they have any houses as old as ours. I suppose a lot of them think the dates are house numbers.

Anyway, I like the house even if it isn't one of the fine ones. Old Mr. Buell built it about Eighteen-Seventy or so, and I suppose he wanted it to be sort of a manor house, but it is too close to the road to be a manor house. The old gentleman was like that. He did things in a grand way. They had loads of parties at the house, and what parties! And the Buell girls had everything. They toured Europe and they had everything! There are three of them: Miss Susan, Miss Josie, and Miss Mary. Miss Susan is really the Comtesse something-or-other de Rogier, but no one pays any attention to that. She met this Rogers—that's what people around here called him—in France one summer. She was a very romantic girl. I remember she used to take photographs of things and tint them with water colors and they really looked quite pretty. And she dressed different than the other two girls. She went without corsets long before anyone else thought of such a thing, and she wrote poems for the *Shore Line Times*. I cut out one of them, *Penelope, My Sweet Pea*, and kept it for years. It was about this girl, Penelope, who was like a sweet pea.

I suppose she thought Rogers was romantic, having a title and all. And I suppose he thought she had money. Anyway, they came back home here after they were married, and I must say he was as nice as could be. Everybody thought the world of him, but if he figured he could ever get any money out of the Buell family, he had another guess coming. Old Mr. Buell was

lovely to him and got him a job with the Crossley Lumber Company, which was more than most men would do for a stranger, and he let them live at home without paying anything. At least, I don't think they paid anything. There was never a word said about her having gotten married to a foreigner either, and they treated Rogers like one of the family. He stayed five years, and then he just up and went back to France, and for all I know he's still there. Miss Susan didn't seem to mind. She'd settled down a lot and got interested in some sort of thought-transference business, so I don't think she realized this Rogers was gone.

Miss Josie married, too. She married a man from New York named Harris. He used to come up here in plus-fours and make a fine fool of himself over at the golf club organizing tournaments. He wanted them run just so. That was before Nineteen Twenty-nine. You see, he was a broker or something and I guess he was pretty hard hit. Since then his fours have been more minus than plus, and I can't say I'm sorry. He talked too loud. He still comes up for the holidays and for week-ends in the summer. You'll see him. But Miss Josie stays here. For a while the girls seemed to think a lot of him. He used to give them advice, and while they didn't take it, they let him talk. But now they don't even let him talk. Not that I think he ever got hold of any of Miss Josie's money to lose, but it's as though they'd lost confidence in him because he lost his own.

II

Well, Miss Mary was the baby. And she was a pretty little thing, too. She's pretty now, even if she is a little too fat. She looks better standing up for that reason.

I mean she falls into place better then. When she sits down all that fat kind of pushes up, especially her—especially in front. They were stricter with Miss Mary, and after Miss Susan picked up that Rogers in Europe and married him, there were no more trips abroad. So it must have been dull for her. There aren't many men around here. I don't know whether you noticed that or not. The young men don't seem to stay here. They seem to get restless.

I don't mean the Buells didn't do their best for Miss Mary. They took her into New Haven a lot. I know New Haven means college boys and football games to most people, but there is a lot more to it than that. There is that lovely library, and Dr. Phelps, and hundreds of lectures, and some very good organ recitals, and in the old days before the elm blight, they say the Green was lovely. Charles Dickens visited there and he liked it, and I don't think it's changed much since.

But nowadays there doesn't seem much to *do*. People move around more, but they are like squirrels in a cage and aren't doing anything. Why, we used to take in all the fairs: the Danbury Fair, the Springfield Fair, the Durham Fair, and they were lovely. I went to the Durham Fair last year and it was nothing at all. Just a lot of those wheels you bet on to win a kewpie doll. I don't know what's become of the farmers. It's as though they didn't take an interest any more.

Where was I? Oh, about Miss Mary. When she was about ten, I should say, her father brought home this boy Carl to help around the place. They kept cows and chickens and while they had a man, old Cutler, there was more work around the place than he could attend to, so Mr. Buell brought home this boy. He was a nice looking little fellow, blond, with hand-

some teeth, and he was the son of some farm people back country who had so many children that I guess they were glad to get rid of Carl. The Buells were to see that he went to school, and he was to live with them and work around the place. He was a good little worker, too, when old Mr. Buell was alive.

Now, as to whether or not Carl was adopted, I couldn't say. But he was treated like one of the family, more or less. That is, he didn't eat with them, but when they went on any little excursions they took him along. Then, about fifteen years ago, when Mr. Buell died, the girls seemed to depend on him more and more. You can't blame them much. After all, he was the only man around the place unless you want to count old Cutler, who wasn't good for anything. He was so old. Or that Rogers fellow, who couldn't even speak English very well. Or Harris, a total stranger, you might say, even if he was married to Miss Josie. What I mean is, Carl was all they had. They'd raised him, practically, and he knew their ways, and he has a lovely disposition, I must say. When you get right down to it, I haven't anything at all against him, in spite of everything.

You never saw anything like how happy those girls were after their father died. They had a high old time. Miss Susan made the carriage house over into sort of a studio, and they had séances there trying to get in touch with Mr. Buell who, wherever he was, was probably too furious at their foolishness to go around rapping on tables for them. And Miss Josie organized the Garden Club here and now we are tied up with all the national garden clubs. She lectures a lot around different places in the Summer and there's not a woman in the state that knows more about rock garden plants or flower arrange-

ments. The housekeeping fell naturally on Miss Mary and I suppose she was thrown with Carl more than the other two girls. Besides, *they* had been married.

If you were to ask me just when Miss Mary became really friendly with him, I honestly couldn't tell you. They had bought a car and when Carl drove to the village, Miss Mary would sit on the front seat with him, and that was all right and only natural. You won't see many chauffeurs with uniforms around *here*, except in the Summer when all those people from Hartford and New Britain rent cottages and run up bills. Chauffeurs are chauffeurs and we don't need to remind ourselves of the fact by putting them in uniform. Besides, Carl wasn't a chauffeur at all. He was like one of the family. You must remember that.

The year after Mr. Buell died, everything was going along fine and the girls had done a lot to liven things up around town. Miss Mary must have been in her early thirties then and this Carl was ten years younger. Well, they used to send him to the library to pick out books for them, and he seemed to know just what the girls liked to read. Anyway, that year Miss Merriweather at the library caught pneumonia, and they got a little girl up from New Haven to take her place. She was awfully young, about eighteen or so, and she wasn't bad looking. The first I knew of it, I mean the first I knew that Carl was paying her some attention, was when I saw him walking home with her one evening. They passed the house and I happened to be looking out the window. They were laughing and talking and he had hold of her arm. I remember thinking to myself that it would be nice if Carl found some nice girl and settled down in a home of his own in town. Because it never occurred to me that there was any

reason why he shouldn't. Up to that time, there may *not* have been any reason. I can't say for sure. Certainly, it never crossed my mind that there would be any trouble at the Buells if he wanted to leave.

I can't tell you what happened then, but I can make a pretty good guess. And I do know that not so long after I saw Carl and that girl together, he went and asked Miss Mary if he could borrow the car to take this girl out. Well, I guess all hell broke loose. I guess Miss Mary raised the roof. You wouldn't think she could to look at her. She's such a soft little thing. But I guess she was really jealous.

So she went to bed sick. She's the kind of woman who would be sick getting outside herself and making a scene. Some women can keep things stirred up all the time and never turn a hair, shallow as dish pans, but Miss Mary isn't like that. I went to see her the next day and she was lying on the big sofa in the parlor, looking white and scared. She wasn't actually in bed because those Buell girls aren't raised to take to their beds unless they just can't get around. When I was sitting with her, Carl came in with a big bunch of autumn leaves and she didn't look at him when she thanked him. He looked scared, too. Scared and miserable. But he had that look in his eyes that I spoke to you about. I noticed it then for the first time. That look as though he *liked* her. And you could see, even if she didn't look at him once, that she wanted to. You could see that she just loved him. It was as plain as the nose on your face.

III

Miss Mary stayed around the house for quite a few days, and Carl waited on her hand and foot. Any feeling that might have been started in him about that girl

at the library seemed to have been shaken out of him. Because he never went near her again. Not once. Not even to say good-by when she had to go. And he hasn't looked at another girl since.

The first time people noticed that things had changed between Miss Mary and Carl was when she got better — she rode in the back seat of the car when he drove. Then the talk started because it was such a queer thing for her to do, as though she wanted to show everybody that no matter what they might have heard, Carl was hired by her just the same. Hired to drive the car and work around the place. It would have been better if she'd gone along the way she always had. You can't change your habits around here without causing talk. Then, Carl began to eat with them and when you'd call on them, there he was, as big as life, sitting in old Mr. Buell's chair in front of the fire in the living room. He began to dress better, too, and I must say he looked very handsome, and he bossed the girls around in a friendly sort of way. They seemed to like it. It was like having their father back again, only friendlier and more gentle.

Just as everything was getting settled down and most of the talk had stopped, Mrs. Worthington began to plan for her Christmas party. You see, every year she gives a big party on Christmas Eve and invites everybody. All her friends go, and about twenty children whose families are too poor to do much for them. Of course, their mothers and fathers aren't asked. You could hardly expect her to have *them*. But she has the children, and she's lovely to them. All her friends bring things, and she has a big tree. So this year, she began to talk about her party again.

Well, the Buell girls have always gone to it. Miss Josie's husband comes up from

New York and everyone is nice to him on account of Miss Josie, and Miss Susan dresses dolls for all the little girls, and Miss Mary fills the stockings. So of course Mrs. Worthington invited the Buells. But, naturally, she didn't ask Carl. She never had. The thought had never entered her mind.

Now, when you've been here awhile and heard of some of the things that happen around this town, you may wonder why we don't make more of them. You may be wondering why Miss Mary wasn't being snubbed for acting the way she had. But when you've lived as long as I have, you'll know that things don't work out the way they do in the movies or in books. Women don't snub other women they are fond of, no matter what they do. Not when they've grown up with them, made mud pies with them, exchanged secrets with them, and carried baked custards to them when they were sick. Women only judge other women by their actions when they don't know them well enough to judge them by anything else. Or when they just plain don't like them.

So, of course, Miss Mary was invited. But it was Miss Mary who made the trouble. "Who are you having this year?" she asked, which was an odd question because Mrs. Worthington has the same people every year, unless somebody dies.

And Mrs. Worthington told her. She named all the names, but naturally she never mentioned Carl's. Miss Mary sat there knitting and listening, not saying a word. But the next day, she sent a note over by Carl saying that they all had decided to spend Christmas Eve at home for a change. Well, Mrs. Worthington was frantic. In the first place, she had counted on the Buell girls to help her out the way they always had; and in the second place, she was afraid she'd made Miss

Mary angry or hurt her feelings or something.

The week that followed was awful. The Buell girls went about getting ready for their Christmas. Miss Susan worked dressing dolls, and she let it be known that they were going to have a few children in themselves Christmas Eve. Miss Mary filled twenty stockings, and she put more expensive things in them than she ever had before, and the whole town was in a turmoil. Because if the Buells decided to ask a lot of people to their house and Mrs. Worthington asked the same people to hers, it would just about rip things up the back.

I saw Mrs. Worthington and she was frantic, but she was adamant. "I will not let Mary Buell stuff that man Carl down *my* throat!" she said. "I'm not saying a word about her. She can do what she likes. But I am not going to crawl to him!"

"All right," I told her. "But you know Miss Mary. She's got that man, and we'd all better make up our minds to like it, because *she* won't budge an inch."

And I was right. She went right on as though nothing had happened. It was Mrs. Worthington who showed the strain. Later, she told me about it. "Two weeks before Christmas," she said, "I was just about worried sick. After all, we do have such pleasant times Christmas Eve, and with every one all upset, the whole holiday was spoiled. I went to bed and lay awake until I thought of what to do."

Well, do you know what she did? She sent a note over to Miss Mary asking Carl to come and be Santa Claus!

After that, there was nothing to it. Miss Mary rushed over and said that as long as Carl was to be Santa Claus, they wouldn't miss seeing him hand out the presents on the tree for worlds. And Miss Susan brought over the dolls, and Miss Josie brought over the stockings. It was the nicest Christmas party we've ever had.

And Carl made a lovely Santa Claus. The children loved him. He had put on a little weight, and Miss Mary herself made his Santa Claus costume. I wish you could have seen her on Christmas Eve. She looked beautiful. She really did. And, it's a funny thing to have to admit, but you could see she just adored Carl, hired man or no hired man.

IV

So that's why, when you see Carl around, don't say anything. He gets everywhere now, one way or another, and Mrs. Worthington started it all by thinking of the Santa Claus idea. He's asked to do all sorts of things: he keeps score at the duplicate tournaments, and sets up the tables; he sets off the night fireworks on the Fourth; he makes the fire and broils the hamburgers on picnics; he runs the golf matches at the club, although he isn't a member. It makes everything all right, because he's never just asked, he's asked to *do* something. And, really, Carl's awfully useful. I suppose we'd miss him if we didn't have him around for all the odd jobs.

But I don't see why you think it's interesting. I imagine every small town has a man like Carl.

THE RENAISSANCE IN WARFARE

BY W. F. KERNAN

INTERNATIONAL affairs have reached the stage where public opinion can no longer afford to ignore the sweeping changes in military technique which have taken place since the Armistice. The detonation of the Italo-Ethiopian bomb laid bare the inseparable connection between war and policy, and pacifist diplomacy has been compelled to fall back in disorder along its entire front. It is perhaps fortunate that, coincident with the collapse of sweet reasonableness at Geneva, the soldier can point to a revolution in tactics.

For the army of the future, equipped with new weapons and new vehicles provided by modern science, will restore to policy the lost art of war. This army will possess a hard-hitting mobility which will enable it to sidestep deadlock and break clinches. To diplomacy, wringing its hands at the crossroads of destiny, aghast at the prospect of a return to the trenches, it brings assurance that a nation's moral will can be rapidly and decisively expressed by the *ultima ratio* of battle. The statesman, and the body politic behind the statesman, must take such an army into account. For war, if waged with mechanized forces, will not result in frustration and stalemate. It can now be used to achieve the only object really proper to its essential nature—a quick decision which will bring about a lasting peace.

That during the last fifteen years the world has entertained an altogether different idea of war is due to the illusion

of pacifism. Extending in theory the limits of the battlefield to include the rear areas as well as the front lines, pacifism has sought to prove that the very frightfulness of modern combat can be depended upon to prevent the recurrence of war. We have had aeroplane pacifists, germ-spreading and water-poisoning pacifists, pacifists of the rat-and-lice persuasion as well as the pacifists who were content merely to dilate on the horrors of trench mouth, but the *leitmotiv* of their war song has always been the same: "Force settles nothing and the appeal to arms is bound to end in mutual annihilation or stalemate".

In arriving at these conclusions, which were to have such an unfortunate repercussion on policy, the pacifist was unknowingly led astray by a military doctrinaire whom he would have been the first to denounce as the disciple of desolation—General Karl von Clausewitz, "guiding star of 1870, *ignis fatuus* of 1914", he who gave birth to that abortion *absolute war* and disseminated the notion that mass and mass alone can be counted on for victory. From this idea came forth, by a fatal but logical distortion, the concept of *the nation in arms*, which resulted in the holocausts of 1914-18 and the trench lines stretching from the Alps to the English Channel.

But the pacifist failed to see the significance of Foch's application of Napoleonic principles to break the deadlock on the Western Front. He failed also to see the

significance of the tank attack at Cambrai which, in the words of General J. C. B. Fuller, was "the Valmy of a new epoch in war". And so, in the hands of the humanitarian armchair strategists, absolute war became absolute butchery and the theory of mass became the theory of mass murder. The world's peace-diplomacy was to be based on the distortion of a distortion. Every conceivable type of propaganda was used to din into the public mind the fallacious idea that another war was to spell the end of civilization.

In war, as in peace, it is the people who always decide—and it is the people who always pay for a faulty decision. The citizen, long befogged by the mutual suicide concept, should now be ready for a more rational or, let us say, a more classic theory of war than has been provided for him in the novels of Erich Maria Remarque or the treatises of Esme Wingfield-Stratford. At any rate we can assure him that not only is such a theory available, but the means necessary to put it into effect—weapons, vehicles, and instruments—are at hand.

II

To begin with, what is strategy? What is the recipe for successful tactics? What, for that matter, is a battle? The answer to all these questions, insofar as it is possible to give an answer in one word, must be sought in the meaning of the term *mobility*.

A battle, let us say, is a constellation of acts of force uniquely associated with a certain portion of the earth's surface in accordance with the psychological factor called morale. The whole operative strength of this definition lies in the word uniquely. The elements of battle are time-utility, space-utility, and force-utility. This

is why Nathan Bedford Forrest's ungrammatical definition of strategy, "to get there fustest with the mostest men", was technically correct. These elements must be combined properly, that is to say, in accordance with the end in view: in their proper combination lies the secret of victory. "War," said Napoleon, "is a simple art. All the difficulties are in the execution." Tartar hordes, brigades of French *fantassins*, or divisions of German field-grays are powerless unless their actions are accurately timed and correctly articulated to the ground contours. Armies, like the giant Antaeus, tend to grip their mother earth. The shoulder of a hill, a crest, a river line, or the edge of a wood often assume tremendous importance. Hugomont was taken and retaken seven times at Waterloo; Sergy, three times, in the Aisne-Marne offensive of 1918. But sometimes an army will be betrayed by its fondness for these protective ground forms: it will grip the earth too soon, or grip it too closely, or it will dig in and lie doggo with its mobility locked up in trench-fortresses. It will be unable to redistribute its energies in time to meet a surprise attack, to turn quickly towards a new critical direction; it will be unable, that is, either to strike or to parry. And then it may be upset, dislocated, rolled up by a leader whose force is more mobile and therefore more maneuverable. This is exactly what happened to the Germans at the Second Battle of the Marne. But it had also happened many times, long before the bludgeon of Ludendorff fell back before the rapier of Foch: in 1805, Napoleon voluntarily withdrew from the Plateau of Pratzen because he knew that Kutuzov would never be able to resist the temptation to occupy this ideal terrain. His riposte to the blind thrust of the Russo-Austrian masses was—Austerlitz.

Polybius, writing 2000 years ago, ascribes the defeat of the relatively immobile phalanx by the Roman legion to the same causes:

War is full of uncertainties as to time and place and there is but one time and one kind of ground in which the phalanx can advantageously operate . . . and the nature of the phalanx is such that the men cannot face about and defend themselves. . . . About twenty [Roman] maniples managed to get behind the Macedonians and charge them from the rear. (Battle of Cynoscephalae.)

Thus mere force, *i.e.*, unmaneuverable mass, is always helpless before force *plus* mobility. When the Roman legion increased its size and lost its flexibility, it went down before the mobile shock-power of the mounted Goths at Adrianople (378 A.D.). And the horseman in armor, who was to drive "infantry into forts and mountains for a thousand years", finally took the count from another sort of shock-power, the explosive-driven projectile, at the Battle of Pavia. Where Bayard, leading the storm of lances, had put to rout the "rabble of Spanish foot", the gunner and the "skilful, practised and artful arquebusier . . . baffled the fury of the French horse" with their ability to wheel and fire in any direction without word of command.

The tale goes on and the legend is writ plainly enough across the face of history. The Prussians, using the oblique order of Frederick the Great, are victorious at Rossbach. Employing the same formation, now stereotyped and rigid, they are defeated by Napoleon at Jena. But the First Emperor of the French, trusting too much to his numerical superiority and to his cannon, loses the decision to Wellington at Waterloo. The elder Moltke, devoted disciple of Clausewitz, establishes the German Empire by the victory of Sedan. The

younger Moltke, "making the right wing strong" in accordance with the precepts of the Buddha of mass, starts the Kaiser on the road to Doorn and Hitler on the up-and-up. So easy is the descent to Avernus for those who fight but will not read!

What then, if we may change our question slightly, is the key to victory? How are we to resolve the riddle of tactics and open the bracket of strategy?

Successful tactics, which represent a specialization of the principles of mechanics applied according to the laws of group-psychology, exploit the enemy's inertia and take advantage of his desire for continuity and symmetry. "Where is your reserve, Sire?" asks Berthier, bustling up importantly at Ratisbon. "Reserve!" snorts Napoleon. "Why should I have a reserve? Do you take me for Moreau?" The point of this somewhat cryptic remark lies in the fact that a battle changes like a kaleidoscope. Woe unto the general who loses sight of the realities of the situation in following his plan; the victorious tactician is he who can produce surprise and profit by it. Thus a line of resistance, facing to the front, straining forward, on its toes, and dug in, is overbalanced and thrown off its axis by an attack from the flank. This tactical mobility is dominated by the concept of succession of effort—the feint in *tierce* followed by the thrust in *quarte*.

Successful strategy is concerned with getting the forces to the battlefield at such a time and in such a manner that the enemy will be entangled and confused both physically and mentally. Then the tactical blow of battle, which should spring from the strategic combination "like lightning from a thunder cloud", will be delivered with decisive effect.

An army like that of Mack at Ulm, occupying a region and content merely

to occupy it as though it were a castle (or a line of trenches), heavy, unwieldy, closely concentrated—such an army is taken foot, horse, and guns by Napoleon, who marches with a rapidity inconceivable to the generals of his day and throws a chain, every link of which is a mobile corps, around the amazed Austrians. This is strategical mobility which is governed by the principle of convergence of effort. It is similar to the footwork which alone makes effective the straight left of the boxer. It is the art which the agile *retiarus* with his net and trident used in the Roman arena to overcome the clumsy, heavily-armed *secutor*.

There are many different ways of conducting war in defiance of the principle of mobility—and every single one of them is wrong. For in proportion as the leaven of mobility has been added through the centuries to the dough of shock-power, whether muscle-driven or gunpowder-propelled, the art of war has developed from the first savage assault to that combination of the three strategic variables—time, space, and force—which we call a maneuver. And the object of a maneuver, George Bernard Shaw to the contrary, is not the slaughter of the enemy. It is a quick decision. On the eve of Austerlitz, his most brilliant battle, Napoleon could write: "All my care will be to gain victory with the least possible shedding of blood".

All the evidences now point to a return to the Napoleonic conception—the battle of maneuver. Due to the policy of mechanization, which is proceeding apace in our own as in other armies, war is becoming again the province of the expert, that is, of the trained warrior rather than the citizen-soldier. The doctrine of mass is being replaced by the doctrine of mobility. And to the new mobility which the development of the internal combustion

motor has given war, is added fire-power, shock-power, and armor. The end of the nation in arms is in sight and the pacifist can take comfort in the thought that if anybody is killed in the next conflict (which seems indeed to be imminent), it will be the professional soldier who joined the army with his eyes wide open, not the conscript.

III

But will it be so easy to kill this fool-hardy modern Du Guesclin? Will it be easy to hit him at all? Listen to what Major C. C. Benson, writing in *The Cavalry Journal*, has to say of the birth of a tank:

A roar from the exhaust of a 400-horse-power motor, a blast of track-driven sand, and a new war machine charges away to show what it can do across country. It bounds into the air at the edge of a stream and lands at the far bank going at 40 miles per hour. With the throttle wide open, the machine heads for a steep sandy hill and skyrockets over the crest with two feet of daylight showing beneath the hull. "Hull" is used advisedly for the machine can float. . . . The demon continues with figure eights that would shame an international polo pony and some road work in which a Packard straight eight gets second money.

There are all sorts of tanks, ranging in weight and size from the French mobile fort of 100 tons to the British one-man mechanized horse, the Austin of armored vehicles. But the new three-man Christie is the most interesting from the present point of view. It seems to have about everything necessary to keep all quiet on the Western Front if any general should be affected with nostalgia for the old life in the trenches. It is armored against machine-gun and rifle fire, its indestructible tracks run easily and silently on con-

crete roads, grassy slopes, through sand-pits or mud. It mounts two guns: one 37-millimeter that fires sixty rounds per minute (armor-piercing, incendiary, or explosive—as you like), and one .50 caliber that is capable of 500 rounds per minute. Speed: ninety miles per hour on the road and forty-five m.p.h. cross-country. Crew: one vehicle commander, one gunner, one driver. March and combat orders by radio telephone.

So much for the tank which is armored knight, Hannibalic elephant, and flame-spitting dragon all in one. But there are other vehicles and weapons which speed up tactical and strategical mobility and enable one machine to advance where formerly a regiment was stymied. For example: at the present writing, practically all the field artillery of the Regular Army is motorized. Our field guns, drawn by Dodge or Chevrolet trucks, now roll forty-five miles per hour on pneumatic tires. They go into position, fire, and displace forward in the time it once took a horse-drawn outfit to harness, hitch, and hook traces. One battery of the new all-purpose 75's recently made a test march of 300 miles in twelve hours. These guns may be accurately and rapidly aimed by the Vickers director. Carriages and tubes of the new alloy steels decrease their weight and step up their maneuverability, automatic loading devices improve their fire-power and permit drastic reductions in the size of crews.

The infantry also has felt the quickening impulse of the renaissance of mobility. The maxim, "Sweat saves blood", has been abandoned and the doughboy is no longer content to advance at the rate of two and one-half miles per hour, carrying his rifle, pup tent, entrenching tool, blankets, mess kit, and extra shoes on his back. During the August maneuvers in

northern New York, an infantry division was entrucked and moved ninety miles in the theater of operations between breakfast and lunch. This march, which would have taken six days under the old dispensation, was conceived and executed as though in the presence of the enemy, the division being required by the umpires to travel in tactical fighting formation during the entire journey.

Mechanized cavalry in one-man tanks and combat-wagons, infantry in armored cars and trucks, are changing the old stereotyped tactics of advance guards. No longer will it be possible for the lieutenant or sergeant in charge of the point of a division to stumble upon the enemy suddenly and send back the age-old message: "Can't get through, sir, fire too heavy, must take cover". No longer will it be possible for the ambitious advance guard commander to come up, sniffing battle, listen to the rifles cracking from the crest opposite, and decide to deploy immediately—thus committing his own troops and perhaps the main body to terrain which the chance encounter of two platoons has been allowed to transform into a battlefield.

The mechanization of war has changed all this. As the Germans, who now have the most mobile army in Europe, are fond of saying: "Where the soldier in his wool coat was halted, the soldier encased in steel can advance". That is to say, can force his way through or around the initial, necessarily unforeseen opposition of a meeting-engagement, can develop the enemy at closer quarters, expose his dispositions, entangle him in a net of rifle and artillery fire, and give the commanding general the opportunity for the decisive stroke at flank or rear. "In war," if we are to believe Foch, "it is always necessary to advance."

Mechanization is the answer of modern science to the stultification of the military art which goes by the name of the warfare of position. When a battle force appears which, because of armor, is impervious to small-bore fire and because of speed is a difficult target for cannon; whose tactical mobility makes nothing of shell craters, barbed wire, and mud; whose strategical mobility is equal to every demand put upon it; a force which can move and fight, swing wide around flank and rear, crash through and penetrate until the enemy's holding power is broken, then the machine is being mastered by the warrior, instead of mastering him, and we are justified in announcing the return of the battle of maneuver.

In an age when muscle-driven shock-power was in the ascendant, men took refuge in castles, and the process of battering, burning, and starving the inmates into submission was a lengthy one. Upon the arrival of gunpowder, soldiers reluctantly abandoned the protection of turrets and keeps, but they continued to think of war as a kind of siege. The concept of the castle persisted in the squares of pikemen and lines of musketeers who advanced, retreated, fired, and fell back without losing their shoulder-to-shoulder formation. The fifteenth- and sixteenth-century generals attacked an army as though it were a fortress—which was exactly the way Nivelle attacked the Germans in the Champagne offensive of 1917.

But the truth is that the military art can hardly be held to have been practiced in any epoch where mobility has been surrendered to other considerations. For to sacrifice mobility to mere force, whether that force be fire or shock—the action of

seven-centimeter cannon at Liège or of the ten-foot Doric spear at Cynoscephalae—is to sacrifice two of the elements of war to the third, and to abandon the maneuver. In any event it is to throw away the rapier of the swordsman and take up the club of the savage or the dagger of the assassin.

As we review the record of history we see how this false doctrine, creeping again and again into military technique, produces the frustration of war. And we see a corrective being applied from time to time by a new machine controlled by a master hand. Flaminus sets right the distortion of the phalanx; Hannibal purges the legion of its inflexibility; Napoleon admonishes the oblique order of Frederick the Great; and Foch rebukes the masses of Clausewitz. Always the antidote administered is a maneuver ending in a victorious battle. Always the object of the battle is a decision which will end war and bring about peace.

For war is not natural to man. As Ardant du Picq pointed out in his famous *Étude sur le Combat*: "Man fights not for the sake of the struggle but for victory. He does all he can to abolish the first and assure the second". The object of the application of military power is to gain a decision, not to revel in a form of legalized butchery. And if the bloodshed and futility of 1914-18 are offered us as an awful object lesson in what is bound to happen in the next world war, we can take refuge from Pacifism in the New Militarism. Certainly protocols and toothless diplomacy have never given policy any real support. Perhaps the best instruments of peace will turn out to be the tank, the armored car, motorized field artillery, and the anti-aircraft gun.

ANARCHY IN BOSTON

BY RANDOLPH BARTLETT

ON THE chill, misty evening of September 9, 1919, fifty crap games were openly and noisily in progress on Boston Common. Nine months later Calvin Coolidge was nominated at the Chicago Republican convention for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.

These two events may appear incongruous, but they are not actually so, for both sprang from the same source, the Boston Police Strike, the correlated story of which has still to be told. The record, however, is permanent and clear, and the facts are public property, leaving no margin for speculation. And if it seems curious that a single train of events terrorized a city of 670,000 inhabitants, and through the irony of politics started a provincial politician on his way to the highest office in the land, other phases of the Massachusetts phenomenon are no less astonishing. The story is one of amazing official stubbornness, of the treachery of a labor organization, the misplaced confidence of city employees who had a sound grievance, the opportunism of a governor, and an utter disregard on all sides for the safety of life and property. For nearly a month, a formidable danger trumpeted the warning of its approach, but not until Boston had been plunged into a period of anarchy did the state and city authorities comprehend the implications of the struggle. Yet the leaders of the conflicting factions were men whose personal probity has never been questioned, and whose errors appear to

have been the product of stern and rock-bound New England minds. In short, the strike was an American tragedy of blunders.

To understand how such rebellion to authority could occur, it is necessary first to glance at the Constitution of the state. In Massachusetts, as in many other states, the hinterland is openly jealous of the political power of the metropolis; like New York City, Boston has not yet been able to acquire complete control of its purely municipal functions. Since a police force proves a valuable implement in the hands of politicians, the patriots of the Bay State's farms and villages have retained domination over it: the police commissioner of Boston is appointed by, and is responsible only to, the governor. It was this unbalanced situation which caused most of the blunders.

Partly as a result of this control from without, the Boston police force in 1919 was underpaid and badly housed. The hours were long, and members of the force were compelled to serve six years before receiving the full yet scant pay of \$1100 annually. Out of this income, the policeman had to purchase his elaborate, old-fashioned uniform, his boots, his belt and equipment, his club and revolver, even his obsolete, dome-shaped helmet. All this in an era when the cost of living was soaring, and labor throughout America, remembering the flush days of wartime, was striking in a score of industries for

increased wages. Growing weary of broken agreements and ambiguous promises, the police decided finally to force the issue, and on August 10 organized the Boston Social Club, for the purpose of conducting a campaign in their own behalf. Casting about for allies, certain leaders of the movement declared that affiliation with the American Federation of Labor would strengthen their position by utilizing that mythical quantity called the Labor Vote. The proposal was openly discussed.

Now Calvin Coolidge had been governor of Massachusetts for nearly a year. Upon assuming office he found occupying the position of Boston police commissioner a congenial soul, Edwin U. Curtis, lawyer and bank director. Formerly Curtis had been Mayor of Boston and Collector of the Port, as well as incumbent of a half dozen other municipal and federal posts under Republican patronage. He was stiff-necked as an old-time Salem pastor and stubborn as a horse mackerel. When informed that the police club proposed affiliation with the A. F. of L., he issued an order forbidding any member of the force to join, under pain of dismissal. This was the Curtis method—the challenge of the mailed fist. He made no attempt to become friendly with his men, nor did he summon their representatives and explain why it was contrary to administrative policy for the police to combine with sectional interests. Instead, he issued the ultimatum.

The fact that the majority of the policemen were of Celtic origin should have forewarned him that they were not to be moved by threats. It was a knockdown fight they were spoiling for, and the Commissioner's manifesto convinced them that only by fighting could they attain their goal. Furthermore, they possessed, as did their political contemporaries, an abiding

faith in the power of organized labor. Thus, on August 15, they defied Curtis, and completed the formation of their union under an A. F. of L. charter.

The granting of the charter was in itself a serious blunder, yet one which might have been avoided had Samuel Gompers been in this country at the time. Whether the president of the Federation was consulted during the negotiations, no one knows; but he admitted privately, after his return from abroad, that the whole affair was a sorry mistake. In Boston, for the moment, the only man to sense disaster in the air was State Senator George E. Curran, who wrote an open letter to Governor Coolidge, requesting that Curtis be removed from office. The communication was treated as a political gesture, and ignored. It seems that even in those days the sphinx-like Coolidge was deserving of his later sobriquet—Silent Cal.

On Sunday, August 16, the Central Labor Council of Boston welcomed the baby union to its arms, and immediately took steps which were inevitably to ensure the strike. The Council passed resolutions pledging the police "every atom of support that organized labor can bring to bear in their behalf". The following Sunday, the pledge was repeated with appropriate solemnity. Thus when the police walked out three weeks later, they were relying upon the implied sanctions of these steadfast assurances.

Between the two Sundays, Commissioner Curtis decided it was high time to put a halt to all foolishness. Ascertaining the names of eight policemen who had joined the union, he summoned them to a hearing on charges of insubordination. Ordinarily three departmental captains presided over such hearings, but this was no ordinary occasion. The Commissioner let it be known that he alone would

sit in judgment. It required no star-gazer to predict the verdict.

Confronted by this threat, the police union swung into action, warning the Commissioner that if the men were discharged a strike would commence at once. At first the ultimatum carried slight weight; the union membership was reported to constitute only a small percentage of the personnel. But meantime, in the City Hall, a worried and ineffectual individual watched these excursions and alarums with deepest anxiety. This was Mayor Andrew J. Peters who, being a Democrat, had little or no authority in the circumstances: his status at Police Headquarters and the State House was considerably less than that of a distiller at a Methodist prayer meeting. A stronger man might have emulated Paul Revere from Bunker Hill to Brookline, and raised such clamor that even the apostle of silence in the State House could not have ignored it. But Mr. Peters was no horseman. He was content to wait upon eventualities.

II

The trial of the eight police culprits was brief and formal; all were found guilty of violating the Commissioner's order. But to the surprise of everyone, they were not sentenced to be drawn and quartered on the spot. Instead, Curtis postponed judgment for ten days—an act which has never been explained. Certainly he had decided to dismiss the men, yet at the moment when blunt steps might have won the day, he failed to exercise his power. It should have been apparent, with the sentiments of the policemen divided on labor affiliation, that the response to a strike call would not have been unanimous. But perhaps Curtis preferred to wait until

the union had reached its full strength before beating down his men with one devastating stroke. In any event, his tactics were re-emphasized three days later when eleven more policemen were tried on the same charges, found guilty, and also granted a surprising postponement of sentence.

Mayor Peters at this stage made the conventional move which is the expedient of all American executives when in a quandary. He appointed a committee. He selected it, however, with rather more acumen than is usual in such circumstances, enlisting the cooperation of a man outside active political life, a man who enjoyed the fullest confidence of the city—James J. Storrow. Mr. Storrow was a banker, his family had been prominent in public matters for generations, and he was able to assist in assembling a council of the highest intelligence.

No research was required for the Storrow committee to realize that the sole point at issue was the right of the police to affiliate with labor, and a unanimous decision that this was contrary to public policy was announced immediately. Thus far the committee stood back to back with the Commissioner. On the other hand, its members agreed, again unanimously, that the police had been driven into the fold of the union organizers by an appalling list of grievances. They therefore urged the men to cancel their A. F. of L. charter, promising in return to work for the desired reforms. The request was denied, and the police union renewed its threat to strike if the nineteen patrolmen were dismissed.

Curtis was prepared to announce his decision on Thursday, September 4. On Wednesday, the Storrow committee suggested that in the general public interest, he defer action, the negotiations being still

in progress. Curtis refused. The committee then called on the Governor, asking him to support their request, and in reply was treated to a typical Coolidge negative: "I feel it is not my duty to communicate with the Commissioner on the subject."

Thursday morning, Mayor Peters added his plea to that of the committee, and at the eleventh hour Curtis agreed to postpone judgment until Monday, September 8.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday the committee worked incessantly, pleading with the policemen, arguing with their legal advisers, offering compromises, and promising sympathetic cooperation. By Saturday afternoon a makeshift basis for further negotiation was devised, and the committee set out to find Curtis and obtain his approval. The innocent and innocuous plan was that the nineteen culprits should not be further disciplined, that the strike should not be called, and that the whole controversy be submitted to a neutral board of arbitration. Curtis, however, could not be found, and consternation forthwith filled the air. He was not at his office, nor at his usual haunts, nor at his home—at least so the anxious members of the committee were informed. With a crisis approaching which vitally affected the city's safety, and in which he alone possessed power to act, the Police Commissioner had vanished with amazing celerity.

On Sunday morning the settlement plan was published in the Boston newspapers, with virtually unanimous editorial approval. Toward noon, Mayor Peters learned that Curtis had returned home, and by special messenger sent him a copy of the committee's proposals. There was no immediate reply. Concerning Coolidge's whereabouts on this day, the report of the Storrow committee declares:

An endeavor had been made to obtain a second conference with the Governor for the purpose of reporting on the then critical situation and presenting for his consideration the committee's plan, but the Governor was reported to be in the western part of the state.

At that hour it was in the power of Coolidge and Curtis to have prevented the impending police strike, to have saved the city from three days of terror. However, Curtis, the subordinate, would not reply to an urgent communication, and the Governor remained out of town. But did Coolidge and Curtis meet somewhere, sometime, that Sunday to discuss the problem? No one will ever know. The records merely show that on Monday morning, Mayor Peters received a letter signed by Curtis, but containing a stiffly-phrased negation in the authentic Coolidge manner: "I can discover nothing in the communication transmitted by Your Honor which appears to me to be either consistent with my prescribed duties or calculated to aid me in their performance."

About the time the Mayor was reading this crisp note, the Commissioner was announcing his long-delayed decision in the matter at hand—the nineteen policemen under charges were dismissed from the force. A few hours later the police union voted a strike, to commence at 5.45 P. M. the following day.

In desperation the Mayor wrote a final appeal, to be forwarded to the Governor, saying: "I have been and still am trying to get in touch with you."

In the course of the day it was learned that Coolidge had returned to Boston from his mysterious journey, and in the evening the members of the Storrow committee again waited on him. But the Governor conversed only in the familiar negatives. No, he would not interfere, since Com-

missioner Curtis already had taken action. No, he would not mobilize the State Guard so as to have 3000 troops under arms in the event the police walked out. No, he would take no action of any sort. The high-pitched, nasal voice of the man who, by a chain of fortuitous circumstance, later became President of the United States because the nation believed he had broken the strike with a firm hand, was forbidding and final.

Mayor Peters was now highly alarmed. Early Tuesday morning, with the police walkout less than twelve hours distant, he called upon Commissioner Curtis to inquire what preparations had been made.

"The situation is well in hand," Curtis replied stoutly. "I have ample means for the protection of the city."

But the Mayor was far from satisfied. He asked if the Commissioner did not think it advisable to muster the militia.

"I don't need the State Guard," declared Curtis firmly, "and I don't want it."

The Mayor persisted. Would the Commissioner go with him to discuss the situation with the Governor? Well, the Commissioner thought it quite unnecessary—but nevertheless he consented, and the two set out for the State House. Nothing came of this interview. Again Governor Coolidge refused to mobilize the troops. Yet before the day was out, to make certain that the record was clear, he wrote a note to Curtis which contained the inevitable negative: "I am unable to discover any action that I can take."

News reporters asked the Commissioner what he proposed to do about the strike. Said Curtis: "I am ready for anything!"

Just what he meant no one was able to learn. What he had done was absolutely nothing—and the Governor had supported him. What steps he proposed, if any, no one has ever learned.

III

There had been intermittent showers throughout the day of September 9, and at 5.45 P. M. a light drizzle was falling. At Roxbury Crossing a policeman came out of the station house, his arms filled with personal belongings. There was a crowd in the street, waiting to see if the strike would actually start on schedule. A small boy decided to perform a bit of private research: gathering up a handful of muck from the gutter, he hurled it in the policeman's face, then dodged out of sight. The policeman glumly wiped away the mud and continued homeward without a word. At City Hall Avenue station, a patrolman emerged from the front entrance, carrying a pair of rubber boots, an extra uniform, a heavy overcoat, and various other articles. A burly Irish truck driver elbowed his way through the crowd at the curb. "Give me a traffic ticket the other day, would you?" he shouted, and clouted the policeman on the chin, knocking him down. The crowd jeered. The patrolman did nothing.

Such incidents as these informed the hooligans that they could do anything they liked and get away with it. The word was swiftly passed about town. In poolrooms, in speakeasies, in dingy back rooms, a sudden interest stirred. Hoodlumism began to feel its way. . . . It must be remembered that all this occurred in the year 1919, that Prohibition was still in its infancy, that organized urban crime had not yet reached the perfect blooming which was to produce the St. Valentine's massacre in Chicago ten years later. The Boston rowdies, gregarious, herd-like, followed their instincts and moved from all sections to the center of the city. Many paused on the way, diverted by the novelty of pursuing pastimes hitherto prohibited.

In front of police stations, crowds grew and crap games were started. The sergeants, lieutenants, and captains, none of whom had walked out with the patrolmen, ignored the games, realizing there soon would be more serious business at hand. On Boston Common no less than fifty games were in progress, the stakes ranging from a penny to fifty dollars. One player reaped a winning of \$300, pocketed the money, and started away. He had gone hardly fifty feet when three toughs attacked him, beat him into helplessness, seized his profits, and fled.

Yet aside from promiscuous gambling and kindred activities, the first few hours of the strike produced only a highly developed spirit of mischief. Boys pulled streetcar trolleys from the overhead wires; other took possession of unlocked automobiles and drove about until they discovered there was more amusement to be had on the street. Tires were removed from cars and flung about in rough hilarity. Dozens of false alarms of fire were sounded. Youths knocked off pedestrians' hats with sticks and stones. But here the urge for lawlessness ceased.

Meanwhile streams of hoodlums were pouring into Scollay, Adams, and Haymarket Squares, until these crossways of city traffic became so thronged that home-bound business men were compelled to make wide detours. But still there was no organization of the criminal elements; the mob, leaderless, was waiting to learn if the Law had actually decamped. As darkness fell, the crowds increased. By 11 o'clock police officers estimated that 10,000 were gathered in a tightly-packed mass near Dorchester Street, rendered harmless by their sheer inability to move. Yet the potentiality for crime soon began to produce acts of violence.

One of the first experiments was con-

ducted in a cigar store at Friend and Washington Streets. Having exhausted their cigarette supply, a dozen youths went into the shop and filled their pockets. Others observed the raid, and within fifteen minutes the store's stock had been cleaned out. Encouraged by this apparent immunity, a few bolder spirits broke the windows of a clothing establishment and looted it, many of them changing to their newly-acquired garments on the pavement. Turning down Hanover Street, the mob smashed the glass front of a shoe store and helped themselves. Swinging around Court Street toward Adams Square, they were about to seize a fruit stand when a swarm of Italians, allies of the owner, set upon them with revolvers and knives. The mob ran helter-skelter, although not a shot was fired.

Another group invaded the market section around Faneuil Hall. A wagon was stripped of its load of fruit, and the horse beaten until it ran away. Then the hoodlums began smashing the windows of wholesale stores until a lone watchman, brandishing a revolver, routed them. The raiders fled down the street, lugging bananas, pineapples, grapes, eating the fruit as they ran, strewing the pavement with debris.

The ease with which this mob was vanquished proved typical of the middle hours of the night, although the rabbit warren of streets which comprises the center of Boston was designed, however innocently, for gang operations. At Washington Street near Hanover, a crowd began smashing glass. A squad of the loyal police officers dispersed them. In a few minutes they reassembled in Haymarket Square, resuming their depredations. Another mob swung shouting down Court Street, breaking store windows and stealing articles until the officers appeared; yet even

as they ran they tossed stones into shops and grabbed what they could.

These hoodlums were not professional criminals, but mostly young toughs who regarded the whole experience as a lark. More sinister individuals, however, were operating differently in smaller groups. Pedestrians were backed into doorways, slugged, and robbed. Slot machines were demolished and their contents stolen. At the corner of State Street and Atlantic Avenue, a woman was dragged into an alley, beaten, and raped. Another woman staggered into a speakeasy, bruised and bleeding, after a similar assault. Ironically enough, she was a prostitute. Incidents of the same sort occurred in Chair Alley off Fulton Street.

After midnight passed, the individual mobs began to achieve something like organization. A gang of 400 commenced tramping up and down Washington Street from Boylston to School. In this sector were several department stores, and the outnumbered police officers concentrated here to protect these richer prizes, and the jewelry shops. A half dozen times they scattered the crowd, but each time it reassembled. A clothing store at Washington and Franklin Streets was looted while the handful of officers battled another crowd some blocks away. In the vicinity of Andrew Square, thirty stores were robbed. The pavements were littered with broken glass and articles dropped from overfilled arms. The police squad continued to patrol the area, dispersing whatever crowds it met. Yet towards dawn, the marauders began to scatter of their own accord, apparently fearing civic retaliation would commence with daylight.

There is no record of disturbances in the residential districts, although many of the burghers of Beacon Hill and Back Bay,

and even sections as remote as Brookline, loaded what weapons they had and sat at darkened windows through the night, guarding their homes. Fortunately for them, the mob was not hunting prey; it was merely taking advantage of those opportunities for looting which occurred in the downtown area. Yet the night of September 9 was an alarming reminder that the lives of men, the bodies of women, the safety of property, all the decencies of ordered existence, are not worth a moment's purchase without the presence on city streets of the familiar blue-coated cop.

IV

Early Wednesday morning, Mayor Peters found the way at last to take over control of his own city. An almost forgotten statute of 1885 gave him the authority, in the event of rioting, to muster those units of the State Guard within his jurisdiction. The same law permitted him to assume command of the police. Peters promptly issued proclamations exercising these prerogatives. A stronger man than Peters, however, would not have waited idly for the catastrophe to arrive. On the morning of the previous day, he could have appealed to members of the State Guard, as citizens, to enter the armories and hold themselves in readiness. With the breaking of the first window, he might have poured into the streets more than 1000 armed troops. Yet in behalf of the Mayor, it must be remembered that he was a Democrat, surrounded by a Republican state regime. When Curtis declared he was prepared for any contingency, the Mayor may well have believed the statement, assuming that the Police Commissioner refrained from divulging his plans because of political antagonism.

In addition to the police officers and the

State Guard, the Mayor had at his disposal by Wednesday evening the services of several hundred volunteers, including a number of Harvard students. Also received during the day were 2000 applications for pistol permits, although a majority of the citizens did not wait for formal permission before supplying themselves with side-arms.

Early in the evening, it was noted that while the mobs were smaller than those of the preceding night, their temper was uglier. Underworld leaders already had planned how to turn the strike to their profit. When confronted by the militia and ordered to disperse, they considered it an infringement of their newly-found rights. They scattered, only to reassemble in adjoining blocks. Moreover, the striking policemen now had divined that their position was desperate, and many of them incited the mobs to violence. They had counted on the Labor Council's promise of "every atom of support", yet there was no sign that the promise would be kept. Dismayed, the police believed that their only hope for victory lay in terrifying the citizens, so that public opinion would force swift action. That broken promise may explain why, in subsequent years, whenever the Boston police have been called upon to quell labor disturbances, they have swung into action with firm grips on their nightsticks.

At 9 o'clock a crowd of 300 rioters formed at Washington and Avery Streets, in the heart of the retail district. A leather-lunged leader yelled: "Come on, boys, let's go the limit!" Down Washington Street on the run came eight Guardsmen, guns and bayonets ready. The crowd took one look and fled. In the Scollay and Adams Square sections, the mobs showed more determination. Volunteers, ordering them to move on, were attacked by gangs under

the leadership of striking policemen. From side streets mounted troopers charged the crowd and were greeted with a shower of bricks and bottles. They charged again and cleared the sector. Four Harvard youths, armed with clubs, attempted to disperse a group at the foot of Brattle Street, and the mob backed them to Adams Square. The students fought every foot of the way, clubbing right and left. Finally they were reinforced, and the tide of conflict turned: to the credit of the college boys, it should be recorded that although each carried a revolver, only their sticks were used.

Throughout the twisting streets of downtown Boston the battles raged, each one sharp and brief, but some of them serious. Here and there the resistance of the hoodlums was so stubborn that officers of the Guard ordered their men to fire. The number of resulting casualties indicates that the troopers, for the most part, fired in the air. But three rioters were killed, and a dozen wounded by bullets.

On Thursday the mobs were smaller and had lost their spirit of defiance. They were surly, but had no further appetite for combat. Only here and there was any resistance offered to the companies of the Guard patrolling the streets, cleaning up such small incidentals of lawlessness as the crap games on the Common and elsewhere. Three more men were killed in skirmishes, however, when the orders of squads of militia were answered by stones. But on the whole the city was quiet, and the plate glass companies began piling up dividends.

It now became apparent that union labor was not to be feared as an ally of the strikers. No hint of a general strike had been heard. Perhaps the A. F. of L.'s national leaders had warned that to attempt it would endanger the entire labor

movement. In any event, on Thursday morning, the following proclamation was issued by Governor Coolidge, with the persistent negative somewhat concealed:

The entire State Guard of Massachusetts has been called out. Under the Constitution, the Governor is Commander-in-Chief thereof, under an authority of which he could not, if he chose, divest himself. That command I must and will exercise. . . .

But the strike already was broken. Commissioner Curtis had served notice that no striking policeman would be taken back, and he began at once to recruit a new force. Gompers, now home from Europe, advised the men to call off the strike and arbitrate, but it was too late. So the chronicle of blunders ends on the ironic note of Coolidge calling out the Guard when the

fighting was finished and order had been restored.

There is, however, one important post-script. On June 11 of the following year, at the Republican National Convention in Chicago, Representative Frederick H. Gillett, placing Calvin Coolidge in nomination for the Presidency, referred to the Boston police strike and his nominee in these words:

Opportunity, which knocks once at every man's door, came to him and found him waiting his summons, calm, courageous, resolute to do his duty though the heavens fall. And he did it so well, he met his great opportunity with so masterful a spirit, as to send a thrill of admiration through every community in the land, and every honest man felt safer because there was such a Governor as Calvin Coolidge.



AUTUMN WARS

BY ROBERT TROY HERRIDGE

Now shall the heart reject what the mind beholds
And attest with words of breath against the sky;
Finding the shrunken hollows where a starling scolds,
Watching the tawny willow darken and die.

The strangely quiet mind with a deeper sorrow
Hears the sound of footsteps in the hills,
Feels the breaking moments, the plunging tomorrow,
Yields in meadows where specter sunlight spills.

The fretted heart that tippled the swinging stars
And called itself a God with sanguine sight
Will not resolve itself nor cease its wars
When the final cricket jars the heavy night.

Always the mind shall pity the heart in pain
Which generations of death can not dispel;
For it knows that the changing heart will not retain
What the wiser mind has stored in every cell.

WANTED· A MERCHANT MARINE

BY WYTHE WILLIAMS

AMONG the current revelations of America's failure to capitalize upon her trade opportunities, none is more depressing than the sad predicament of the merchant marine. Here, in a field where Yankee ingenuity and enterprise should be counted upon to score heavily, there is manifest a lamentable policy of vacillation, neglect, and evasion, mixed with political partisanship. To date, no comprehensive shipping program has been brought forth by the master minds at Washington; few beneficial laws have been enacted by a confused Congress. Yet the greatest prize of the commercial world remains the foreign sea-borne transport of this nation—a business worth hundreds of millions annually in freight and passenger revenue. Of this, foreign maritime powers now procure two-thirds, while the remainder likely will go the same way unless the federal government acts to protect its interests. The United States, reputedly a leader in affairs of business acumen, ranks ninth among the shipbuilding countries of the world.

Now this policy of negligence is not new, nor have shipping operators failed to emphasize its potent dangers by appeals to common sense and the national pride. Their attitude is a reasonable one, despite cries of "privileged interests" from the Left; it is based upon the fruits of history and experience. In the past seventy years the United States has transported but an insignificant share of her own commerce,

her freight vessels, unlike those of other nations, having been constructed almost exclusively for the home trade. (Great Britain employs three-fourths of her vast merchant fleet to ply business with the outer world.) In the passenger department, the situation is equally grievous for the United States. Americans comprise seventy per cent of the North Atlantic traffic, pay eighty-five per cent of all fares, and occupy ninety-five per cent of all first-class cabins; yet only ten per cent of portorage is in American liners. These figures constitute an extraordinary paradox, and present challenging questions. Why has America failed to construct a merchant fleet comparative to Britain's? What are the reasons for this refusal to meet trade competition? Why has the federal government flouted economic principles by neglecting a factor which would produce unassailable advantages in purchasing power abroad? To these questions, the history of America's industrial expansion supplies several answers.

In the twenty years immediately preceding the Civil War, the United States attained its peak of mercantile efficiency at sea. American ships, crews, port facilities, and methods of trade were pre-eminent; the merchant marine appeared destined for an era of unlimited prosperity. Then came the sudden shift of forces induced by the conflict between North and South, the subsequent diversion of national energy to the task of conquering the West,

the disinclination of American merchants to send goods abroad when fertile markets were opening at home, and the displacement of sailing vessels by steam. With steam came European ship subsidies to encourage ventures in the new power of propulsion. Great Britain led the way and did not call halt until she ruled the waves as completely with steam as she had with sail. But in America, ship subsidy measures lost political and public support. The American flag which once had been carried to every port on the planet gradually vanished from the scene; the Yankee clipper ships lay idle at their wharves; the American seaman transferred his energy to tasks ashore. Money was being made in the West; towards the West the nation's thoughts were turned. Thus, out of a welter of economic influences, was born the defeatist philosophy which lingers today, manifest in the sorry condition of our merchant fleet.

The American shipper, partly of necessity, partly of preference, commenced in the 50's and 60's to send his transport in foreign bottoms. The practice grew; by the turn of the twentieth century the United States had become a maritime nation in name only. In answer to critics and dire prophets, the shipper emphasized the transitory advantage of lower rates on foreign vessels, particularly the British, German, and Scandinavian. By employing this argument, however, the shipper not only defeated his own purposes but those of his country as well. For the sake of immediate gain, he jeopardized the prospects of a substantial, recurring profit in the future. Directly or indirectly, he nourished a growth of foreign shipping interests which could, at brief notice, bring down ruin upon him; a monopoly which would not hesitate to squeeze America's sea-borne commerce should an emergency arise.

Overlooking the menace inherent in the situation, he could not accept the probability of war sending freight vessels scurrying homeward; the inevitability of trade conflicts, with manipulation of rates; the dangers of arbitrary legislation by foreign powers; the threat of most-favored nation treaties. In short, the American shipper sold his birthright for the most questionable mess of pottage ever offered over the international counter. He now has left neither pottage nor spoon, but only a phrase which has been so widely and variously used that it no longer serves for a rousing war cry: the direct ship subsidy.

Without entering into a technical discussion of American ship-mail subsidies and the manner in which they are dispensed, several points can be emphasized. For one, certain foreign countries have complained that American subsidies, such as they are, tend to give American shippers an unfair advantage in bartering abroad. But this would appear to be a belated discovery. England, the greatest maritime nation on earth, moved decisively to insure her own pre-eminence nearly three hundred years ago, when the Act of 1651, promulgated by Oliver Cromwell and the Long Parliament, decreed:

That no merchandise, either in Asia, Africa or America . . . should be imported into England in any but English-built ships, and belonging either to English or English plantation subjects, navigated also by an English commander, and three-fourths of the sailors to be English, excepting such merchandise as should be imported directly from the original place of its growth and manufactured in Europe solely. . . .

As recently as 1932, the British attitude was reiterated by the Committee on Shipping Policy of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom:

We cannot . . . maintain our position as ocean carriers of the world, and indeed we cannot maintain our standard of living within this country unless we, as a nation, are able to produce and place on the markets of the world our exports of manufactured articles of the quality the world needs, and at the prices the world can afford to pay. Our cost of production, our wholesale and retail prices, and our cost of transport, must be maintained on a competitive basis.

Yet America, in the year 1935, has refused to weigh the warning, or to take such steps as are necessary to maintain trade supremacy. Instead, considerable time is expended upon congressional debates, which produce little of value, and in commercial theorizing, which in two hundred years has only succeeded in further muddling an obscure situation. Legislative arguments will not disprove the premise at stake, *i.e.*, that a subsidy should be an appropriation of federal funds to support and safeguard adequately an industry, either afloat or ashore, deemed vital to the welfare of the nation as a whole. This is the identic principle which underlies the tariff policy of the United States, as well as the railroad, public works, agricultural, and livestock programs. The New Deal agrarian bounties now being paid are perhaps the greatest subsidy ever tendered; in comparison, the approximately thirty millions allotted to an operating subsidy for the American merchant marine in 1933-34, seem trifling, particularly in view of the price differential which the marine operator must face abroad.

For example, the portion of American shipping costs allotted to seamen's wages, based upon the operations dollar, is fourteen per cent. Stevedores' pay totals seventeen per cent. Fuel comprises eleven per cent. The remainder is consumed in port

charges, repairs, insurance, subsistence, supplies, canal tolls, and miscellaneous charges. The wages paid on American ships are approximately one hundred per cent higher than those abroad. The monthly salary total on American cargo vessels of from 7500 to 9000 deadweight tons averages \$3108, as against \$1635 for British ships of the same class. The French scale is \$1615, and the German \$1789. These figures emphasize one phase of the diverse problem confronting the American shipper when he strives to compete with his brethren overseas.

In *Ships and National Safety*, Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., of the Georgetown School of Foreign Service, declares:

The Italian government has effected regroupings and mergers with the result that one of the strongest combinations of the seas is now controlled and subsidized by the Italian government, which, in addition, shares the insurance risk upon the superliners *Rex*, *Roma*, and *Conte di Savoia*. . . . The German government is behind the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd lines. The Japanese government grants subsidies for the scrapping of obsolete ships with the understanding that the owners shall build new ones. . . . Similarly the Netherlands government, the Spanish government, and the Greek government have entered the field in support of national merchant marines. . . . One expects America to meet the situation, not to weep over it. . . . A \$1,000,000 ship laid down in American yards costs roughly but \$600,000 in Britain or France. After this . . . comes the cost of operating under the unequal standard of wages and overhead, which constitutes an additional handicap for the American owner. Hence, even under a no-subsidy hypothesis, our overseas competitor is far better off than we are. The constant economic differential will always remain against us. . . .

Private American operators now maintain service over forty-four routes deemed

essential to the proper development of foreign commerce and to the security of the military establishment. These operators are receiving an annual compensation of twenty million dollars more than they would be paid for carrying mail on a poundage basis, a figure which represents the government's investment in the future of the merchant fleet. The additional compensation is based, however, not upon the amount of mail transported, but upon the size and speed of the vessels and the frequency of service. The carriage of mail, despite the controversies which have raged about it, is merely incidental. In other words, we have a subsidy—and yet we have no subsidy, except in a technical sense. As an example of contradiction and shortsightedness, this national policy is unequalled.

Despite the universal use of direct subsidies by foreign nations, the American attitude has been under continuous attack in recent years, this country being charged with major responsibility for the present world surplus of tonnage, with "dumping" ship services, and with "excessive nationalism" in its efforts to develop a merchant fleet. Yet by no juggling of words can America be adjudged responsible for the present plight of world shipping. The principal cause, conveniently overlooked by critics, is the shrinkage in world trade. During the depression, America's sea-borne transport has declined from nine to three billion dollars. This, then, is the reason for the slump in shipping. Granting a restoration of world trade when business returns to normal, the crisis will no longer exist.

As to the charges of creating a surplus in world tonnage, the United States can cite the following figures, representing the shipbuilding programs enacted during 1934, (figures as of September 30):

	<i>Tons</i>
Great Britain and Ireland	604,295
Japan	149,750
France	120,868
Germany	120,816
Denmark	74,938
Holland	70,735
Sweden	64,565
Italy	37,970
United States	22,225

America, as usual, occupies last place. If this signifies a nationalistic conspiracy to wrest the sea trade of the world from foreign nations, it is a most amazing way of going about it.

II

During Colonial days, America was a maritime nation of renown. The schooner was first designed and produced in Massachusetts in 1714, and within thirty years American cargo vessels were plying profitable trade with Continental nations, with Mediterranean ports, and with the West Indies. At the time of the Revolutionary War, America's merchant fleet numbered 2311 ships, of an aggregate tonnage of 374,590, or roughly half the sea power of Great Britain. Following the war, the initial act of the First United States Congress on July 4, 1789, placed upon the statute books a law allowing a ten per cent preference to goods transported in American vessels. This was beneficial legislation, and its results were immediate and gratifying. By 1797, American tonnage had mounted to 576,733, and the value of commerce had increased from thirty millions annually to 140 millions. For a young nation which had but recently joined the family of world powers, such growth in trade was unprecedented.

Under the administrations of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, this

expansion continued at similar pace. In the twenty-year period after 1790, the registered tonnage of American ships rose from 125,000 to 980,000, with a corresponding increase in foreign transport of four-hundred per cent. The trade restrictions imposed by the Napoleonic wars, the seizure of American ships by the British and French fleets, the illegal impressment of American sailors, and the various embargoes enacted, failed to impede overseas commerce. This was a turbulent era when neutrals fared poorly on the Atlantic; yet America not only held her place among the maritime nations, but forged ahead of some of her competitors. It was an era, too, which witnessed the birth of steam navigation, and vindicated its feasibility on the ocean lanes of the world.

The American, Robert Fulton, perfected the steam engine and built the first practical steamboat, the *Clermont*, whose voyage from New York to Albany in 1807 presaged the doom of the sailing vessel. Following the first trials of steam came the great epoch of clipper ships, when the United States took the lead among all seafaring powers. The first clipper was the *Rainbow*, built at New York in 1845, the forerunner of a fleet of vessels which were to prove the swiftest messengers of commerce known to man. The *Rainbow* sailed in February for China and was back in September with a two-hundred per cent profit for her owners. Said her captain:

We met no ship, American or foreign, that does not know the look of her heels. The vessel never will be built that can beat her.

But such vessels were built in America and they aroused the world. In 1853, the *Great Republic*, a clipper of 4555 tons, was constructed by Donald McKay at East Boston: at the time of her launching she

was the world's largest ship. Thus had the *Rainbow* inaugurated a new science of naval architecture, surpassing the development of the *Normandie* and other superliners of today. Foreign builders, at first skeptical, then querulous, then envious, finally gave up in despair, admitting their inability to cope with the products of America's shipyards. England grudgingly relinquished her title of Mistress of the Seas. Yankee ingenuity, combined with Yankee seamanship, kept American ships supreme on every ocean for twenty years. But something was soon to dim this glory — and that was a policy of neglect.

During the vigorous period of maritime achievement, the American mercantile fleet was encouraged by the government, which saw in sailing ships an economic lever to elevate foreign commerce and keep it predominant. But then arrived the era of internal expansion when Americans gradually turned their backs upon the sea. Steam and iron dominated the scene. Government support of the marine was withdrawn, and a great heritage allowed to die. America's merchant fleet lay becalmed for decades in a sea of selfish politics and predatory interests. At the outbreak of the World War, the United States operated only seventeen ships on foreign trade, carrying less than ten per cent of its overseas cargoes. America thus had taken a gambler's desperate chance; had succumbed to the lure of expediency and easy money; had ignored the warnings of her own leaders; only to discover finally that the gambler's chance was a poor throw of the dice, the cost amounting to hundreds of millions. The feverish scramble in 1914 for tonnage among the warring European nations revealed how utterly the United States had forgotten the lessons of the past. America stood at the international bargain table and begged for ships. The United

States, which led the world in invention, industry, and machines, had become a mendicant. The huge network of railroad lines, the millions of automobiles, the initial structure of the aerial transport which was to come in later years, proved of little value in this new crisis. What benefit was land transportation when goods lay piled high on piers along the Atlantic seacoast, waiting for ships which were not destined to appear? In Europe, American grain, commodities, and machinery would have commanded high prices; yet without a merchant fleet the United States was impotent to supply the demand.

Freight rates soared. The price of wheat rose from five to sixty cents per bushel. The transport charge on a bale of cotton to Great Britain mounted from \$3 to \$60. Other staples of world trade showed a corresponding increase. All over America, industrialists fumed in helplessness; agriculture felt the impact of a staggering loss. Even Europe, which for years had attempted to throttle America's efforts to attain equality in world shipping, began to reap the sour fruit of her policies. It was not until 1917 that America, herself then a partner in the war, embarked on a vast emergency shipbuilding program which was to cost more than three billion dollars.

It was a war expenditure. America got ships, but when the war was ended the nation was saddled with 2000 vessels, many of which were not suited to peacetime competition. They were designed on a pre-war pattern, rushed through to completion in the face of a national emergency, and launched in the hope that a few trips through the U-boat zones would justify their fantastic cost. It was a dismal and expensive hope. At the close of the war, the government, through the United States Shipping Board, attempted to operate a number of essential freight and passenger

lines; but the result was a deficit running as high as forty million dollars annually. Gradually private shipowners were encouraged to take over these lines, the Shipping Board retired, with evident relief, from the operations field, and private lines expanded to the point where they offered scheduled services to seaports all over the world. Of the emergency fleet built during the war, all the vessels except the few that have been reconditioned now represent a dead loss. The balance are either obsolete or unable to compete profitably with the modern vessels of other nations.

In 1928, the government, alarmed by the trend of marine affairs and foreseeing a repetition of the 1914 crisis, put into effect a sound though incomprehensive plan for rebuilding the merchant marine. This provided a system of mail contracts for American ships, to offset the cheaper operating level of foreign vessels. The contracts were simply a subsidy masquerading under an assumed name; yet the government at last had given cognizance to the fact that American ships, due to higher construction and maintenance costs, could not compete with the vessels of low-wage nations. The Merchant Marine Act of May 22, 1928, increased the federal ship construction loan fund to 250 millions, and established rates of pay for mail transportation, based on the size and speed of vessels, and the length of their outward voyages.

Now these contracts, in recent months, have been bitterly attacked by political enemies. Congress, however, openly chose to make the Post Office Department the means of encouraging not only fast passenger lines for the carrying of considerable mail, but additional lines, including freight service, which would transport virtually none. This program has resulted in

public "disclosures" that some vessels carry only a "hatful" of mail, at an annual average cost, per pound, of some hundreds of dollars. Such statements have created newspaper headlines, but they overlook the fact that mail subsidy contracts obtain for the government many services of high national value. In addition to transporting mail, the ship lines must:

Maintain service on regular schedules satisfactory to the Post Office Department for a period of ten years; maintain crews of which two-thirds are American citizens; construct new ships to designs approved by the Navy Department and suitable to conversion to naval auxiliary service in time of war; abandon the vessel to the government in event of a national emergency at its "fair actual value", without any enhancement of price due to war. Furthermore, the contractors agree to enroll and train cadets, and to maintain operations over a period of years to foreign ports with resultant benefits to American commerce.

Thus, if the mail contracts cannot be termed an over-generous gift from a paternalistic government, at least their effect upon the merchant marine has been beneficial. In the five-year period following the enactment of the marine bill, private operators laid the foundations for a merchant fleet designed to carry a reasonable share of America's foreign trade. Six hundred ships were placed in operation to six hundred ports in one hundred and twenty-five countries, islands, and territories. The construction loan provisions of the act resulted in the building of fifty-seven new ships and the reconditioning of thirty-nine others. Yet only through continued governmental assistance can this favorable situation be maintained. So long as the United States must compete with the cost differential of foreign countries, so long

must a substantial ship subsidy be granted in Washington—a subsidy commensurate with the vital importance of American overseas commerce.

III

Although American shipowners are actively in the market for passengers, they appear to have no intention of competing with the super-liners flying the flags of other nations. They believe that smaller ships, almost as luxurious and almost as fast, will turn the tide of traffic. Already this has proved the case with such American-built vessels as the *Manhattan* and the *Washington* of the United States Lines, which today are operating at a profit. These liners, constructed with federal funds allotted under the loan provisions of the marine act of 1928, represent the trend in shipping thought on this side of the Atlantic. And yet there has been an insistent demand from the traveling public for at least one huge liner, one super-vessel, to uphold the dignity of America's maritime power. Shipping men, however, are deaf to the appeal, based as it is on a lack of knowledge of the peculiar problems inherent to the sea-borne commerce of the United States.

The traveling public supports the belief that America is a flag-waving, patriotic nation which indulges in superlatives. The United States boasts of the tallest buildings, the fastest commercial aeroplanes; the most luxurious trains, the finest automobiles. Everything that is Biggest and Best is approved with considerable enthusiasm. Nevertheless, it must be recorded that the maiden voyages of the largest and most sumptuous Atlantic liners are always to the port of New York, not from it. Even the *Leviathan* made her first trip as the *Vaterland*, from Hamburg. In the face of

this record, it would appear that there is strong antipathy on the part of American shippers towards the super-liner. So there is. And with sound reason.

Ship line operators admit that another vessel such as the *Leviathan* might be useful from the viewpoint of world publicity. But for every other reason they stand adamant, thumbs turned down. The cost of reconditioning the *Leviathan*, the deficits incurred in her operation, the large sums required for payment of her crew and fuel bills, the lack of interest revealed by the public in America's flagship when she was in the North Atlantic service, have combined to turn the shipper away from the shibboleth of Biggest and Best. He discovered regretfully that the *Leviathan* was unable to create more than a certain nationalistic pride among American citizens, a pride which did not manifest itself in a rush of passengers to the United States Lines' piers. And pride, the shipping man contends, does not pay dividends. Profits accrue from well-filled, first-class cabins.

Recently, when the French Line's *Normandie* steamed up the Hudson to conclude her record-breaking maiden voyage, she passed the *Leviathan*, moored to a pier in Hoboken, alone and neglected, her hull and funnels grimed with smoke from Jersey's waterfront factories. Like a stricken saurian, she lay forlorn in her slip, forgotten by public and shipper alike.

"A tragic sight," someone remarked to an American maritime expert in the *Normandie* welcome party.

"If you view it sentimentally — yes," he replied. "But the United States Lines would rather see her there than in the Atlantic service. It is cheaper to pay the penalty demanded by the government for keeping her out of commission than to stand the operating loss of plying her between New York and Southampton."

Now it is admitted that the *Normandie* has established a new standard in maritime engineering and design. For this, full credit is due. But the cost of building this vessel, even in French shipyards, was more than fifty million dollars. And it is a fact, bulwarked by experience, that no private shipping concern can construct and operate such a liner on a profitable basis. The loss, therefore, must be written off by vast government subsidy. Why this unlimited generosity? Does the blue ribbon for Atlantic speed lure more passengers to the *Normandie*, and the other vessels of the French Line? Does it bring more freight to the ships flying the tricolor of France? The answer in both cases is a quite definite no.

When the *Normandie* arrived in New York, the American newspapers treated the incident as an international goodwill affair, warranting pages of pictures and ballyhoo. To the French Line, this publicity might have been highly valuable as the equivalent of thousands of dollars in advertising; it may, at least temporarily, divert considerable passenger traffic — those travelers who still prefer the Biggest and Best, and who possess sufficient funds to indulge their fancy. But consider the American businessman shipping a cargo of lumber, or grain, or hides, or farm products, or machinery, or automobiles, to, say, the port of Havre. Will he be swayed by the equivalent of thousands of dollars in advertising? Hardly — if he is an astute student of commercial affairs. He will not transfer his freight shipment to a vessel named, for example, the *Ville de Dieppe*, unless that vessel is faster, more trustworthy, and her rates more reasonable than the American ship *City of Baltimore*, or the *McKeesport*, on which he intended originally to transport his wares.

It is impossible for a huge liner such as

the *Normandie* to operate except at a loss, unless she sails from either side of the Atlantic with every berth and cabin occupied. This gratifying condition (for the French Line) may be possible for perhaps six round-trips per year, covering a period of three months—the peak season in Spring and early Summer when Americans travel to Europe, and the weeks in early Autumn when these same tourists return home. Admittedly, then, no private shipping concern would dare to undertake such a dolorous investment. This puts the question squarely up to the government so generous with its subsidies. What return does France expect from the *Normandie*, and from the lush publicity awarded her by the American press?

From the viewpoint of the legislators on the banks of the Seine, it is argued that the construction of the *Normandie* furnished employment to thousands of technical workers, and kept in circulation a considerable amount of money. From the viewpoint of the French Admiralty, it is argued that the ship will be valuable to the French navy in event of war. She might well serve, for the military establishment, in three ways: 1. As a troop vessel for transporting colonial regiments across the Mediterranean from Africa. 2. As a swift auxiliary cruiser. 3. As an aircraft carrier. For this last service she would undoubtedly prove most useful—it is known that her aft funnel can be dismounted and her upper superstructure removed, her top deck then providing a take-off area comparable in size to an average land field. Operating in this manner with other vessels of the French fleet, she would greatly enhance the navy's striking power. But before the *Normandie's* worth in this field can be assayed, France must of necessity go to war. Until then, the issue remains open to dispute.

Thus the question of super-ships can be dismissed to the realm of theory and debate, as already it has been dismissed by those who control the destinies of America's merchant marine. The struggle for supremacy no doubt will continue in Europe, without interference from this side of the Atlantic. The *Queen Mary* in 1936 may best the *Normandie's* speed record; and perhaps the *Bremen*, reported to have something in reserve in her engine room, may surpass both. The race will always produce good newspaper copy, if not for the front pages then at least for the sporting columns. Meanwhile the United States can best devote her time and efforts to the lowly but more profitable freight traffic of the seven seas.

Freighters are the delivery wagons of the world's trade and commerce; eighty-five per cent of American foreign business is water-borne. Thus, proponents of America's industrial supremacy cannot afford to ignore the vehicles which make this trade possible. No matter what type the ship, from the fast but medium-sized ocean liners to the plodding freighters and sturdy tramps, they are all the backbone of our export empire.

IV

Fluctuant conditions in the modern world and the play of economic forces join to make an American merchant marine indispensable for the future. The predominant factors are the trend towards nationalism, the variable complexion of foreign trade, the tendency towards a negotiated business balance between nations, and the collapse of all efforts seeking an equable ratio in naval armaments. The public sentiment for maintaining the flag on the trade routes of the world need not be considered. Eliminating this intangible factor, a num-

ber of reasons exist for the support and rehabilitation of mercantile shipping, any one of which may more than balance the required outlay of federal funds.

The trend towards nationalism, ironically enough, dictated the development of shipping at the very time when the volume of world trade was in process of tremendous reduction and readjustment. Few nations today are completely self-contained. The world's maritime trade consists, in theory, of an interchange of commodities which are produced more efficiently and more cheaply by the contracting parties. In other words, specialization carried into the international field is in itself the result of transactions beneficial to all concerned. Trade, in the world's sense of the word, being unable to survive upon any other basis, a sustaining mercantile fleet becomes of prime importance to the successful maintenance of this commerce.

Secondly, the changing complexion of foreign business has accentuated the need for controlled distribution of industrial and agricultural products. In former times, America's raw materials were in large demand by less-favored lands. With the years, backward areas have been opened to exploitation, and they have entered competitive trade with such staples as cotton, wheat, tobacco, wool, ores, leather, oil, and coal. America meanwhile was changing into an industrial power, and offering for sale manufactured articles which were to make her the greatest exporter among nations. Those countries to which the United States formerly sold wares have evolved into commercial powers; they are utilizing their own resources; they are considering, in their forward surge, the necessity of a merchant marine, an adjunct which they lack today. Yet America, still the greatest of industrial forces, requires ships to carry goods to them in increasing quantity—

goods which are in demand, and which are sold through the medium of controlled distribution.

Thirdly, the growing tendency towards identical competition in world markets makes ships more vital than ever before. When Germany possessed a monopoly in dye stuffs, and America was able to sell its cotton surplus, the problem was a simple one. But today, with India, Brazil, Egypt, and Australia challenging American cotton growers, and the dye industry flourishing in several nations, a natural basis for the exchange of business has been destroyed. The example could be multiplied indefinitely. The further we progress from the natural exchange of commodities—and interchange where one nation is able to supply what another lacks—the more important it becomes to exercise control over a well-balanced merchant fleet. Ships, both freight and passenger, assist in the development of markets, and stand as the only guarantee of fast, adequate, and economic transport.

The final factor to be emphasized in present world conditions is the apparent collapse of international naval agreements, a regrettable occurrence which America cannot afford to ignore. Merchant ships must by their nature remain germane to the issue. A navy without auxiliary support is only partially effective; and until the world can reach some conclusion as to the future of naval strength, American merchant ships must be considered not only as an implement of trade but as a decisive factor in preserving facilities for national defense.

Little mention is required here of the controversies which have raged in Congress about America's marine policy. Opponents of the ocean mail contracts, under the leadership of Senator Black of Alabama, have advocated outright govern-

ment ownership and operation of all American vessels. They recently forced a congressional investigation of the mail contracts and their beneficiaries, which provided many columns of copy for the newspapers. The inquiry, its instigators declared, uncovered material of a scandalous nature. The ship lines denied this, emphasizing that a number of the transactions most severely criticized occurred not under the present subsidy program but during the operations of the former Shipping Board. The battle, however, continues on a long and wordy front. The net result at this writing is that President Roosevelt, a militant champion of America's merchant fleet, has not seen fit to cancel a single mail contract, while in the meantime a new measure has been introduced in Congress—the Copeland-Bland bill—which has Presidential approval, and which for the first time brings maritime problems into the open, dismisses the mail contracts *in toto*, and demands a direct ship subsidy under its real name, to be administered by the Department of Commerce. No lump sum is mentioned in the Copeland-Bland bill, its sponsors be-

lieving this to be a problem for careful study. The shipowners stand firm on their demand for financial parity, *i.e.*, sufficient assistance to overcome the lower building and operating costs of foreign nations. Their answer to critics is that all American shipping lines have been losing money for several years—a total sum millions in excess of the present mail contracts. They meet theory with facts and figures; so far they have more than held their own in the legislative combat.

To them, and to a number of national leaders, it appears obvious that if America has prospered for more than one hundred and fifty years, it is because the founders were men who could envisage an empire within their minds. The present effort in Washington to remove the merchant marine problem from the hands of special political and financial interests, is a step in a similar direction. If it is vital to the American nation to carry its sea-borne commerce in its own ships, government assistance, both comprehensive and farsighted, should be forthcoming. What is needed today is an efficient, adequate, profit-paying merchant marine.

THE CLINIC

New York City: the 49th State

BY STANLEY WALKER

THE time has come for a forthright demand that New York City cut loose from New York State and form a separate commonwealth. We want a new and glorious forty-ninth star in the flag. We want to be free from the bedeviling of up-state appleknockers. We want to be ourselves.

This suggestion is not treason, and it wouldn't matter much if it were. The secession idea has been broached from time to time, but always timidly, in the form of vague yearnings and academic suggestions. The arguments in favor of nibbling off the rich and populous City to make a new commonwealth are many and logical, and the idea is perfectly feasible. What to call it? Call it anything you like. General Hugh S. Johnson, America's greatest phrasemaker, once referred to the town on the Hudson as "Bright-Eyes". That would be good enough. Or we might call it Manhattan. Or Stuyvesant. Or Gansevoort. Or Old Forty-Nine. Or simply Toots. The name would be simple, once the separation was accomplished. Perhaps rural New York would agree to change its name and let the City call itself New York State. This trivial consideration need not worry us.

Now there are plenty of dull arguments, backed with statistics, which could be pulled out to prove that the City should be a separate state, but the principal argument, the one on which the proponents of the change are banking most heavily, lies

in the realm of psychology and certain recognized social facts. The man who lives in the City may love Broadway, or Fifth Avenue, or Canarsie, or the Flushing Meadows, but he has no affection whatever for Albany, Buffalo, or Hoosick Falls. He may not even know that he lives in what is sometimes called the Empire State: he thinks this is the name of a building on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. The City fellow regards the up-staters with the same condescension, sometimes mixed with contempt, with which he regards the rural inhabitants of Iowa or Texas. They are outlanders, these semi-barbaric hordes of repressed and daffy yokels who are always following strange gods, passing laws like Prohibition, and inventing curious cults.

On the other hand, up-state New Yorkers have the same suspicion, fear, and envy of the City dwellers that corrodes the gizzards of peasants in the rest of the United States. These earthbound clodhoppers, with inferiority complexes dating from a boyhood passed in shoveling out the barnyard, regard the City as a strange and unfriendly place, almost a foreign country. Manhattan, to these frightened and dull *paisanos*, is peopled with rude, hurrying city slickers, many of whom say "toimerl" for turmoil and "hoyt" for hurt. Wall Street is there, full of robber barons who spend their days in milking the rest of the country, and their nights in un-

speokable debauchery in Park Avenue penthouses, drinking *Pol Roger* out of women's slippers. Every other citizen of New York, in the eyes of the outlander, is either a pickpocket or a sybarite, a con man or a Good-Time Charlie. Broadway is too evil to mention; its sins are well known. Dirty books and magazines are all published in New York. The City reeks with Jews, Catholics, atheists, communists, nudists, Republicans, Public Enemies, chow dogs, Rolls-Royces, and Heywood Broun.

If it were not for the taxes the City pays to the federal government, it is probable that the rest of the country would be delighted if New York City became not merely a separate state, but a distinct and separate principality, with no allegiance or connection with the Republic. All right. The City is full of potential monarchs who could give a good account of themselves as rulers of the sovereign commonwealth of Bright-Eyes. Offhand there come to mind Alfred E. Smith, Robert Moses, Edward P. Mulrooney, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Jack Dempsey, and Barney Gallant. Or Arthur Brisbane might consent to do the job, using his stable of gorillas as a palace guard. Anyhow, there is plenty of timber.

The secession idea has sound precedent. It is perfectly legal. Other states have done the same thing, and others have threatened to do it within the last year. A few wind-burned dreamers want to take twenty-three counties in western Oklahoma and forty-six counties from northern Texas and form a new state to be called Texlahoma. Inhabitants of this Godforsaken area, whose interests, witless aspirations, and miseries are about the same, call themselves "the forgotten people", meaning that the lawmakers and pap-dispensers don't appear to give a

damn about them. Likewise, the division of northern and southern California has been suggested, which makes sense. Counties in western North Dakota, South Dakota, and eastern Wyoming, all afflicted with the same plagues, want to form a separate state. Why don't they simply pack up and move away? Well, the idea doesn't occur to them.

Already New York City rivals Albany as the actual state capital. Last summer Mayor John Boyd Thacher of Albany said he feared his city would become only a place where the Legislature meets, which is a dreary prospect to anyone who has ever seen that pack of solons in full cry. The total force of state employees at Albany is about 5200; there are 3000 in New York City. But all agencies for harassing, uplifting, and pauperizing the urban citizen are directed legally from Albany. From there emanate the legislation, rules, edicts, and regulations which affect the automobiles, the health habits, the labor, and the booze of the resident of New York City. Albany, as explorers have reported many times in recent years, is a dull place, peopled by officeholders, O'Connells, and a few jaded descendants of the old Dutch patroons. New York City is quite able to handle its own affairs, and the sooner it decides to do so the better for all concerned. Except for technicalities, it is already, in spirit and fact, a separate entity — glorious and insolent.

Ever since 1626, when Peter Minuit, representing the Dutch West India Company, purchased the Island of Manhattan from a bunch of goggle-eyed aborigines for \$24 worth of gewgaws, the City, or New Amsterdam as it first was called, has shown an independent disposition. Minuit was governor for four years. His company, to attract colonists, began giving away large grants of up-state land to any

man who would bring fifty settlers from Holland. The headmen of these groups were known as patroons or Lords of the Manor, and a mighty fine set of men they were too. But they laid the foundation up-state for the rural hierarchy—stubborn, old-fashioned, grumpy, and stiff-necked—that centuries later was to hamstring the citizens of New York City.

In 1653 the settlement on the southern tip of Manhattan Island was incorporated as a city. Even then it had begun to attract many nationalities. Father Jogues, a Jesuit missionary, wrote that he had been told there were “men of eighteen different nationalities in the town”. The English took possession in 1664, lost it to the Dutch, and then retook it in 1674. In 1686 the famous Dongan Charter, which still furnishes part of the base for the City’s government, was granted. It was in line with the instructions of the Duke of York to give the City “immunities and privileges beyond what other parts of my territory do enjoy”.

As early as 1684 the city showed signs of being suspicious or snooty toward visiting hayseeds. Rules were formed for reporting the presence of strangers in the City. If the stranger stayed one month, he was required to pay all taxes and perform all duties required of other residents.

By 1731, when the Montgomerie Charter was issued, the Governor and the Provincial Assembly were already encroaching more and more upon the government of the City—which hadn’t been the idea of the Duke of York at all. Provincial acts were passed supplementing the City charter, just as in the present century the Legislature at Albany, controlled generally by up-state bluenoses and pinchpennies (and darned few real patroons in the lot), has saddled a mass of special legislation on the City—legislation which handcuffs the

noble, if sometimes gaudy, gestures of the City bosses. Indeed, many bills have been passed which are actually hostile to the City; it is as if the rural legislators, burned up over some fancied slight in a night club, had tried to get even by imposing a lot of foolish rules on that consistently philanthropic and forward-looking organization known as Tammany Hall.

And now as to statistics. The five boroughs of the present City would, if welded into the State of Bright-Eyes, have 578 miles of waterfront, an area of 308.86 square miles, an extreme breadth of sixteen and one-half miles. The population would be about 7,500,000, making it third in the country. The City has 26,604 manufacturing establishments, making many gadgets, some useful and some merely amusing. In 1933, twenty-two per cent of the internal revenue collected by the federal government was paid by the State of New York, and the City contributed between seventy and eighty per cent of that. One could go on this way forever, quoting car loadings, bank clearings, water rates, budgets, excerpts from the *World Almanac* and the speeches of James J. Walker. To sum up, the City is a mighty big place and a lot of folks live there.

As long ago as 1914, George McAneny, one of the City’s most consistent thinkers, told the Academy of Political Science that New York was “clearly entitled to an unusual degree of home rule”, adding: “It seems absurd that in affairs affecting so great an aggregate of people, affecting the annual spending of so many millions of dollars, decisions should be made by a Legislature sitting 150 miles away in which, moreover, we have a minority representation”. McAneny has not been sounded out recently on the separate state idea, but he is a reasonable, sensible man, and probably can be counted on to add re-

spectability and logic to the growing campaign for independence. Another thinker who might be persuaded to join the movement is Professor Howard Lee McBain of Columbia University, who has pointed out that the Legislature often has decided purely local matters, such as who should bear the cost of widening a Brooklyn street, or how patients should be moved from one hospital to another. Indeed, Professor McBain, speaking of the old charters, uttered this splendid sentence: "In them the anachronistic phrases of colonial, post-revolutionary and antebellum legislation locked intimate arms with the anfractuuous verbiage of more modern enactments." It is doubtful if more than three men in New York State north of the Bronx can define "anfractuuous", and yet these up-staters continue to run the City.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Peter Grimm, and Mayor LaGuardia are among the other articulate citizens of New York City who at one time or another have chafed under the imposition of unreasonable regulations upon the City's government. We probably can count on them. All are strong men, pure of heart.

Let anyone who thinks this secession idea is a bit on the harebrained side study the state Constitution. He will find nothing which stands in the way of the City separating from the rest of the state and applying for admission to the Union as a forty-ninth member. The nearest that the Constitution comes to discussing the matter is in a paragraph which states that no territory shall be annexed to any city unless the people therein approve by a majority vote at a referendum called for that purpose. The federal Constitution says:

New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union, but no new State shall be formed or erected within the

jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, without the consent of the legislatures concerned as well as of the Congress.

That cute little phrase "without the consent" obviously makes everything all right with the federal government, provided the New York Legislature can be persuaded to stop fiddling around with trivialities, wasting its time in futile quarrels in Albany, and go ahead and decide the issue. No voter should cast his ballot for a member of the Legislature without first pinning him down on how he stands on this question. It can be done.

West Virginia and Virginia, once included in the same state, split up, and everybody, or nearly everybody, was happy. They even hold celebrations now and then to tell what a grand idea it was. It is said, however, that the "two peoples were not homogeneous". Well, if they were not homogeneous, what are the residents of Grand Street, New York City, and the good people of Big Moose, up-state New York, where the temperature sometimes touches 45 below? You wouldn't call Wireless Louis Zeltner of New York City and the Mayor of Gloversville homogeneous. Not if you knew Louis.

The State of New York can divide any time it pleases. Permission is not absolutely explicit in the Constitution, but it is implied. The precedents are there. The State of Texas is in a slightly better position technically, as the terms upon which its annexation was made contain the agreement that with the consent of Texas, four additional states may be made out of her territory. But we need not let that bother us. Texas is too far away.

New York City is, as more than one quick-witted observer has found, different from anything else in America. Let it

then become proudly independent. Let it march on to greater things. The new State of Bright-Eyes would be a lively place. With the Tammany Tiger, the Republican bourbons, the Socialists, and the communists in there battling, every state election would be something to watch. As it is now, few citizens of New York City really care about who is governor unless Al Smith is running. When and if the

new state is carved out (and it will be if all of us put our minds on it and stop staying up all night), life will flow more freely, with infinitely more hot-cha, and the City's laws and customs will be uninhibited by the repressed psyches and nutty ideas of crackerbox legislators from unpronounceable towns up toward Lake Erie.

Well, why not? Bring on The Life More Abundant!



The Story of Rejuvenation

BY HARRY J. BENJAMIN

FIFTEEN years ago rejuvenation was front-page news, the topic of the hour. Sensational accounts of the "defeat of old age" were due, first, to the echo which a scientific treatise by Professor Eugen Steinach of Vienna found in the daily press, and, second, to the interviews which Professor Serge Voronoff of Paris liberally gave to international newspaper correspondents. Innumerable monkey-gland jokes followed and the rejuvenation theme was used in plays, films and in novels, sometimes seriously and intelligently, more often flippantly exaggerated or merely speculative of sexual implications.

But great changes in the whole conception of rejuvenation have occurred since that time. It is realized now that the word itself was unfortunate because it was inexact and misleading. Rejuvenation—to the layman at least—implies a return to youth. The serious scientists who used this expression had no such thought in mind; they meant to convey the direction of their researches, not their final accomplishments. A return to youth is as much a wish-dream and a medical impossibility now as it was then. But medical pirates

were quick to see a new racket in rejuvenation and promised nothing short of its actual definition. One extreme created another. The conservative medical profession pronounced this entire field of research a fake and, assuming an attitude that was frequently more emotional than scientific, condemned the good with the bad. Both over-enthusiasm and quackery on one side and blind prejudice and ignorance on the other have done equal harm to medical progress.

At present the word *rejuvenation* is no longer used by serious investigators in clinical medicine, except in connection with experiments on lower animals where alone it has a justification. The correct designation is *reactivation*; for we have learned to realize that youth cannot be recaptured. But abundant evidence points to the fact that a certain amount of usefulness can be restored and its period prolonged. While no proof has been offered that years can be added to life, life has undoubtedly been added to years.

Three decades before Steinach, another famous physiologist, the Frenchman, Brown-Séquard, introduced the first prin-

ciple of sex gland treatment utilizing an outside hormone source; the birthday of modern reactivation was that day in 1889 when he reported before the *Société de Biologie* in Paris that he had succeeded in overcoming his own general old age debility through injections of an extract derived from animal testicles. While his colleagues ridiculed and insulted him and while the press sensationalized his statements, prospective patients pursued Brown-Séquard, and he had to flee to England until the excitement died down. In the light of modern researches, the extent of his actual results must be doubted, but his fundamental idea was sound. Dr. R. G. Hoskins, the conservative endocrinologist of Harvard Medical School, now admits that the ridicule to which "this able observer" was subjected was "not entirely justified."

History repeated itself when Steinach published his treatise *Rejuvenation* in 1920. In spite of its conservative statements and its summary: "Within modest limits the processes of aging can be retarded," a storm broke and a scientific controversy set in, the intensity and acrimony of which betrayed the high emotional potential it contained.

But there had occurred to Steinach one of those royal thoughts, the rare gift of an ingenious mind. The male sex gland, he reasoned, has two separate functions: one, for the race and for procreation (*i.e.*, the discharge of spermatozoa); the other for the individual and for recreation (*i.e.*, by means of the male hormone, which is responsible for masculinity and essential for proper sex potency). Destroying the first—unimportant for the aging man anyhow—might strengthen the function of the second. By tying off the canal through which the spermatozoa are discharged, Steinach claimed to have pro-

duced the desired result: the procreative function of the gland subjected to this operation (vasoligation) was ended and the production of the male hormone, secreted into the blood stream, seemed to increase—judging by the more youthful behavior of the rats, guinea pigs and dogs used in the experiment. Moreover, the microscopical examination of the gland itself, he reported, showed corresponding changes: there was a decrease in the amount of spermatozoa-producing tissue and an increase in the hormone-producing interstitial cells. The last guinea pigs to undergo this operation were men; middle-aged and old men. To Steinach and his collaborators there was no doubt that these patients responded to vasoligation also, though less strikingly than did the laboratory animals. Instead of giving life to children, aging men were to be made to give life to themselves.

In the course of years, thousands of men were operated on all over the world. Enthusiastic reports appeared in medical literature, along with sarcastic criticisms disputing them. Supporting testimony often lacked thorough critical evaluation of the results; while the critics frequently lacked scientific objectivity and sufficient experience. There were overstatements on one side and understatements on the other. Recently Steinach has won an almost complete victory for his theoretical claims, for his two foremost antagonists (Prof. Benda of the University of Berlin and Prof. Romeis of the University of Munich), who had contradicted his laboratory findings, retracted their objections and conceded the correctness of his position. Clinically, however, the divergence of opinion regarding the Steinach operation still persists. This divergence may be explained partly by overexpectations and consequent disappointments; partly by

puritanical emotional factors; partly by the technique of an operation which gives different results in different hands; and, finally, by the short time during which patients have remained under observation.

It is impossible to say how many Steinach operations have been, and are being performed for reactivation, or how many Steinach treatments are given to women. The patient, fearing ridicule, carefully keeps his secret, and the physician, fearing criticism, keeps the secret too. In all probability, fewer operations are performed now than formerly; but those who are intimately acquainted with the advantages of vasoligation believe that some time in the future the same principle, perhaps the same operation slightly modified, will, so to speak, be rediscovered. And if this second discoverer is a physician belonging to the medical powers that be, general recognition may be granted Steinach's brain child at last. As matters stand now, the operation is employed mainly as an aphrodisiac; as such it seems less successful than as a reactivating procedure.

The first sex gland principle, originally recommended by Brown-Séquard, found its most sensational application in transplantation methods, and its most modern use in the injections of isolated biologically tested male and female hormone solutions. Realizing the impossibility of transplanting human glands on a large scale, Voronoff resorted to the glands of anthropoid apes, as blood-related to the species *Homo sapiens*. But this biological blood relation was finally found to be insufficient to insure healing in the transplanted organ. Therefore, individual blood-grouping between the human recipient and the ape donor is now done before the operation, the same as before blood transfusions (which, after all, are

nothing but transplantations of liquid tissue). The already limited and expensive source of supply is therefore cut down still further. Favorable, as well as unfavorable, reports have been made. Voronoff himself has been much criticized for his widespread publicity; when he goes so far in interviews as to predict an average life span of 140 years from more widely applied monkey gland transplantations, he undoubtedly invites further criticism. No facts bear out his statements as yet.

Other forms of transplantations, better described as implantations, are more widely used. These methods utilize the gland substance of rams or goats. This soft material, reduced to a paste, can be injected under the skin with syringe and needle. No claims as to permanent results have been made for such methods. The gland substance can never become a part of the human body, but while being absorbed may exert a favorable reactivating influence. Implantations must be repeated every few months.

All glands and gland substances are principally transplanted or implanted on account of the specific sex hormones they contain. The glands themselves, however, yield too little of the precious material; they are the factories but not the storehouses for their specific hormones. Therefore, chemists have looked for other sources, and found them in the blood and body excretions. Fairly large quantities of the hormone can thus be produced. The next step has been their chemical identification and their synthetic manufacture. The latter has only been partly accomplished, but the near future promises much in this direction.

Drawing conclusions from the medical writings on reactivation and the recorded clinical evidence for and against it, one

cannot help feeling in sympathy with the positive and more hopeful view on the subject. The case *for* reactivation is more convincing than the case *against* it. The future will probably see a gradual (perhaps silent) recognition of some of the methods now in use. With a clearer un-

derstanding of the enormously complicated nature of the various endocrine glands, and with further biochemical success in isolating and manufacturing hormones, an old-age period containing fewer handicaps, fewer illnesses, less suffering, and more satisfaction can be foreseen.



Calling Names in Any Language

BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

LANGUAGES are generally supposed to be faithful mirrors of popular thought and feeling. And no doubt they are — except for the fact that most of them have stubbornly retained a stock of terms and phrases deeply rooted in bygone days. This noteworthy tendency to conservatism in man's speech, hand in hand with an equally strong bent for modernism, produces the mixture of old and new which is characteristic of every highly developed language today. The conservative tendency shows strongest, perhaps, in those ways of speaking by which we refer to racial peculiarities of foreign nations. The contradictions here exposed are frequently striking: nations now on the most friendly terms still indulge in utterly impertinent statements about one another, mere remnants of a long-forgotten past; while others, at present violently opposed, have not yet contrived to forge linguistic weapons against their new enemies. National characteristics, universally familiar, have enduring advertisement in the various tongues.

For instance, the English possess, linguistically speaking, a world-wide reputation as moneylenders. In several languages *Englishman* and *creditor* have become synonymous, as may best be illustrated by

the old French expression *avoir un tas d'anglais à ses trouses* (to have lots of Englishmen hanging upon one's skirts). But in Spain and Italy a somewhat different use is made of the word *inglese*, the latter country in particular having a variety of applications for this term, none of them very pleasant. Let an Italian attempt to cheat a countryman, and a quick halt will be put to the transaction by the question: "*Mi prende per inglese?*" (Do you take me for an Englishman?), the Britisher here being the prototype of the prosperous and gullible tourist whom every native has a sacred right to fleece. Again, the phrase *far l'inglese* (pretend to be English) is used to describe a person feigning ignorance or non-comprehension. In Spanish, the same role is attributed to the Swede: *hacerse el sueco* (pretend to be Swedish).

A well-known French locution, *filer à l'anglaise* (to decamp in the English manner), is applied to the questionable leave-taking of one who slinks away without notice, usually leaving unpaid bills behind. The compliment is accurately returned, of course, by the English *take French leave*, and Germans and Spaniards agree with *französischen Abschied nehmen* and *despedirse a la francesa*. Italy,

with a stern Roman equity, tries to balance the scales by using both *andarsene all'inglese* and *partirsi alla francese*.

Other frequent references in French to supposed English peculiarities are: *faire une anglaise* (pay one's own way), and *mariage à l'anglaise*, an expression referring to the husband and wife who shortly after their wedding decide to live separately.

Scotland and the Scotch are much better treated in French than in English. Though the alleged parsimony of the Scotch is everywhere the most inexhaustible of laughing stocks, France persists in dubbing a generous reception *une hospitalité écossaise*. But on the other hand, the kilt has led to some misunderstandings, for the phrase *être en écossais* is used to describe a person who has nothing on but his shirt. To their English neighbors, however, the Scotch appear not only as niggards but also as hotheads; viz., *Oh, what a Scot he was in!* Similarly, a person who becomes vexed easily incurs the risk of being called a *Scot*. Answering in *Scotch fashion* is to reply with a counter-question, and a *Scotch prize* is one won by mistake.

References to Ireland appear in no other language than English, and hardly favorably there. A false witness is said to give *Irish evidence*, perhaps with that *Irish assurance* which denotes a mixture of impudence and stupidity. Anything termed *Irish* generally conveys the opposite meaning: for instance, *Irish promotion* (a degradation), an *Irishman's dinner* (a fast), and an *Irishman's hurricane* (a dead calm). When a soldier is sentenced to military detention he will be marched to *the Irish theater*; a man who leaves a noisy festival with two black eyes is said to have attended an *Irish wedding*; an absurd or contradictory statement is labeled an *Irish bull*; and the exclamation *You're Irish!* denotes unintelligibility.

If Ireland, guilty of long resistance to British rule, can hardly expect amenities from the English language, Holland, once Britain's most dangerous rival on the seas, has been given no quarter either. A *Dutch bargain* is a bad one; a *Dutch feast* refers to a party at which the host gets drunk before his guests; a *Dutch treat* means that every man must pay for himself; and a *Dutch auction* is a sham. Furthermore, to *do a Dutch* means to take to one's heels; to offer a *Dutch defense* is to offer none; and to have *Dutch courage* connotes a bravery arising from alcoholic intoxication. While, in saying *I'm a Dutchman if . . .* the Britisher hardly seems to express a wish for belonging to that nation, and in exclaiming *that beats the Dutch!* he makes clear his belief in the Netherlander's overweening swank. A *Dutch comfort* is not much to console oneself with; a *Dutch concert* has little resemblance to music; *talking like a Dutch uncle* means a tedious admonition; and to *talk double-Dutch* is to talk gibberish.

As the Dutchman is to the English, so is the Swiss to the French: for instance the expressions *n'entendre plus raison qu'un Suisse* (to be stubborn), and *autant vouloir parler à un Suisse et se cogner la tête contre un mur* (it's as much use to try and talk to a Swiss as to run your head against a wall). *Fumer comme un Suisse* (to smoke like a chimney) is another compliment the French have in store for their Alpine neighbors, as is *rêver à la suisse* (to daydream with the mouth and eyes wide open); *un amiral suisse* (a naval officer who has never been to sea); and *faire suisse* (to drink by oneself).

As a matter of fact, neither Spaniard nor Italian shows any more regard for Switzerland. The first calls *suizo* anyone who stultifies himself through excessive defer-

ence or blind submission to other people's initiative, while *suiza* (feminine form) is used to picture wild rioting and fighting — *se armó una suiza* (hell broke loose). To the Italians, *svizzero* is simply synonymous with jackass.

Spain itself, however, is abundantly represented in the international vocabulary. The French employ the bizarre expression *parler français comme une vache espagnole* (to talk French like a Spanish cow) in the case of anyone who sins beyond remission against the language. Another locution referring to Iberian conditions is *avoir le ventre à l'espagnole* (to have a Spanish belly, i.e., to be virtually starving); and to this date the Spaniards fret at the famous statement once made by a French writer: *Dans une auberge espagnole, on ne trouve que ce qu'on y a apporté* (In a Spanish inn, you will find only what you have brought there yourself). Nor do they relish the popular use in France of the appellations *un espagnol* for a louse, and *une espagnole* for a flea. *Châteaux en Espagne* (castles in Spain), to characterize imaginative schemes, has become an international expression.

The English refer to *the king of Spain's trumpeter* when they mean a braying ass, and to *walk Spanish* is to be propelled by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the trousers. The Germans seem to be much more impressed by the haughty carriage of the Spanish hidalgo, for they say currently that a person is *stolz wie ein Spanier* (proud as a Spaniard). And the Irish, perhaps dimly recalling early immigrants from Iberia, refer to an ardent lover as a *bold Spaniard*. On the other hand, there is the German *das kommt mir spanisch vor* (this is Spanish to me) to express inability to understand.

There is an international habit of presenting the language of some specific

foreign nation as the prototype of unintelligible speaking. The English say, for instance, *it is all Greek to me*, and refer to the cant of the underworld as *St. Giles' Greek*. The Spaniards also have chosen the Greek, *hablar en griego*, while Italians employ in the same way *parlare tedesco* (to speak German), or *parlare turco* (to speak Turkish). The French say *c'est du haut allemand pour moi* (this is High German to me) alternately with *c'est de l'hébreu pour moi*; but there is also the phrase *passez cela, c'est du grec* (skip that, it's Greek). The Germans, in addition to *das kommt mir spanisch vor*, describe gibberish as *Rotwelsch* or *Kauderwelsch*, which means corrupt Welsh, a term applied during the Middle Ages to all foreigners of Latin extraction.

In the same way has arisen the current use of foreign verbs meaning *to speak*, but applied in a deprecatory manner. For example: the American *parley voo*, mocking the French, and the French use of the Spanish verb, *hablar*, altering it to *hâbler*, the sense of which is to swagger. The Spaniards have reciprocated with *parlar* which now, in Spanish, implies babble or gas.

Another widespread fancy, especially among Southern peoples where bragging is the first of daily sins, consists in stamping the nearest neighbor as a prototype of the outrageous swashbuckler. Thus, the Spaniards call a whacking lie or bluff a *portuguesada*, while the Italians term it a *spagnolata*, the French *une gasconnade*, and so on.

The Greeks, besides owning a language which is the paragon of unintelligibility, enjoy an international reputation, in languages, as cardsharpers and swindlers in general. Except for the German, all languages agree on this point. In France the phrase *expulser les Grecs d'un cercle*

(to expel the Greeks from a casino) is used as if *Greek* and *crook* were interchangeable terms. In the good old days of humanism, the French used to say *être grec en . . .* to denote proficiency; and there is a passage from Corneille, *l'amour, j'y suis grec* (I am a Greek in love), which is distinctly better than being a Greek at the card table. But Paris taxi-drivers' slang now dubs a Greek the customer who omits a tip. I once heard a driver exclaim angrily: *Ah — il n'y a plus que des Grecs à Paris* (there are nothing but Greeks left in Paris).

The Turk appears in all Western languages as a barbarian. *Les amis ne sont pas des Turcs* (a friend is not a Turk) and *traiter quelqu'un de Turc à Maure* (to treat a person as a Turk would treat a Moor) are examples in French. On the other hand, *tête de Turc* (Turk's head) means a poor sufferer who gets it in the neck from all sides, while *fort comme un Turc* (strong as a Turk) is complimentary, though *face du Grand Turc* (the Grand Turk's face) is not—it means the buttocks.

Italians employ a graphic locution, *aver preso il turco pei baffi* (to have grasped the Turk by his moustaches), to picture an exceptional stroke of good luck. To them, the Turk appears further as the most blasphemous swearer (*bestemmiare come un turco*), and a disgusting smoker as well (*fumare come un turco*).

There is no Turk in the Spanish language, but there are plenty of Moors. If you wish, for instance, to advise cautious dealings you may do so by saying *hay moros en la costa* (there are Moors on the coast). Easy swaggering, when all danger is over, finds a sarcastic reply in *a moro muerto, gran lanzada* (when a Moor is dead, go and spear him); *a más moro más ganancia* (the more Moors there are,

the more there is to win) commends, on the contrary, the bravery of fighting against odds.

The ancient and bitter antagonism between France and Germany has produced less hostile comment in standard phrases than one would expect. A few minor items have already been named. Further, a groundless quarrel is called, in French, *une querelle d'Allemand* (German quarrel), and *travailler pour le roi de Prusse* (to work for the king of Prussia) denotes a hard job done without reward. *Exhiber son prussien* (to exhibit one's Prussian) is a popular expression in which *prussien* means the seat of the trousers, and the whole phrase, precipitate flight.

The Germans have few idioms for reply, unless we count *französischen Abschied nehmen* (to take French leave); the now less current *er flucht wie ein Franzose* (he swears like a Frenchman); and *Frosch-esser* (frog-eater).

While the English language refrains from commenting upon the Germans, the Spaniards seem to question the acuteness of their spirit, for they have dubbed a very silly—and generally homemade—class of jests *chistes alemanes* (German jokes).

Poland has supplied both the French and German languages with a number of unflattering expressions. The first resorts to *soûl comme un Polonais* (as drunk as a Pole) to picture the supreme state of intoxication, while the German often describes a place of confusion and noisy disagreement as a *polnischer Reichstag*, an historical allusion to the lack of order and unity in the Polish Parliament which led to the famous partitions of that country. Another German expression *polnische wirtschaft* (Polish household), caps the aforesaid by adding to it the notion of the dinginess and misery due to the poor conditions in which the Polish peasantry of

the former Eastern provinces once lived.

The Far East may be represented in this brief glossary by the numerous remarks concerning the Chinese that are found in most languages. There is for instance the English *Chinese compliment*, which is a warning against the seeming deference of the Oriental. A Frenchman who disapproves of administrative chicanery will say that the service is using *chinoiseries* (Chinaman's ways). In Spanish, a person who is prolix in explaining an obvious matter will be challenged by a contemptuous *somos chinos?* (do you think we are Chinamen?).

In general, references to America, in these languages, are rare. In French, there is a term *un oeil américain* (an American eye) to describe a sharp, scrutinizing look from which there is no escape; and likewise, if you wish to state that you are not easy to dupe, you may express this by remarking that you have *un oeil américain*. In almost all Latin languages a term similar to *vol à l'américaine* (American theft) is employed to characterize a specific sort of larceny under false pretenses — the confidence game — while an Italian modernism dubs every publicity stunt *un'americanata*.



The Menace of Marihuana

BY ALBERT PARRY

IT is not generally known that marihuana, the smoking of which in this country has been on the rapid increase, is the same drug as hashish. Both are derived from the same hemp plant of the *cannabis sativa* class. From the Orient comes our word "assassin," and out there it sprang from the word "hashish." In Malay, natives under the influence of hashish are said to run amuck; there, the words "hashish" and "amuck" are synonyms. Hence, the danger presented by the growing consumption of marihuana in America.

Dr. Walter Bromberg, Senior Psychiatrist of Bellevue Hospital, New York, who has made a comprehensive study of the addiction in this country, remarks: "British investigators in India tell us that hashish does not bring out the excitement or hysterical symptoms in Anglo-Saxons that occur in native users. But marihuana or hashish smoking as a mass phenomenon among the Anglo-Saxons is comparatively

new." So new, in fact, that few statistics have been gathered on the subject as yet. But in the South, where the practice is older, we already have many marihuana smokers who suffer from extreme inertness or violent irritability, both conditions leading to a disintegration of personality. In a few years we may have the same mass-condition in the Northern states.

The spread of marihuana smoking in the Southern belt is described by an elderly doctor who states that whereas thirty-five years ago the frequency of narcotic addiction in his medical practice was in the order of morphine, cocaine, chloral, bromide, now it is the barbituric acid group first, marihuana second. The role of the latter as a crime instigator is suggested by the report of the public prosecutor in New Orleans who in 1930 found that of 450 prisoners he dealt with, 125 were marihuana addicts. Slightly less than half of the murderers, about twenty per

cent of the larceny men and about eighteen per cent of the robbery prisoners smoked what they called Merry Wonder. A recent report from Denver stated: "Most crimes of violence in this section, especially in country districts, are laid to users of marihuana."

The loco weed of the Southwest is the same hemp that produces marihuana; the sinister meaning of the old expression, "gone loco," may now well apply to the new crop of addicts. The smoke and smell of the drug are not unlike those of burning hay, and many American users call it Indian hay, for it arrived here from Mexico by way of the Southwest where the Indians have been known to grow and smoke it. The present-day menace of the drug is enhanced by the fact that the economics of marihuana growth and sale is simple: the low price of the weed, as compared with the high costs of other drugs, is the main reason for its rapid spread. The hemp plant grows wild or can be cultivated almost anywhere in the United States. The illicit growers conceal patches of the plant amid the tall tassels of corn, or in fields of sugar beets, or alfalfa, or any other harmless weed. Vacant lots in big cities are handy; a marihuana field of this type was recently discovered in Brooklyn—the authorities had it burned, and peddlers in Harlem set the value of the crop lost at \$50,000. On at least one occasion a marihuana patch was discovered in the truck garden of an inland American penitentiary.

If the plant remains undiscovered until it blossoms, the crop is gathered, dried, and made into cigarettes. The average price per cigarette is fifteen cents, but in large cities it is sometimes as low as two cigarettes for a quarter, and even a dime or nickel each. The cigarettes are known as reefers, and their peddlers as reefer men. The surrep-

titious sale goes on in pool-rooms, beer gardens, tobacco stores, and cheap restaurants. In Chicago a school-supply store was discovered selling reefers to boys and girls, some of whom had become temporarily blinded by the weed. In Denver, reefer men peddled among the local high school pupils, skilfully appealing to their adolescent bravado. Some smokers are even younger than high school age. A report from a Detroit newspaper tells of local Mexicans who grow the weed in rural districts nearby, and of one of their peddlers, an American woman. She gives the reefers to her own children to sell to their school-mates.

Of the youthful smokers in New York a representative example was afforded by a boy of sixteen, a novice in the Hudson Dusters gang. He said that while smoking reefers he felt happy and light, as if he were running or walking on air; but his family, on bringing him to a hospital, revealed that for two months he had been apprehensive, scratching his hands nervously, praying constantly, complaining that somebody was reading his thoughts. Psychologists may well suggest that these youths take to marihuana because there is a certain vacuum in their lives which the present-day family and school cannot fill. The same paucity of aims made marihuana popular in the South.

Among the sickly aesthetes, the weed—as hashish—had been known long before the Mexicans and Indians introduced it. In the first Bohemian group in New York, in the 1850's and '60's, Fitzshugh Ludlow smoked the drug and published his confessions. The son of a clergyman and himself planning to take the orders, he changed his mind, writing: "The sublime avenues in spiritual life, at whose gates the soul in its ordinary state is forever blindly groping, are opened widely by hashish." However,

when he died it was at the early age of thirty-four, and of lungs and nerves ruined by this same drug.

In the Greenwich Village of the 1920's hashish parties were not infrequent. That reefers are known in the Village of the 1930's can be seen from the roll call of marihuana patients in a New York hospital. Here is a man who mumbles that thoughts slip away from him "centrifugally as they do on the ferris wheel at Coney Island." Here is an artist's model in her late twenties who was found rolling in a courtyard with two dogs. She told the police that she had arrived from England, that the liner was wrecked in mid-ocean, that the passengers were eaten by sharks, one of the victims recovering without his skin. Her conversation blends hallucination with literary slang: "I saw Phoenix running down the road. . . . I came down to earth with the Sun God. . . . I heard voices telling me that I was the lowest thing in creation. They said I was a rat, that I smelled bad, that I was syphilitic and a sick cat." She had nightmares about people who "had been very wicked and lost their sense of naturalness and they wanted to make machines and forgot all about beauty and they only made machines to see who could cut the most people. . . ." She sought beauty in reefers but found only pain and misery.

When a Bohemian intellectual boasts that reefers give him that thousand-and-one-nights feeling, he means this mostly in the erotic sense. Some Harlemites, too, smoke the weed as an aphrodisiac. A Negro was brought to a New York hospital because he had run after and threatened two women in the street while under the influence of reefers; he said he had seen in his reefer-dream "a bunch of naked wimmin, some of 'em in bed, black an' white together, like dey was expectin' men."

Harlem cabaret and radio performers smoke reefers for stimulation. They crack under the strain of unhealthy competition, and take to the hay to patch up the crack somehow, to keep going. It is said that a number of radio showfolk, white as well as black, take a puff or two before broadcasting. Similar reports emanate from Times Square theater dressing rooms.

There is already a number of the so-called reefer songs, made popular by the cabaret and the radio: *Smokin' Reefers* from the "Flying Colors" show, with words and music; also *Marawanna*, a rumba without words; and, most celebrated of all, *That Funny Reefer Man*, a Cab Calloway song, but with many variations because almost every Harlem singer makes up his own ditties to it, all praising the stimulating qualities of the drug.

The non-professionals of Harlem, as well as of certain white sections of New York, smoke reefers in an unsuccessful attempt to forget their troubles, economic and otherwise. One of the reefer songs declares about a smoker that "every time he gets a notion, he can walk across the ocean." For the brief moment, a reefer dissipates brooding and gives a feeling of power and grandeur. In another Harlem song the Negro chants that when he says he owns a portion of the Rockefeller fortune you will know that he just met *That Funny Reefer Man*.

One patient in New York is a white man of twenty-six, vain, boyish, who likes to dress fashionably, likes girls, and they in turn call him cute. He is married and has children, but whines that he is not the type to be married. He is miserable, he says, "To puff away the misery," chants one of the reefer songs, "to get beyond the worryin'." Still another patient is a Negress, an undernourished married woman in her early twenties, who, while smoking reefers,

dreamed that she was "a committee to meet the Elks right away." She said she had many robes and rings, saw beautiful colors and heard marvelous sounds, and that every nation was there "to reorganize things". The song tells you to smoke reefers because "you can't change this world you were born in." But in her case, too, there is the doctor's notation: "Irritable, sluggish. Acted in a manic manner. Indefinite ideas of persecution."

Is there a remedy? Marihuana was until lately considered a rather harmless weed, of which little was known. Thus, the Harrison Act—the federal law against traffic

in narcotics, passed in 1914 and amended in 1922—does not mention the drug. Many states, however, have already taken the initiative in the prohibition of its use. The federal authorities co-operate by the preparation of a uniform law of prohibition which they submit to state legislatures. But perhaps a better answer to the problem is within the power of Congress. It could hardly be said that the rights of individual states would be endangered if Congress recognized marihuana as a drug no less vicious than opium, cocaine, morphine or heroin, and passed an act prohibiting its growth and sale.



The Truth About Vitamins

BY JEROME W. EPHRAIM

UPON entering medical school, our future Hippocrates must start again with the rudiments of the alphabet. Willing to compromise with a passing grade in dietetics, he sets to work discovering his A, B, C's and D, E, G's—of vitamins. He quickly realizes that they are food for thought as well as for the body.

Vitamins are substances known to be essential to health and growth, and in some instances they assure protection against disease, but their actual nature remains a mystery. Little has been ascertained of their chemical composition or of how they act in the body. Although the chemistry and function of the other nutritional needs—proteins, carbohydrates, fats, inorganic salts, and water—are known, vitamins thus far have proved too elusive. In fact, so little is known about them that they have never been named, but merely designated as A, B, C, D, E, and G.

Carotene, which has been termed "pri-

mary vitamin A", is the potent pigment responsible for the yellow hue of carrots, sweet potatoes, etc. It is probably the plant source of vitamin A in animal tissues, as apparently it is converted into the vitamin in the liver. The earliest sign of deficiency of vitamin A is a cessation of the body's growth. Eye diseases such as hemeralopia and xerophthalmia follow. The healthy epithelial membranes in the respiratory, alimentary, and genito-urinary tracts break down, rendering the weakened tissues subject to infection. Vitamin A has been called "anti-infective" and claims have been made that it protects the body from infection; but these conclusions are based upon experiments with rats, and however much certain individuals may seem to possess traits of the rodent species, it is only by clinical studies that the accurate application of these findings can be determined in man.

Originally vitamin B was regarded as a

single entity, but so simple a view was exploded when it was established to be a mixture of two substances, the difference being observed in their individual sensitivity to heat. The more familiar of the two, the anti-neuritic, thermolabile component retained the appellation B, and the other, the anti-dermatitis, thermostable component has been called G. The body has a meager capacity for storing vitamin B and therefore symptoms of its deprivation develop rapidly. Extreme deficiency leads to beriberi. This disease is prevalent in the Far East where rations are limited to polished rice and fish, a diet utterly lacking in vitamin B. The malady is extremely rare in the United States where few clinicians have ever had opportunity to observe it. There is substantial evidence that vitamin B serves as a stimulus to the voluntary intake of the normal amount of food, but the potency of the vitamin can disappear more quickly than a rabbit in a silk hat. High temperature is the magician who so quickly destroys it. It may retain, however, a small amount of its power, depending on the degree of temperature, the length of time the heat is maintained, and the conditions under which it is exposed.

Vitamin C is stored in the body only in limited amounts; for this reason, the diet should contain an adequate supply. Scurvy is attributed to lack of the vitamin, while tooth decay is considered definite proof of its deficiency. Perhaps the greatest strides made in recent years in the study of vitamin C have concerned a clearer evaluation of the foods which contain it. Bottle-fed infants are given fruit juice to prevent scurvy, because the milk which constitutes their diet is partially and at times completely deprived of vitamin C during the pasteurizing process, both by the catalytic action of the copper equip-

ment used in dairies and by the rapid oxidation occurring at high temperatures.

Foods now may be canned with only slight loss of the vitamin, if care is taken to protect the latter from the harmful effects of oxygen. Recently two additions have been made to the accrued knowledge of vitamin C. The first is that the vitamin has been found to be associated with ascorbic acid, which can be made synthetically. Secondly, a new process has been substituted for the old biological method of assaying the content of this acid in foods.

Vitamin D is essential to the mineral metabolism of the body, which affects the development and structure of the bones and teeth. Besides this, its inclusion in the diet is necessary to prevent rickets, a widespread disease of childhood. Although its distribution in a natural state is narrowly limited, this is counteracted by the ingenious methods which have been devised for preparing vitamin D and fortifying foods with it. The discovery that parts of the solar spectrum can cause certain organic substances to acquire the properties of vitamin D is little short of miraculous. The substance chiefly activated by the ultraviolet radiation is ergosterol, which is distributed in yeast, plant and animal tissues, and especially in ergot, from which it derives its name. The ultraviolet portion of the sun has the same effect on man as vitamin D, due to the fact that the radiation forms the vitamin from the ergosterol in man's skin. Thus he becomes a sort of miniature irradiated factory of his own.

Vitamin E is the anti-sterility vitamin — at least in rats and mice — and it is also believed to influence the fecundity of rabbits and birds. Its relationship to human fertility has not been clearly established; doubtless it would be small help to the

Ego of Man to find his very existence dependent upon a few dishes of oatmeal. In addition, vitamin E exercises a restraining hand in the development of cancer in chicks, and it is hoped to establish some connection between it and the disease in man. Recently the vitamin is said to have been isolated in crystal form.

The other part of the vitamin B complex is vitamin G (sometimes called B₂), the anti-pellagra vitamin. Although of great value as a preventive of the malady, it has not yet proved a cure. Pellagra is common in the Southern states, taking a high death toll, and in cases of survival often leaves the victim in chronic ill health. Although the disease is associated with the poorer classes, who are unable to obtain a sufficient variety of food, there have been cases among the affluent whose rations have been improperly balanced. Symptoms of pellagra are often manifest in the brother-can-you-spare-a-dime type of alcoholic, who subsists on a diet of bad whisky, coffee, and doughnuts.

Due to the fact that most fresh foods have traces of them, there is ordinarily a sufficient quantity of vitamins in the normal American diet to assure an adequate supply. As yet the paucity of clinical data makes it impossible to know the exact amounts needed for human wants, but a simple rule for assuring a sufficiency is to spend as much money on fruits and vegetables as on meats and fish (and again as much on milk for children). The following table shows how vitamins are distributed in foods:

Vitamins

Excellent Source

- A Butter, raw carrots, cod-liver oil, cream, eggs, milk, spinach, watercress, yeast, wheat germ, liver, kidney, brain.
- B Yeast, wheat germ, liver, kidney.

- C Orange juice, lemon juice, lettuce, cabbage.
- D Cod-liver oil, halibut-liver oil, puffer-fish oil, burbot-liver oil, sardines, Newfoundland herring, viosterol.
- E Lettuce, spinach, watercress, wheat-germ oil.
- G Liver, dried yeast, meat, milk solids, dried egg yolk.

The normal, healthy individual does not need an artificial supply of vitamins. Although products have been heralded as containing anti-sterility, infection-resistant, cold-preventive vitamins and the like, the doubtful basis of such claims is apparent. Further, no matter in what form it is received (including sunlamps), an overabundance of vitamins can cause harm. Excessive amounts appear to reverse the desired effect; for instance, an oversupply of vitamin A seems actually to lower instead of heighten resistance to infection. Too much vitamin D in the form of viosterol causes hypercalcemia.

Under special conditions, the diet should be augmented by larger amounts of vitamins. In infants, growing children, and expectant and lactating mothers, cod-liver oil or a substitute is necessary. Excessive amounts of this oil may be toxic, but the preponderant weight of clinical experience shows it to be utterly harmless in therapeutic doses. Purchase of such products should be on the basis of the vitamin A and D content in terms of U.S.P.X. (1934 revision). Cod-liver oil tablets are of doubtful value. Many foods, such as milk, bread, and cereals, are now irradiated with vitamin D and may be made a part of the regular diet. Additional supplies of the other vitamins (and vitamins A and D, for that matter), should be taken only under instruction of a physician or dentist. **Indiscriminate dosing is dangerous.**

THE LIBRARY

George Washington Up-to-Date

BY RUPERT HUGHES

GEORGE WASHINGTON, by Count Michael de la Bedoyere. \$3. 6 x 9; 310 pp. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

WHEN an historian is both a foreigner and a part of posterity, his point of view is apt to be detached and his perspective fitted with an exteriority that a native historian can never attain. This is particularly true in the writing of histories which concern a nation's foundations and its founding fathers, since it is impossible for a citizen of any country to rid himself entirely of certain emotions that he acquires with his mother's milk, his father's boasts, and his first lessons in school. He may grow up to resent the fables and the buncombe that have been foisted on him as truths when he was too young to know better, but they will always have a certain legendary beauty of which he can never rid himself. Thus a man brought up in a church atmosphere of enveloping piety may turn atheist yet never be able to feel toward his quondam saints as he feels toward the alleged saints of other religions. A man may grow up to such a point of skepticism that he even denies the historicity of Santa Claus; yet the appearance of Christmas snow and stockings and sleighbells can put him in the proper mood for hearing the hoofbeats of aerial reindeer. In the same way I for one have long since ceased to believe in the super-sanctity of the American Revolution or the infra-diabolism of those who

opposed it: yet words like Lexington, Trenton, Valley Forge, Saratoga, and Yorktown can never be as coldly regarded as, say, Thermopylæ, Salamis, Mohács, Fontenoy, Trafalgar, and such names, that are like beads on a rosary to other people who look coldly on our sacred citadels.

Never shall I forget the first time I read a foreign history in which a war with the United States was put in its small international niche as foreigners saw it. An English history of our War of 1812, a French history of the Revolution and its aftermath—such things were startling and bewildering. So there is drama in the reading of any foreign history of one's own country: as we constantly oppose the new idea with our old prejudices, the duller pages gain tension.

But it goes without saying that no one can pretend to a true grasp of his country's history until he has read a foreign version of it. Americans need such fresh estimates peculiarly because the nation is so remote from others and so conceited about the isolation that aliens are treated with an unfortunate condescension. Your average American regards the wars of European history with the pity or disgust of one who looks down into a can of writhing fishing-worms; while his own country's historical agonies, even the savage dealings with the Indians and the appalling political corruptions, are far more sym-

pathetically reported by European historians. George Washington and his colleagues have always been handsomely treated abroad; while it is only of late that American historians have ceased to present the British and the Tories as fiends and tyrants opposing angels and equalitarians. The few American historians who have written of the Redcoats with any decency have usually been accused of accepting British gold, and their books have been forbidden in the public schools.

Of late there has been a remarkable quickening of interest abroad in our Revolutionary period and in what it is now dangerous to call the "Civil War", (a curious fashion having grown up of calling it "the War between the States", though this name is false both as to grammar and to history). Some of our finest character studies of the warriors of these periods have recently come from foreign writers. An excellent military history, *The American War of Independence* by Lieutenant-Colonel F. E. Whitton, was published a few years ago, along with R. Coupland's study of the influence of the Revolution on the British treatment of Ireland, Canada, and other dominions, *The Causes and Character of the American Revolution*. A German novelist, Walter Bloem, has actually published a trilogy based on George Washington's life under the general title, *Held seines Landes*. A well-balanced biography subtitled *Die Geschichte einer Staaten-gründung*, by Walther Reinhardt, followed, and later we had *George Washington und seine Zeit* by Carl F. Wittke of Ohio State University. From France a few years ago came a brief biography by Firmin Roz, followed by a brilliant addition to Bernard Faÿ's studies in Franco-American relations, called *George Washington, Republican Aristocrat*. And just now England

enters the field with *George Washington* from the pen of Michael de la Bedoyere.

Bedoyere is an unusual product of inheritances. He is a French count, yet he is "three-quarters English" and an Oxford man. His grandfather was the Anglican Bishop of Winchester, but he is the editor of *The Catholic Herald*. These contradictions, however, did not prevent him from dealing very fairly (in his biography of *Lafayette, a Revolutionary Gentleman*, 1933), with Lafayette's lifelong struggles for religious tolerance. In his *Washington* he disclaims all pretense to research into the original sources. This is more a help than a hindrance to his book, for there is already more than enough documentation at hand for digestion. There has been of late a veritable explosion, an inundation of Washington documents, and a reconsideration of the whole subject of the Revolution. This new book furnishes, therefore, a valuable bird's eye view of these matters in a judicial spirit impossible to one who has buried himself in them.

Regarding the gigantic structure erected from the pitiful materials Washington had to use for foundations, and considering Washington's own clay feet, not to say entire clay structure, Bedoyere is dazed at his success and gives him up as a hopeless problem. His concluding sentence is: "With the death of George Washington has perished perhaps for ever the secret of his greatness." Of course, everything is a mystery in this world, and the simplest human character is an infinitely complex mystery, packed with secrets. But, granted Washington's character, you have the secret of his greatness. His very lack of dazzling wit and poetry, of theatricism and fantasy, of skyscraping ambition and ruthless selfseeking, made him understand his people and enabled him to be

of immortal usefulness to them. His aims were theirs. His resolves were theirs. He wanted to be treated with the courtesy he showed others; he wanted to run his farm, and live his life, without bullying or being bullied.

When Washington was called to the head of the army, as when he was called to the Presidency, he felt that he was the representative, the honorable servant of the people about him and of "the unborn millions" to spring from their loins. As soon as he had done their business he went back to his own. He had in him none of the stuff one finds in the Alexanders, Cæsars, Napoleons, and the dictators of our day, men who would slay, rob, and exile other thousands to raise themselves. Washington had no desire to crush anybody. He just refused to have anyone trample him. Keep off his toes and out of his light and he was polite to you: bite your thumb at him and his sword was out. He was always ready to fight without wages or spoils rather than submit to the least imposition on himself or those in the same boat with him. With all that pride, that fierce temper, that fearless bravery, that hatred of cowardice or selfishness, he was meek and patient and always the servant, the trustee of the people, one of them, out of them, for them, back in among them as soon as he could be spared. Such qualities made up his character and his character was the secret of his greatness.

It was this character that won Washington the trust of a people who were selfish, lazy, stingy, and often cowardly. But they knew that he was all for them: "Let George do it", was indeed their motto. They trusted him as no other statesman has ever been trusted by a true democracy. This trust did not, of course, prevent them from clinging to the most precious privilege of democracy — that of abusing,

reviling, and abandoning those whom it has elected as its representatives. Consequently Washington was kept in equal torment by the alternation of embarrassing worship and unmerited denunciation; of being left all by himself at one crisis, and jostled off his feet in another.

The really strange thing is that this most humble and prosaic of men, whose supreme genius was his humanity, should have been selected by the myth-makers for distortion into a plaster statue of stilted grandeur, and promptly surrounded by a priestcraft which resented any revelation of the real man, emitted howls of "Sacrilegel!" at the destruction of their own childish legends, and denounced even the publication of Washington's own letters and diaries when they contradicted the stupid bigotries of the fabulists. To the foreign historian there is something stupefying in the frenzy which certain self-appointed nurses of Washington's glory have displayed because two pathetic love letters of his were reprinted. Bedoyere is so far from being stricken aghast by the possibility that Washington might have fallen in love that he quotes at length from the first missive to Sally Fairfax and calls it "surely one of the great love letters of history". He seems to me a trifle unjust to the beautiful domesticity of Washington's life with Martha. It may be true of the beginnings of their relations that, as he says, "it could not have been love at first sight, but it might have been business at first sight". But there must have grown up a very warm and satisfying love between them, or she would not have been encouraged to come to him as soon as the last gun of every campaign was fired, and stay with him till the first gun of the next.

It is perhaps inevitable that Bedoyere should present Washington as first and

foremost an Englishman — “the last Englishman of the United States — yet the first American”. His qualities, motives, and actions are presented as primarily English, and the author goes so far as to say that, once the Revolution was over and the leveling Democrats were in sway, “there was no place for such a man in the New America”. He emphasizes Washington’s isolation in the Republic he founded, his bewilderment at seeing everything going wrong and his own good name reviled, refers to that terrible day when in his own beloved Virginia — which had almost always given him his least support — a toast was drunk at a large dinner “to the speedy death of General Washington”. Those were the black days when mobs threatened to lynch him, and Congress threatened to impeach him for embezzling public funds and trying to make himself a king. But still he followed what he thought was the right path for the people’s leader, and though his temper exploded, he never bowed to the storm.

The chief fault I find with Bedoyere’s estimate is an underrating of Washington’s genius because it did not express itself in more picturesque gestures and language. But the very avoidance of the spectacular was part of his earthy grandeur, his mountainous monotony of immovable justice as he saw it. Americans will shudder at some of Bedoyere’s icy estimates of Washington as a man of commonplace mind and character, but even if these are accepted at their face value, there remain the glory and the wonder of his achievement, the chastity of his patriotism, the majesty of the fabric he so largely wove and saved, protected and projected into the future. Incidentally, the book is full of charming and unexpected tributes to him, vivid and witty presentations of the national and international picture, and

a fine calm sanity. It is a book that can be recommended to every American as a wholesome corrective to his usual diet of partisan history.



Concerning Honest Politicians

BY FRANK R. KENT

THE POLITICIAN: HIS HABITS, OUT-
CRIES AND PROTECTIVE COLOR-
ING, by J. H. Wallis. \$3. 6 x 9; 331 pp.
New York: *Stokes*.

BOSS RULE, by J. T. Salter. \$2.50. 5¼ x
8¼; 270 pp. New York: *Whittlesey House*.

THERE are several reasons why books on practical politics rarely ring the bell. One is because so many of them are written by academic individuals who have no actual experience and therefore no accurate knowledge of politics — for example, professors. Hence, their most profound observations are often ridiculous and their basic premises not to be relied upon. A second reason is that politics is a game for the playing of which no rules can be laid down, and politicians are a people impossible to classify. It is curious that certain fixed beliefs about politicians, not at all borne out by facts, have become so universally accepted. One which most of the theoretical political authorities particularly cherish, and which permeates the smug ranks of the better-grade business and professional men, is that successful politicians must be crooked. With most people this idea can be described as a basic belief. Of course, it is not so. There are today from three-quarters to a million men and women in the United States who can correctly be called politicians, who hold jobs or are identified one way or another with the two major political parties. Far be it

from me to contend they are all honest. I know better than that. None the less, the percentage of decency, honor, and intelligence, I contend, is not less among them than in the non-political world. There are shysters, thieves, fourflushers, corner-cutters, trimmers, time-servers, and humbugs in politics. But so are there in every other business and profession. It is all a matter of proportion and, shocking though it may seem to some, my earnest contention is that, upon the whole, politics does not suffer in comparison, for example, with either business or the law.

The chief reason for this is a simple one—publicity. The proportion of private crookedness which finds its way into print is small. This is not a discourse upon the depravity of the human race, but it is, nevertheless, a well-known fact that there isn't a great corporation or any kind of business or financial institution which does not have its share of large or small thefts. Amazingly few of these are publicized. There is a general conspiracy of silence about them. It is to the interests of both the bonding companies and the corporations to keep them quiet. In an astonishingly large number of cases, partial restitution is followed by no prosecution. It works just the other way with political stealings. With them, there are two great agencies that work for publicity—one, the newspapers, always alert for a sensation; the other, the opposition party, ever keen to expose its opponents' wickedness. Combined, these two agencies form a powerful deterrent to the political wrongdoer, and a great incentive to the man who plays straight. It is extremely difficult to hide the facts from them, and once they have the facts, it is impossible to keep them from being sensationalized to the limit. And, of course, there is vastly more public interest in even a small political theft than in a

large private one. And that, in my judgment, is sound and right. The net result is that there are proportionately fewer thieveries in public life than in private business. Most posted persons will concede this fact which, I submit, makes absurd the general attitude toward political crookedness. Bad as it is, we must not lose our sense of proportion about it.

But that, it seems to me, is exactly what the author of at least one of two recent books on politics has done. *The Politician: His Habits, Outcries, and Protective Coloring*, by J. H. Wallis, is wholly founded on the assumption that the only way to succeed in politics is to be a faker. The other book, *Boss Rule—Portraits in City Politics*, by J. T. Salter, is down another alley, it is true. It deals with the organization workers and division leaders rather than with the breast-beating, candidatorial boys seeking elective office. But something of the same belief is discernible in it too. However, as Professor Salter appears to have gotten most of his material from observation and contact with members of the old Vare machine in Philadelphia, perhaps it is too much to expect him to have found politics fragrant.

It would be difficult to find two books written more differently. Mr. Wallis at all times uses the light touch, or tries to. He is satirical, sardonic, somewhat laboriously humorous, and starts out with the determination of showing that the whole bloody business of politics is phony, that all politicians are frauds, and that the voters are saps. He holds this note clear to the end, never lets up on it for a second, through more than 300 large pages. Toward the middle it begins to be slightly repetitious. . . . Professor Salter, on the other hand, writes in grim earnest, with the sole idea of conveying information. For two years or so he lived among the

Philadelphia politicians, notebook in hand. Conscientious and sincere, he seems to have confined himself to meeting and knowing the various division leaders, and presents the facts about them in a series of sketches without any real information as to exactly how they played their particular politics. Toward the last, the Professor goes Wisconsin and New Deal in a big way, which somewhat spoils the judicial tone of the earlier pages. He recommends a literacy test, the short ballot, permanent registration, the City Manager plan, proportional representation, and an effective merit system — not a new or startling program and one which is not apt to be realized in the near future. His is not an exciting book, and the only thing it has in common with Mr. Wallis' effort is that both authors claim Machiavelli as their model.

This seems justified in the case of Mr. Wallis, who tries throughout to look at the politician in the way Machiavelli looked at the Prince. His thesis is the insincerity, cowardice, and humbuggery of the candidates for office. To prove his points the author has gathered an amazing lot of data, and the book teems with quotations from speeches and letters. Much of this undoubtedly demonstrates Mr. Wallis' points, and he proves up to the hilt the dreadful fakery, lack of conviction, and general spuriousness of a considerable number of fairly well-known men in both political parties, some dead, but quite a few still alive — some in very high office, indeed. The wealth of material Mr. Wallis has dredged up in uncovering the fakers should have the effect of diminishing, to some extent at least, that sort of thing in the future. By helping the voters to see through the false pretenses of the candidates and to understand exactly how hollow is their praise of racial heroes and how utterly insincere their form letters to

the leaders of various classes and groups, Mr. Wallis may promote candor and lessen hypocrisy. It is too bad his book had to go to press before the famous "copy cat" letter of President Roosevelt to the clergy was disclosed as having first been written as a circular by Governor Philip La Follette of Wisconsin for his own local purposes. Mr. Wallis would have loved that incident. It would have proved his point better than anything else.

It seems fair to say that Mr. Wallis could hardly have written *The Politician* at all had it not been for the late Huey Long of Louisiana, Big Bill Thompson of Chicago, Ex-Mayor John F. Hylan of New York, Ex-Senator Thomas J. Heflin of Alabama, and the Honorable Hamilton Fish of New York, who the author predicts will be nominated for the Presidency at least once before 1948. He does not refer to Grover Cleveland, Carter Glass, Harry F. Byrd, Albert C. Ritchie, Dwight F. Morrow, John W. Davis, Frederick C. Walcott, John Sharp Williams, or any one of a lot of other Democrats and Republicans, alive or dead, whose courage, character, and sincerity has never been questioned. To have brought them in would have spoiled the book.



A Voice from the Death House

By LEWIS E. LAWES

WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE, by David Lamson. \$2.50. 5½ x 8¼; 338 pp. New York: Scribner's.

THE varied and vivid impressions of a great American prison, recounted in this book with sustained dramatic intensity by a narrator of considerable literary ability, constitute an important con-

tribution to modern penological writings. Seldom do we find a man with cultural background in the unenviable position of recounting his inner emotions while awaiting a death to which he has been condemned by society. It is true that Oscar Wilde produced some of his finest work while in prison, but Wilde was an emotionalist who suffered keenly from the disgrace of confinement. David Lamson is not given to rhetorical flights; on the contrary he presents his experiences and describes his emotions in an almost objective manner, his education and scientific training making him fitted for the task.

San Quentin, where Lamson was imprisoned, is a gigantic institution housing 6000 men, nearly three times the number confined in Sing Sing. For this heterogeneous army of malcontents, ranging from petty thieves and sex perverts to murderers, there are, according to Lamson's recital, only one hundred and eighty uniformed guards. There can be no question but that the sullen brooding fear, which the author describes as a continuous pall hanging over the prison, is a mushroom cloud of smoke denoting an angered volcano. Such a situation invariably results when a handful of men with improper training, with no liking for the job of guard other than that it keeps them from starving, are told off to dominate a numerically greater group, a large number of whom are dissatisfied and desperate felons. Their domination can only be brought about, says Lamson, through an ostentatious show of rifles and machine guns, and by a promiscuous firing of these weapons at any or no provocation. The author describes how bursts of machine-gun fire and the cracking of rifle shots, even though only in target practice, will unnerve the inmates of the institution,

inducing resentment against the officials. The prisoners know that these same murderous weapons will be turned against them at the first sign of open rebellion.

Lamson recognizes and writes sympathetically of the decency and humanness of those officers who represent the type of man with whom we would all like to staff our prisons. We are now moving in the direction of eliminating the ignorant and brutal old-line prison guard, but it will take years of training and planning to obtain the services of the proper type. Such men will command the genuine respect of the inmates they supervise through an inherent desire to help them and, if possible, start them on the road to rehabilitation, so that they can earn an honest living when they are released. Fortunately we have quite a number of this type at present. I only wish we had more.

In considering prison problems the author recognizes the evils which are inevitable when, in an extremely limited space, a great number of men are of necessity crowded together with nothing to do. There is never enough work for all; and what work there is presents just another hateful task to most of the convicts. At Sing Sing, the condemned man is isolated from the rest of the population in a prison within a prison. But at San Quentin, there is apparently greater latitude extended, with attendant risks. The condemned man, to a certain extent, is enabled to see the functioning of the prison outside his own limited sphere. And he is frequently given a cellmate, though this housing of more than one man in a cell, whether to await execution or otherwise, is unwise. The lives of these prisoners are regimented to such an extent that what little privacy they can enjoy by being alone is far more important to

their well-being than almost any other privilege, save freedom itself.

Lamson is particularly desirous of telling his readers of the discovery that he, as a man with no criminal background, has made in finding that the inmates of prisons are not just numbered automatons, but each a distinct personality. Some are strong and vivid, others, self-effacing and almost non-existent. As the writer describes them, convicts are real people, and not, as he imagined them previous to his incarceration, mere problems in the social structure of the state. Throughout the book there are recorded brilliant, incisive observations, indicating a thorough knowledge of the human and material problems co-existing with the administration of a great penal institution. It is not unreasonable to suppose that if a hundred, or a thousand men with Lamson's abilities had ever interested themselves in these problems and were willing to give their services to the nation in an attempt to correct a great social evil, prisons such as San Quentin, Folsom, and Columbus would be considerably less populated. With proper training, vocational, physical, and mental, an inmate would leave prison gates fitted to take his place beside his better equipped brothers, and ready to wage an equal battle in the economic struggle for livelihood.

It is peculiar to note that a man of Lamson's evident attainments does not mention the recent great increase in the number of prison inmates. Nor does he remark that millions of workers are today unemployed. This is an important point, for it is doubtful if that great mass of unemployed will ever again be absorbed in industry. If they are not taken care of, they will most certainly offer fertile breeding grounds for recruits to the army of men who make up our prison population.

The Rape of the Fourth Estate

By GORDON CARROLL

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, by George Seldes. \$2.75. 6 x 8¾; 364 pp. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.

IF AMERICA is the land of shibboleths, then certainly "The Freedom of the Press" must take first rank among those slogans which, in devious ways, have become so familiar that they no longer possess any value, save to anesthetize soul-searching reporters who labor in the nation's journalistic vineyards. The Man on the Street, when he hands out three cents for the latest edition of his favorite newspaper, is not so much concerned with the integrity of its news columns as he is with their content; nor is he inclined to read between the lines in fear of discovering some Machiavellian influence working to corrupt his home and morals at the expense of his democratic principles. The unvarnished information that the Athletics whipped the Yankees by a score of 5 to 3 is what he pays his money for; if Judge Kenesaw Landis is up to dark business in a back room of the American League office, that fact cannot alter the Athletics' total of hits, runs, and errors. The daily newspaper, the Man on the Street believes, is as honest and trustworthy as most American institutions. So why choke on a gnat?

Therefore it is only slightly alarming to learn, at this late date, that beneath the editorial desks of the nation lurk groups of cabalistic gentlemen representing, variously, such evil and loathsome influences as public utility executives, patent medicine merchants, crooked politicians, department store advertisers, munitions barons, shipping operators, and that inevitable figure of America's doom—the fascist. Mr.

Seldes has made this belated discovery with considerable excitement; and, being another of the jittery alarmists who has his facts at odds with common sense, he takes recourse in the currently popular dodge of waving the battle flag of the Left, in order to stir such a dust storm that the real issues will be concealed from view. But this method appears to be unnecessary circumnavigation. Why not take the matter by the arm, and wrestle with it in broad daylight?

When considering the phrase "freedom of the press", it seems obvious that the fact implied is the right and the duty of newspapers to publish the truth. Newspapers, however, like the people who operate them, are not infallible, nor is there any sound reason to assume that they should be. The press is no more open to lance attack by modern Galahads than, say, the codfish industry, for if the latter smells, it is only because codfish were so fashioned by God, and man has as yet found no way to perfume them. In the same way, if the Moneyed Interests have utilized the press to their own needs, it is no startling matter; constituting as they do the financial force necessary to operate modern, profit-making publications, they would be foolish indeed to overlook such accessible ground for propaganda, particularly in a country which is, to the confusion of soapbox disputants, a capitalistic one.

Thus, assuming subsidization to be the fact, two queries present themselves: What harm has such subsidizing inflicted? And, if considerable, can it be rectified? It is valid to reply that the sum total of harm has been negligible, there being no proof available that the millions of newspaper readers view the Interests with anything but the rankest skepticism. It is also valid to add that the ephemeral results of this subsidizing could be eradicated from the

national consciousness within twenty-four hours, the American mind being what it is. On this last point, there exists widespread confusion among critics of the press: if they were genuinely observant of the newspaper reader, they would realize that the Man on the Street is not interested in news *per se*, but in sensations. There comes the rub, for the difference between the two is so vast that an astronomer's instruments are required to compute the divergence. If today's reader discovers on Page One that the holding company legislation in Congress is certain to prove a deathblow to the honest, God-fearing utility concerns, he can be assured that the same space tomorrow will be occupied by an account of skullduggery at Geneva, or the latest ship disaster at sea. Does the memory of the utilities' predicament, however pathetic, linger in the memory? It does not. Time presses on, and so do the news tickers. A subsidized press can only genuinely control public opinion when it hammers away at the same story 365 days in the year. To date, no story, or no moneyed interest, has proved so all-important.

There remains, then, the matter of occasional subsidizing. This would comprise various attempts by the Interests to suppress, or to support, a particular news story, exposé, or editorial. But what is the sum total of such efforts? Precisely the same as in the first case — nothing. It has yet to be proved, to any intelligent man's satisfaction, that such goings on have ever had any important effect. True, the utility companies have put over some minor coups, the munitions barons have sold a few extra Maxims, the politicians have waded in sundry municipal cesspools, but what investigator has produced data to prove that without a subsidized press, the outcome would have been different?

These earthy arguments, however, find short shrift with Mr. Seldes; his eyes are cocked on Parnassus. And in his headlong surge to scale the heights, he trails behind him the gonfalons of his crusading cause, each bearing a superlative banality. For example: "Specific charges against certain newspaper owners as agents of fascism and breeders of war"; "the immunity of the press is over"; "war and peace and a new deal for all men depend largely on public opinion and information"; "big money and big business of the Teapot Dome kind . . . trying to destroy the foundations upon which free government is built". Well, what of it, Comrade? Are we to snatch our flintlocks from above the fireplace and rally on the Common? Hardly, for the energy can be better expended by viewing the indictment with a cold and fishy eye. What, for example, is intended by "agents of fascism and breeders of war"? A careful study of America's leading journals will uncover no favorable references to fascism in any form; nor will a survey of news and editorial columns reveal veiled propaganda in favor of war. In fact, the contrary is true. Never before in history has there been such a widespread campaign against armed strife as an instrument of national policy. If the rotogravure sections and Sunday supplements seem partial to displays of military pomp, the partiality can be set down to the fact that sleek warships, as well as bronzed generals, lend themselves admirably to photography. It is a little diffi-

cult to understand how the satanic agents of war can mesmerize the public, when the public itself is reminded daily that war is an abhorrent and unholy enterprise.

There is only one conclusion to be drawn in the face of these facts: current critics of American journalism like Mr. Seldes are not so much interested in a free press as they are in a press that will preach their own Leftist doctrines. For it is obvious that both sides of every question are now being supplied the public freely. If the munitions barons are permitted to poison American minds via the printed page, the radical publications are equally at liberty to expose the dirty work. If Hearst goes after the Comrades with a wild whoop, the communist organs (as well as most of the conservative ones) are quick to denounce him as a Red-baiter. The mails today are cluttered with an extraordinary assortment of journals of the Left, each a special pleader, each operating under what, in a democratic country of capitalistic principles, is a free press. So long as America fosters this open journalistic market, wherein publications of all opinions can be circulated without hindrance, the freedom of the press will not be endangered. If the radical sheets are vastly outnumbered, if their newsstand sales remain at low figures, if their editors are constantly concerned as to the source of the next dollar for the till, the answer is only too apparent. Americans, somehow, buy what they want.



*Briefer Mention*FICTION

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE.

By *Sinclair Lewis.**Doubleday, Doran*

\$2.50

5¾ x 8¼; 458 pp.

New York

Sinclair Lewis imagines the emergence of a Babbitt dictator who will combine Nazi Hitlerism with Mussolini fascism, retaining the worst features of each. The book is apparently designed to portray the future of America if the fascists triumph; but it succeeds only in describing how the Nazi Totalitarian State would function if it were transplanted to these shores. Thus we get a savage critique of present day life in Germany acted out by American characters, rather than a picture of a potential native dictatorship. As a result, the novel is not convincing. The reader can only conclude that Nazi fascism *can't* happen here. Nor is the book any exception to the rule that novels projected into the future invariably suffer from lack of creditability. Of course Lewis is too fine an artist to produce a novel without many brilliant passages and considerable first-rate writing: his picture of Buzz Windrip, the dictator, is in the best manner of *Babbitt*; and his understanding of the solid and unfortunately now old-fashioned New England character is shrewd and honest. But the book as a whole is more a facile stunt than it is a good novel.



GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA.

By *Ernest Hemingway.**Scribner's*

\$2.75

8¾ x 5½; 295 pp.

New York

Hemingway has never written better than this and few men ever as well. His style, simple and pure, has almost attained perfection. He is authentic: every sound, smell, and sight is described with lucid accuracy. His thinking is adult. He has humor: the dialogue is fresh and rich. And he is human. Of the book it will be said that such talent should be devoted to the conventional novel—it is doubtful whether *Green Hills* should be classed as fiction at all. But this is only the unconscious way of admitting that to appreciate a work of art some ability is required on the part of the reader; while the conventional novel, even if it is good, may be apprehended by a numbskull or even a newspaper reviewer. Subject matter and form are not

important to a writer of Hemingway's distinction. That he chooses to write a book about big-game hunting in Africa is immaterial: what is important is the fact that he has written truthfully and supremely well. Though the reader may not know a kudu from a kodak he cannot help believing that Hemingway has put into exact and handsome words an actual part of real life. A writer cannot be expected to do much more.

GUILLOTINE PARTY.

By *James T. Farrell.**Vanguard Press*

\$2.50

5½ x 8¼; 320 pp.

New York

Among these sketches is one which is the germ of the brilliant Studs Lonigan novels. But the sketches amount to nothing—the edge of an idea here, the outline of a character there—they only serve to confirm, if confirmation is needed, their author's intimate knowledge of the life and types about which he writes. Otherwise, they do him no service. Farrell's reputation, however, is too solid to suffer: but it seems a needless waste of time and effort, this enshrining in book form of every trifling, tentative word that a fine writer puts down.



THE SEVEN ARMS.

By *L. A. G. Strong.**Alfred A. Knopf*

\$2.50

5½ x 8¼; 348 pp.

New York

This tumultuous romance is set on the northwest coast of Scotland at the time of the Napoleonic wars. It is a story of two sisters, Jeanie Ban, a wild, passionate, devil-may-care Celt, and Ellen, her hapless foil. Jeanie has two loves in her life and one enduring hate. She loves the memory of a little sister, early dead, and her uncle; but she hates Ellen. Jeanie stands off a raid of jealous, drunken neighbors, follows her uncle to the French wars, marries a cheeky scamp to spite her sister, murders him with a bagful of stones (like Nuala, in the Irish saga), and becomes a local legend. The legend builds up through violence, rough wit, and devilish mental cruelties to a climax so lurid and fantastic that it must come out of an old wives' story. Mr. Strong understands and loves these half-civilized people he writes about. His High-

land landscapes are magnificent. He draws his characters cleanly and fully, and writes a brilliant prose, leaping, full of life.



THE WORLD FROM BELOW.

By Jules Romains. Alfred A. Knopf
\$2.50 5½ x 7¼; 600 pp. New York

This volume includes the seventh and eighth books of the series beginning with *Men of Good Will*. In the course of the endless conversations, of which the novel is almost entirely composed, it becomes increasingly evident that Romains is a philosopher and sociologist rather than a novelist. Possibly the modern writer is artistically justified in making his novels a forum for the dissemination of various latter-day gospels; but Romains has sacrificed the artistic integrity of this book to the ends that might have been better served through another medium than fiction. Interminable harangues should not be allowed to replace authentic characterization or to destroy the emotional values of situations. Romains discusses with wisdom and authority the church, politics, literary figures, the minutiae of sex, all the while talking behind the backs of his characters like a ventriloquist with dolls. The book suffers from the aridity which is apparent in so much contemporary French fiction—an almost complete paralysis of the creative instinct, for which no amount of philosophical or cultural material can be substituted. However civilized, witty, and profound Romains may be, his novel, as a novel, is a pedestrian performance.



KING COFFIN.

By Conrad Aiken. Scribner's
\$2.50 5½ x 7¼; 343 pp. New York

In this novel, the poet and stylist whose interest in psychoanalysis has so greatly influenced his work, writes a brilliant story of madness. His leading, and in a definite sense, only character (since all minor characters appear only through the madman's eye), is a young man driven by his mania of self-exaltation to show his scorn and hatred of mankind by taking a human life. He plans the perfect crime, the cold, motiveless murder of a total stranger. His madness leads, eventually, to his progressive identification of himself with the man he means to kill; the priest and victim become one; and the life he takes at last is his own. As a study in insanity the book is gruesome and fascinating.

SAN FRANCISCO TALES.

By Charles Caldwell Dobie. Appleton-Century
\$2.50 5½ x 8; 375 pp. New York

These romantic stories, full of color, written in the coherent, polished, limpid English which once was considered an essential element of literature, are a good pick-me-up after a course of too much ultra-modern novel reading. In a foreword, Katharine Fullerton Gerould says of the author that he has "never smeared the stream of consciousness down his page, permitted mood to supplant character or loose associational reverie to pinch-hit for plot".



FOR LIFE.

By Natalie Colby-Morrow. Morrow
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 320 pp. New York

In her new novel, Mrs. Colby plays a variation on the theme of her earlier *Green Forest*, again introducing a charming, ardent woman who has discovered that she has married a stuffed shirt. Elinor Sewell eloped from a New England house with its tradition of gentility to marry a penniless nobody from that vague region of outlandish implications, the West. Her disillusionment, in direct ratio to her husband's sensational rise in the financial world, and her pathetic struggles for the resurrection of the boy-lover make the tragedy of the story—a tragedy which, Mrs. Colby is astute enough to show, is shared by the husband. For Joseph Prendergast is a lonely, embittered man who resents his wife's aloofness without understanding it, and is unconsciously jealous of "the lad that is gone—say could that lad be I?" He seeks futile consolation with other women. If Mrs. Colby were an author of deeper insight, she might have made a significant study of American marriage "crucified on the Cross of Gold". But unfortunately her scope is restricted; she lacks the power to handle the raw material at hand.



RED SKY AT MORNING.

By Robert P. T. Coffin. Macmillan
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 288 pp. New York

Some of the melancholy history of the Maine coast towns and families is in this novel by a Maine poet. The book begins and ends in storm. Its interlude of quiet is tinged with longing for things lost. Set on a remote island and in the nearest town, the novel tells of a family once

great in the story of Maine's seafaring now degenerated into weakness, nostalgia, viciousness, and melancholia. The Princes sailed the seven seas. Their old house stands with its strange treasures to testify to their adventurous past. Now there are three Prince brothers, one who sighs for old days, one whose adventures are backstairs adulteries, one who broods his way to madness. These three, and the wife and son of one, are the characters in a melodramatic tragedy. Except for its admirably executed settings and atmosphere, the novel is not satisfactory. It seems faraway and unreal, its characters drawn by accident into tragedy.

POETRY

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.

By T. S. Eliot. *Harcourt, Brace*
\$1.25 6 x 9½; 87 pp. *New York*

In this miracle play, a dramatization of the murder of Thomas à Becket in 1170, written for production at the Canterbury Festival in 1935, the language is lucid, the action is straightforward, and the poetry almost wholly free of the obliquity and harsh juxtapositions with which Eliot influenced a whole movement. Instead of a complexity of private allusions, the verse has a simple unity and a surprisingly dramatic accent. Even Eliot's antagonistic critics will be forced to recognize the beauty and balance in the choruses as well as the musical devices uniting the lines. Eliot has never been more deliberate or convincing.



A SPECTACLE FOR SCHOLARS.

By Winifred Welles. *Viking Press*
\$1.75 5½ x 8; 68 pp. *New York*

Miss Welles' lyrics are little essays in precision and her narratives are precise as lyrics. *A Spectacle for Scholars* consists of four narratives, each of which concerns a New England eccentric. The best of them is "The Flood," the picture of Miss Leffingwell, who continued her household tasks in spite of the rising river and, unlike King Canute, forced the tide to retreat. Almost as characteristic is the title-poem, the tale of Lemuel Greene who sought to invent a universal language but went mad and died because of his failure to find the verb "to be". There is wit here as well as whimsicality, and a liberal touch of the bizarre.

ROSES GREEN, ROSES BLACK.

By Louis D. Freedman. *Putnam's*
\$2.50 6 x 9½; 165 pp. *New York*

Mr. Freedman has a wide range of interests; he loves good books; he studied philosophy under James, Royce, Palmer, and Santayana. But he cannot write poetry. Here is a stanza from the title-poem:

Loved I little roses pink
Ever falt'ring on the brink!
Better they who rise or sink:
Roses green,
Roses black!



QUARRIED CRYSTALS.

By Mary Cummings Eudy. *Putnam's*
\$2 6 x 9½; 188 pp. *New York*

The silver jacket of this book bears a screamer by John Erskine. There is also an excessive introduction by Joseph Auslander, who says these poems are "fine as frost, as frugal as winter moonlight, and strong as a leaf or mountain . . . and a hint of heart's blood on the edges which flushes the crystals with prismatic fire". The poems are really not so bad as all that. They are not particularly unusual *pensées* in free verse and slight rhyme, but they reveal an alert mind and a gift for registering an idea with commendable economy. The author has a penchant for strings of dots which add nothing to her lines but an effect of hesitating coyness. At best she is arresting because of an unexpected twist of thought; at worst — and her worst is all too frequent — she is maudlin.

MISCELLANEOUS

HUMANITIES.

By John and Ruth Vassos. *Dutton*
\$5 9 x 12; 104 pp. *New York*

The motif of this book is that the rich ride in Rolls-Royces while the poor often do not get enough to eat. Most literate people have been privy to this situation since the days of the Middle Kingdom of Egypt: but Comrade Vassos has just heard about it and is very indignant. His illustrations depict the hackneyed scenes — well-dressed people dining sumptuously while scavengers paw through garbage cans; men wearing silk hats while proletarians are being arrested; young ladies riding horseback while workers slave at the machine; in brief, the

propaganda of coincidence that currently fascinates the Messiahs of the Left. Vassos attacks everyone and everything—soldiers, teachers, farmers, manufacturers, scientists, philanthropists, machinery, race segregation, newspapers, the radio, the Church, old age, lawyers, political leaders, justice, individualism, Society, critics, doctors, all employers, and the law of supply and demand. His illustrations, besides being puerile in idea, are ineffective artistically. He should read his *New Masses* more carefully; the artists employed by that distinguished gazette have a quality that Vassos lacks—vitality and punch. The text of the book, by Ruth Vassos, is amateurish.



THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.

By Harry Elmer Barnes. *Harcourt, Brace*
\$10 6¼ x 9¼; 1170 pp. (II Vols.) *New York*

A complete and comprehensive history of the Western World by one of America's most eminent historians, this book is much more than a record of wars and political machinations; it is a survey of the artistic, scientific, social, and economic achievements of the human species from its humble beginnings to the present. Some sixty specialists have approved the material contained in the two volumes, and attested to its accuracy and adequacy. In putting together his history, Dr. Barnes has, unlike Spengler and Wells, refrained from subjective analysis. In a kind of epilogue at the end of the work, however, the author takes occasion to remind us that mankind must go ahead to better things in the future, or else be extinguished. Today, the great masses are still in much the same state as in primitive times. Political opinions and institutions have advanced slowly. Law is still founded upon ancient theories. Our educational system has improved but little. And it is hardly necessary, says Dr. Barnes, to point out the archaic elements of religion in modern culture. The work is a great achievement in American scholarship. There are illustrations, maps, and an index.



MARK TWAIN: The Man and His Work.

By Edward Wagenknecht. *Yale University Press*
\$3 6¼ x 9½; 301 pp. *New Haven*

By piecing together the findings of other biographers, Mr. Wagenknecht attempts in this book to present a thorough and objective study of

Mark Twain. The resulting portrait is that of a born reformer, a hater of injustice, whose sense of humor did much to offset his ignorance of political economy. Readers will find the work rambling and badly organized, with sufficient documentation to make an excellent doctor's dissertation. And it is a thoroughly dead and mummified Mark Twain who emerges. Furthermore, the objectivity of the study is marred by a series of unnecessary platitudes regarding the state of present-day society. Nevertheless, as a comprehensive summary of all that has been written about Mark Twain, there is much to be said for the work as it stands. There is a bibliography and also an index.



EUROPEAN EXPERIENCES.

By Mabel Dodge Luhan. *Harcourt, Brace*
\$3.75 5¼ x 8¼; 361 pp. *New York*

This is the second volume of Mrs. Luhan's *Intimate Memoirs*. It opens with the author's coming of age, describes her early married life, her travels in France and Italy, and more particularly her colorful years in the Villa Curon'a when Landor, Duse, the Steins, and other celebrated figures were frequently exhibited in her popular drawing-room. The book, written in the same fluent style and frank manner as the earlier volume, establishes Mrs. Luhan as one of the most delightful megalomaniacs of the present age. Inspired by her own individual personality, fascinated as much by reflection upon her love affairs as ever she could have been devoted to the objects loved, she writes with a fervor and gusto seldom paralleled by women autobiographers. If much of it is bad taste, certainly all of it is exquisitely written, and none of it is dull. There are illustrations and an index.



WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

Second Edition. Unabridged. 1935.
Edited by William A. Nielson. Merriam Company
\$27.50 9 x 12; 3210 pp. *Springfield, Mass.*

The latest edition of Webster's is the tenth in a series of ancient and honorable volumes, the first, Noah's *American Dictionary of the English Language*, having appeared in New York in 1828 with a vocabulary of 70,000 words, the printer's copy written entirely in the hand of the author himself. The present revision, compiled by 250 editors, contains 550,000 entries, a record number

for any compendium in any language. In addition, there are 36,000 names in the Gazetteer, 13,000 in the Biographical section, and 5000 entries in the Table of Abbreviations. More than 12,000 terms are depicted by line drawings and photographs. Webster's long has been an indispensable part of our literate life; the new edition is even more valuable to any one interested in the up-to-date ramifications of the English language.



A MARRIAGE MANUAL.

By *Hannah and Abraham Stone.*

Simon and Schuster
\$2.50 5½ x 8; 334 pp. *New York*

This is a daringly frank guide book to sex and marriage, written in simple language. It is presented in the form of an interview between a physician and a young couple about to be married. The questions are direct and vital; the answers are brief and pointed. There is none of the usual hedging, none of the sly charlatanism one has come to expect in volumes of this sort. Based largely upon the authors' experiences with marital problems in connection with their birth control activities in New York City and elsewhere, the book attempts to meet the urgent need for more adequate knowledge concerning human sex and reproduction. The biology of marriage, the mechanism of reproduction, methods of preventing conception, sexual disharmonies—these and many other problems are discussed at length. There are numerous diagrams of the human body, which serve further to elucidate the contents. The authors, husband and wife, were responsible for the opening of the first Marriage Consultation Center in New York in 1930. There is an index.



SOCIAL ETHICS OF THE JEWS.

By *Arthur Meyerowitz.* *Bloch Publishing Company*
\$1.25 5½ x 8¼; 104 pp. *New York*

This is a brief survey of Jewish ethics, supported by textual quotations from Biblical and Talmudic literature. As an outline, the book is adequate, but the author's critical discussion of the material he presents leaves much to be desired. Judaism, he correctly explains, is a religion of conduct more than it is a religion of faith or of soul salvation; but he has nothing to say about the great disparity between the Judaistic teachings of humility, open-mindedness, loyalty

to government, and scrupulous honesty in business relations, and the practices of the great Jewish masses which, like all Gentile masses, fail lamentably to live up to religious ideals. If the last Christian died on the cross, as Nietzsche once remarked, the last Jew may have succumbed to the persecutions of the Middle Ages.



THE CUNNING MULATTO.

By *Fletcher Pratt.* *Smith and Haas*
\$2.50 6 x 8½; 295 pp. *New York*

The twelve chapters of this book constitute a case history of the criminological activities of Ellis Parker, the homespun detective of Mount Holly, New Jersey, who is well upon his way to becoming America's rural Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Pratt, in compiling these narratives with literary taste and precision, reveals how rule-of-thumb methods often succeed in snaring criminals after the scientific expert has thrown up the case in bafflement. In Ellis Parker's more than forty years of sleuthing, he has handled upwards of three hundred crimes, most of them being the violent type. His record is an admirable one—convictions of all but twelve suspects—which places him in a category with the best detectives of history. His methods may not be academic, his erudition is not that of Philo Vance, yet he solves most of the abstruse problems that come his way. In his spare time, he leads the life of a plain, unassuming citizen, having a predilection for "hunting, fishing, and home-made soup." Mr. Pratt has presented an interesting portrait of one of the most striking figures in America's long war against crime.

THIS BUSINESS OF EXPLORING.

By *Roy Chapman Andrews.* *Putnam*
\$3.50 6½ x 9½; 288 pp. *New York*

The American explorer who led the first Central Asiatic Expedition into the Gobi Desert in 1922, now tells the story of his return trips to Mongolia in 1928 and 1930. It is a story of adventure and danger, of a vast scientific treasure house surrounded by desolate wastes of sand, of the travail and intrigue in China which preceded the explorations. Of the Gobi itself, the author says "we have but scratched the surface, yet the information that it has already yielded supplies many unknown links in earth history. . . . This plateau was the mother of the continental life of Europe and America. . . .

Man occupied the valleys of the Gobi region immediately after the close of the glacial period." Dr. Andrews tells how the expeditions discovered the skeleton of the giant *Baluchitherium* and other previously unknown titanotheres, as well as thousands of fossils and archaeological specimens. He admits that he has not been successful in the one objective of his travels — the dawn man — but blames this upon the Chinese opposition to foreign investigation. Yet he adds: "We have shown the way; have broken the trail. Later, others will reap a rich harvest." The book can be recommended as a readable, comprehensive account of one of man's most interesting trips into the unknown. There are photographic illustrations, and appendices.



HISTORIC OPINIONS OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Edited by Ambrose Duskow. *Vanguard Press*
\$4.50 6 x 9¼; 537 pp. *New York*

This is by all odds the best of the many recent compilations of Constitutional decisions. Selected and ably edited by Mr. Duskow, formerly secretary to Mr. Justice Cardozo, the book contains the opinions in sixteen cases decided by the Supreme Court, starting with *Marbury vs. Madison* and ending with *Schechter vs. the United States*. No lawyer will quarrel with the editor's selections; none of the cases could well have been omitted. But the principal value of the work is derived from the scholarly introductory notes written by Mr. Duskow, who presents the historic background and import of each decision. It is significant that of the momentous rulings which have influenced the country's history, twenty-five per cent (according to the editor's selection) have been decided during the past year.



THE SAGA OF THE BOUNTY.

Edited by Irvin Anthony. *Putnam's*
\$2.75 5¾ x 8¼; 358 pp. *New York*

The story of the *Bounty* mutineers has been told recently in various fictional forms, but here, for the first time, are collated the personal narratives and diaries of the English seamen who played major roles in one of the strangest of all marine epics. The testimony, written in blunt, unadorned words, is arranged in chronological order; Mr. Anthony has done a creditable literary job, foregoing any inclina-

tion to intersperse lengthy comments of his own, which would have no place in the book. The result is a new insight into the lives of those British sailors who, driven to rebellion by what they considered ill treatment, seized the *Bounty* from her naval commander, and then embarked on their uncharted voyages to sudden death, exile, or obscurity. In addition to the narratives of Lieutenant Bligh, Christian, Morrison, Fryer, and Dr. Hamilton, the book contains Sir John Barrows' excellent summary of the trial of ten of the mutineers aboard *H. M. S. Duke*, in September, 1792. There is an appendix which lists the mutineers by name and catalogues the ultimate fate of each, but no index.



CLIMBING DAYS.

By Dorothy Pilley. *Harcourt, Brace*
\$4 5¾ x 8¾; 352 pp. *New York*

Here is a book of general interest about mountaineering, telling of adventurous experiences in North Wales, the Lake District, the American and Canadian Rockies, the Himalayas, the Pyrenees, and the Swiss, French, Italian, and Austrian Alps. The unmistakable symptoms of the climbing mania are discussed by Miss Pilley, who writes with sufficient first-hand knowledge to make her opinions of value to readers interested in the precarious sport. The book contains unusual illustrations of mountains and of their conquerors in action. There is also an index.



HOW PEOPLE LOOK AT PICTURES.

By G. T. Buswell. *University of Chicago Press*
\$3 6¾ x 9¾; 198 pp. *Chicago*

Aided by an ingenious apparatus, which makes it possible to photograph vertical and horizontal movements simultaneously, Professor Buswell has been able to gather, for the first time, objective evidence concerning centers of human interest in pictures, and duration of attention. The material presented is based upon an examination of some two hundred individuals, including children and adults trained and untrained in art. As the author admits, the results of his study are not very imposing, for it is impossible for any machine to determine the quality of the mental processes which occur within the subject's cerebral cortex. However, he presents them for what they are worth. The photographic illustrations of paintings, tapestries, and statuary are excellent. There are appendices and an index.

STEEL OF EMPIRE.

By *John Murray Gibbon.*

\$3.50 6¼ x 9½; 423 pp.

*Bobbs-Merrill**Indianapolis*

In relating the history of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. Gibbon has told simultaneously the story of the development of the Northwest. In the middle of the last century, British Columbia was separated from the rest of Canada by high mountain ranges, and inasmuch as there was sentiment in favor of joining the United States there, a railroad was considered the only solution. An anxious government thereupon sent out engineers and surveyors to locate passes through the mountains. The book describes the hardships and disappointments these men experienced, and the financial difficulties which at one time threatened to end the project in bankruptcy. It also affords the reader a good idea of the part one railroad played in the development of a nation. There are interesting descriptions of fur traders, early adventures on the Pacific Coast, and the Canada of the Forties. Unfortunately the propaganda element in the book is a trifle overdone. Mr. Gibbon would have been wiser had he let the Canadian Pacific Railway speak for itself. There are maps and illustrations.



AFRICA DANCES.

By *Geoffrey Gorer.*

\$3.50 6 x 8¾; 337 pp.

*Alfred A. Knopf**New York*

Accompanied by Benga, the celebrated Negro dancer, Mr. Gorer made a visit to French West Africa. Together they found their ways into towns rarely visited by whites, lived with the African natives, and made a study of their strange dances and ceremonies. In addition, the author examined at close range the machinery of French imperialism. The passages in which he describes the appalling incompetence of the colonial administrators form by far the most substantial section of the book. These administrators, writes Mr. Gorer, are ignorant men who despise the Negroes they are sent to help, and bring nothing but sorrow into the lives of otherwise happy men and women. They are surpassed in roguery only by the missionaries, who "have succeeded in making sex as overwhelmingly important and as filthy in the minds of their converts as it is in their own". In no way, really, has the standard of living in West Africa been improved. The book is an excellent exposure of civilized barbarism as practiced today. There are illustrations and an index.

NOISE.

By *N. W. McLachlan.*

\$2.25 5 x 7½; 148 pp.

*Oxford Press**London*

Although the importance of noise as a factor in human health has been greatly over-estimated in the past, it still remains a serious problem for both physician and psychologist. In this comprehensive little book, Dr. McLachlan approaches the subject from every angle, considering in particular the causes of noise; the various means which scientists have at their disposal for measuring its intensity; and also current remedies and adjustments, calculated to reduce its injurious effects. Noise, according to this authority, may easily accentuate an existing nervous condition, but it is not capable, ordinarily, of producing one. It may reduce the performance of a worker, interfere with proper sleep, and cause much unnecessary fatigue. But the normal, healthy individual is much less disturbed by it than is the neurotic. There are illustrations, an index, and also a bibliography.



DESTINY AND DISEASE IN MENTAL DISORDERS.

By *C. Macfie Campbell.*

\$2 5½ x 8¼; 207 pp.

*W. W. Norton**New York*

According to Professor Campbell, who is a member of the Department of Psychiatry at Harvard University, scientists interested in mental and nervous disorders have largely attempted in the past to explain the personality of man by the impersonal processes of the laboratory. A guinea pig, he believes, is unquestionably helpful in the study of these disorders, but as a personality it has limitations. The human being is a complex animal, and cannot be analyzed by the methods of chemistry and general biology. In this book, Professor Campbell presents proof of his assertions by citing experiences with mental and nervous patients suffering from schizophrenia. He divides such cases into three groups: (1) cases of mere conflict and turmoil; (2) cases revealing a restriction of interest and a lack of response; and (3) cases involving a delusional picture of reality. In the treatment of any one of these, it should be apparent that laboratory methods are useless. In short, "the attempt to explain the personality of man by impersonal processes, when carried too far, may only result in explaining away personality." An intelligent presentation of the stand of modern psychiatry. There is an index.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

RANDOLPH BARTLETT (*Anarchy in Boston*), newspaperman, writer, and foreign correspondent, is at present a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Sun*. His article, *Portrait of a Year: 1929*, appeared in the October issue of *THE MERCURY*.

DR. HARRY J. BENJAMIN (*The Story of Rejuvenation*), an expert in the fields of endocrinology and sexology, practices in New York City and Los Angeles.

SALLY BENSON (*Christmas Story*) was born in St. Louis, and is now living in rural Connecticut, from which retreat she contributes more or less regularly to literary magazines. Her first novel, *Emily*, will be published in the Spring by Covici-Friede.

GORDON CARROLL (*The Rape of the Fourth Estate*) is the managing editor of this magazine.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM (*Back to What Constitution?*) is not only one of America's most noted architects, but is equally well-known as a writer. With Michael Williams, he was one of the founders of the *Commonweal*. His autobiography, *My Life in Architecture*, will be published in January by Little, Brown & Company.

LAWRENCE DENNIS (*Portrait of American Fascism*) was born in 1893, was graduated from Harvard, and completed his education in Europe. After service with the A. E. F., he entered the United States diplomatic corps, remaining there until 1927 when he resigned to pursue private business. His most recent book, *The Coming American Fascism*, will be published this month by Harper's.

CLIFFORD DOWDEY (*Rose Bowl Team*) is 31 years old and a native of Richmond, Virginia.

After working in a paper mill, a bank, a drugstore, and a bag factory, he became a newspaperman. Now a resident of New York City, he is engaged in writing short stories.

JOHN FINCH (*Of This Language*) was born in 1911 at Newburgh, New York, and is a graduate of Wesleyan College, Middletown, Connecticut. In 1933, he entered Harvard for post-graduate work, and is now an assistant professor in American literature at that university.

FRANCES FROST (*Return to an Oak Tree*) is a writer, poet, and former instructor at the University of Vermont. Her volumes of verse include *Blue Harvest*, *These Acres*, *Pool in the Meadow*, and *Our Bed Is Green*.

WINONA MONTGOMERY GILLILAND (*Deserted Farm*), a lifelong resident of Indianapolis, began writing poetry in 1932. Since then, a number of her verses have appeared in American periodicals.

ROBERT TROY HERRIDGE (*Autumn Wars*) is 21 years old and an undergraduate at Northwestern University. His contribution to this issue is his first published verse.

RUPERT HUGHES (*George Washington Up-to-Date*), the well-known American author, is a resident of Los Angeles. His most recent novel, *A Man Without a Home*, is based on the romance of John Howard Payne and Shelley's widow, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. At present Mr. Hughes is at work on the fourth volume of his biography of George Washington, and hopes to have it ready for publication next year.

JOACHIM JOESTEN (*Calling Names in Any Language*) is a European correspondent and political writer. Now living in Copenhagen, he contributes articles to the Scandinavian press.

FRANK R. KENT (*Concerning Honest Politicians*) is the militant, outspoken political writer of the Maryland Free State, where his daily column on national affairs appears in the Baltimore Sun. He is the author of *The Great Game of Politics*, *History of the Democratic Party*, and *Political Behavior*.



W. F. KERNAN (*The Renaissance in Warfare*) has been recently promoted to the rank of major in the Regular Army. He was educated at Tulane and Harvard Universities, and following the World War served with the Inter-Allied Railway Commission and the American Relief Administration. He is the translator of Marshal Foch's *Conduct of War*, and a frequent contributor to THE MERCURY.



LEWIS E. LAWES (*A Voice from the Death House*) is the warden of America's most famous prison, Sing Sing. Noted for his activities in the field of penological experiment and research, he is the author of *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing*, and *Cell 202 Sing Sing*.



LLOYD LEWIS (*Oscar Wilde Gets Sunkist*) was born in 1891 on an Indiana farm and was graduated from Swarthmore College in 1913. Since 1930, he has been the dramatic critic of the Chicago *Daily News*. An authority on the Civil War period and American pioneer history, he is the author of *Myths After Lincoln* and *Sherman: Fighting Prophet*. In 1934, he collaborated with Sinclair Lewis on a play, *Jayhawker*, which was produced in New York. His latest work, *Oscar Wilde Discovers America*, from which the article in this issue is taken, will be published in 1936 by Harcourt, Brace.



DAVID McCORD (*Ahead of All*) is a resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the author of several volumes of poems and essays.



CHARLES NORMAN (*The Old Men*) is a New York journalist, and the author of *Poems*

and *The Bright World*. He has contributed verse to magazines in this country and abroad.



ALBERT PARRY (*The Menace of Marijuana*) hails from Chicago, where he is engaged in literary pursuits. His books include *Garrets and Pretenders*, *a History of Bohemianism in America*, and *Tattoo: Secrets of a Strange Art as Practiced Among the Natives of the United States*.



HENRY JUSTIN SMITH (*Oscar Wilde Gets Sunkist*), a native of Chicago, joined the staff of the *Daily News* as a reporter in 1899. He is now managing editor of that newspaper. His talent for writing has produced *The Other Side of the Wall*; *Deadlines: the Memoirs of a Newsroom*, and *Chicago: a Portrait*.



ANTHONY M. TURANO (*Murder by Request*) was born in Italy in 1894, his family emigrating to Colorado six years later. After a youthful but venturesome career, Mr. Turano was admitted to the Nevada bar in 1915 at the age of twenty-one, and has since devoted his time to legal practice in Reno. He is a frequent contributor to THE MERCURY.



STANLEY WALKER (*New York City: the 49th State*) for some years was the renowned city editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*. He is now associated with the *New Yorker*, and reports that his sociological researches are conducted mainly in saloons and hotel lobbies. Mr. Walker is the author of *The Night Club Era*, *City Editor*, and the recent *Mrs. Astor's Horse*.



WYTHE WILLIAMS (*Wanted: a Merchant Marine*) was born at Meadville, Pennsylvania, in 1881, and entered newspaper work as a reporter for the Minneapolis *Tribune* in 1905. Since that time he has been a correspondent and special writer for numerous American journals, as well as the author of articles for magazines both here and abroad. His home is in France, and his office in Fleet Street, London.



THE ESSAY CONTEST

THE MERCURY's \$500 prize competition for the best essay by an American undergraduate on any subject connected with the country's present

grievous troubles under the New Deal, came to a close on November 30. The name of the winner will be announced in the March MERCURY.

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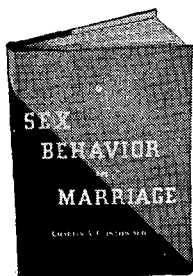
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(Continued from page vi)

origins of counting, the practical operation of the ten system, and the advantages to be derived from adopting the "civilized number system" which he outlines. The book is written for the general reader and not for students of mathematics. There is an index.



DICTATORSHIP IN THE MODERN WORLD.

Edited by Guy Stanton Ford. University of Minnesota
\$2.50 5 1/2 x 8 1/2; 179 pp. Minneapolis

This book comprises a series of essays delivered in a general session of the American Historical Association, presided over by the editor, Mr. Ford. Max Lerner writes on "The Pattern of Dictatorship"; Ralph H. Lutz discusses "European Dictatorships"; J. Fred Rippy contributes a paper on "Dictatorships in Spain"; Henry R. Spencer explains "The Mussolini Regime"; Harold C. Deutsch outlines "The Origins of Dictatorship in Germany"; Hans Kohn compares "Communist and Fascist Dictatorship"; and, lastly, Denis W. Brogan examines "The Prospects for Democracy". The book is temperate but intelligently critical, and the general attitude of its contributors may be summed up in the final sentence of the concluding essay by Mr. Brogan: "Government of the people, by the people, for the people may be a myth, but it is a myth with as much chance of realization as has the rival paradise of government for the people by wise, unselfish dictators or parties who are to be provided by the expensive and uncertain gamble of a revolution."



MARAUDERS OF THE SEA.

Edited by N. C. Wyeth. Putnam's
\$3.50 7 1/2 x 9 1/2; 319 pp. New York

Calling upon many authors and many sources, Mr. Wyeth, best known as a painter of historical subjects, has gathered together an assortment of stories dealing with various exploits of pirates, corsairs, mutineers, privateers, and kindred gentlemen of fortune. Beginning with the tale of Cyclops from *The Odyssey*, the narratives continue down to modern times, the concluding saga being that of the German cruiser *Emden*, which played havoc with Allied commerce in the South Seas during the early



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months of the World War. The book is a splendid collection of oft-told adventure stories, certain to interest anyone who, in the words of Mr. Wyeth, prefers "the stuff from which exhilarating, fascinating and haunting dreams are made—remote green islands, gleaming white coral beaches, and the deepest blue water imaginable". There are ten full-page illustrations by Peter Hurd, as well as numerous headings and end-pieces.



THE MINERAL SANCTION.

By Sir Thomas H. Holland. Oliver and Boyd
2s. 5 x 7½; 96 pp. Edinburgh

No country can wage war without the importation of minerals which it does not itself produce: substitutes can be found for other commodities, such as rubber, but minerals are indispensable; this will become increasingly true as war becomes increasingly mechanized. Hence any war can be stopped by an international mineral embargo against a prospective belligerent, and without adverse effects on business. The embargo will be instantly effective and, hostilities having been abandoned, the defeated belligerent will have to make up its normal imports to keep its peacetime industry going. Such is the argument of this brilliantly written little book.



WAYWARD YOUTH.

By August Aichhorn. Viking Press
\$2.75 5¾ x 8¾; 236 pp. New York

The author of this book is the director of a child-guidance clinic in Vienna and is known as an authority on the subject of delinquency in children. This is the first time his work has been translated into English. "Delinquency," he writes, "is the consequence of an inhibition which takes place somewhere along the path from primitive reality adaptation to social adaptation." The delinquent's inability to assert himself in an acceptable manner brings him into conflict with society. Invariably the responsibility for delinquency rests upon the shoulders of the parents, as the numerous cases cited seem to show. The author devotes considerable space to the problem of transference and its importance in the re-education of delinquent children. The significance of the ego-ideal, or super-ego, in social behavior is also discussed. There is an introduction by Sigmund Freud.



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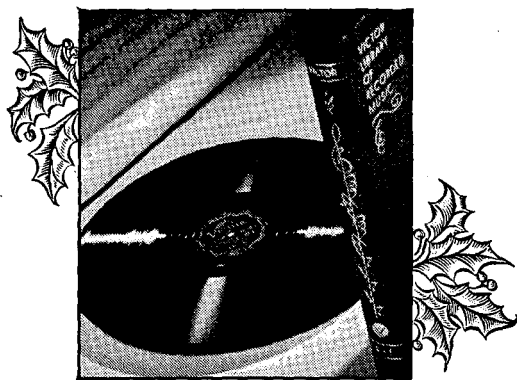
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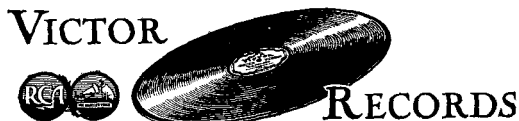


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The contemporary interest in Sibelius, which has resulted in the formation of a Sibelius Society in England for the recording of his music, finds its American expression in this set of discs, the first of the composer's large works to be manufactured in this country. Save for the first symphony, the second is the easiest to absorb of his seven works in this form. Sibelius supporters contend that it is not expressive of the composer's real personality, but it contains a larger number of musical ideas than most of his later works. It has been splendidly played by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.



QUARTET IN A MAJOR (*Köchel 464*).

By W. A. Mozart. Columbia (Nos. 68327-68330D)
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Columbia's services for chamber music, and Mozart especially, continues with the recording of another of his string-quartets, this month the one in A major. It also continues the career of the Roth Quartet on records, a boon to all lovers of expert performance in this genre. Though most of this selection is comparatively prosaic Mozart, the variation (in the slow movement) at the beginning of the sixth side, is an indication of the very real recreative powers possessed by the group. The string tone is well reproduced, but the balance is not as accurate as it might be.



SYMPHONY NO. 4 (*In B flat*).

By Ludwig van Beethoven.
R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 8747-51)
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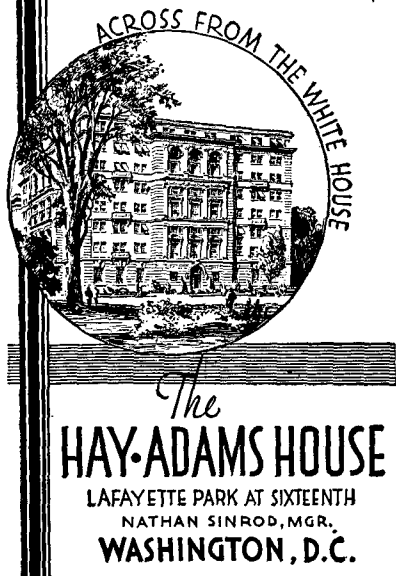
Though there is no apparent necessity for another recording of the fourth symphony of Beethoven—Columbia issued an excellent one directed by Felix Weingartner not long ago—the present version by Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra is offered in completion of the Beethoven symphonies in the Victor catalogue. The presentation of the work by Ormandy is forthright and unaffected, but it is not distinguished by any essential affinity with the composer or his ideas.

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State of New York County of New York { ss.

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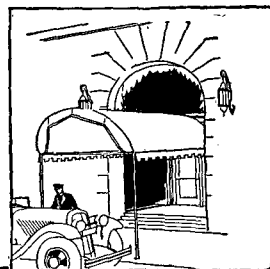
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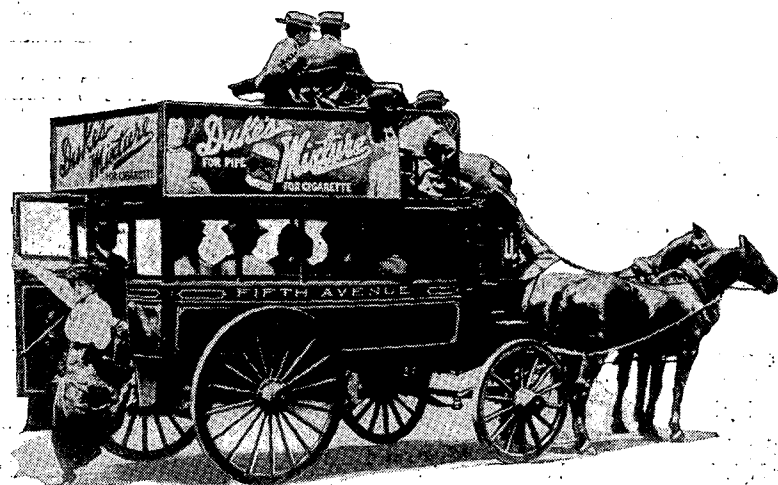
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